This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

12412.4

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM THE FUND OF
FREDERICK ATHEARN LANE
OF NEW YORK
Class of 1849

INTRODUCTION

TO

Our Early English Literature

(FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST).

BY

W. CLARKE ROBINSON, M.A., PH.D.

HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY; GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE;
LECTURER IN MODERN LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

Price 5s.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
DURHAM: ANDREWS AND CO.; SLACK AND SON.
HEIDELBERG: OTTO PETTERS,
UNIVERSITÄTS-BUCHHANDLUNG, HAUPTSTRASSE.

1885

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

12412.4

12412.4

HARVARD COLLEGE
JUL 27 1900
LIBRARY.

Lane fund

TO

THE REV. W. W. SKEAT, M.A., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF ANGLO-SAXON IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE;

PRESIDENT OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY;

ETC., ETC.,

THIS BOOK IS

Dedicated,

WITH KIND PERMISSION,

AS A TRIBUTE OF THE AUTHOR'S

RESPECT AND ADMIRATION FOR HIS GREAT SERVICES

TO THE ENGLISH LITERATURE AND

LANGUAGE.

PREFACE.

Many excellent books are published, both in England and Germany, giving extracts of the principal pieces in the Anglo-Saxon, or Early English, Literature; but I have found in my lectures and classes that a much wider interest and a more intelligent study of the language may be created by some suggestive remarks on the nature of the different poems and their general connection, and where possible, something of the author's life and times. Anglo-Saxon was long considered almost as a synonym for vulgarity and barbarism; and though, owing to the labours of some of our most respected and venerable scholars, that superstition has all but vanished, yet the study of our early literature and language might be made still more widely popular and instructive by pointing out the literary interest and value of these ancient poems, and the light they throw upon the life and manners of our worthy Saxon fathers.

We hope, therefore, that the present *Text-Book* may help to spread this study. The contents may be considered under three heads: I. The literary *Introductions*. II. The *Extracts*. III. The *Translations*.

I. The *Introductions*, or reviews preceding the different poems, point out their connection and merit, with their contents, nature, and extent. I have generally been guided by the temperate criticisms of Prof. Bernhard ten Brink, who was anxious some years ago that I should undertake the translation of his valuable book. But from a special study of the pieces, and from the nature of this work, I have been able, I hope, to throw a

larger light upon the individual poems, and to evoke a livelier interest for their contents, and in this way for Anglo-Saxon generally. In the disputed question of Cynewulf I have followed Prof. ten Brink's view; but perhaps Prof. Wülcker is correct in identifying him with the 10th Bishop of Lindisfarne.

II. The *Extracts* altogether contain nearly 1,800 double lines in the original, which averages about 25 double lines, or one page, for each of the 71 poems here reviewed. The figures opposite the lines show what place in the original poem the extract is taken from, the numbering being the same as in Grein's *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Literatur*. Almost all the extracts are from this work of Prof. Grein. In some cases, however, I have taken advantage of the excellent new edition of Grein which Prof. Wülcker is preparing.

III. The *Translations* were appended for the benefit of those who cannot enter on a thorough study of the originals. For these versions, with I think only two exceptions, I must take the whole responsibility. Being frequently hurried with the press-sheets I may possibly have sometimes missed the point in the original, but I have not been careful to attempt a slavish, school-boy version, nor a version which a slavish school-boy could employ like an inter-linear translation, or as a key, without the pains of going through a proper grammatical study of the original.

It is my pleasant duty here to thank my learned friend, Mr M. W. Whitfield, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Durham School, for his kind attention to many of the proofs.

Few men attain even to their own ideal in the works they undertake; fewer still succeed in pleasing everybody; but if men waited on perfection before beginning nothing would ever be accomplished.

WM. CLARKE ROBINSON.

DURHAM, 4TH MAY, 1885.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Introduction—An historical sketch of the Teutonic tribes and settlements in Europe, and of their earliest Literature	
Anglo-Saxon Nouns—endings	5
Article	5
Adjectives	6
Demonstrative Pronouns	6
Personal Pronouns	7
Verbs: Weak, *lufian*	7
sécan	8
Strong, *findan*	8
Old English Versification. Alliteration	9
POEMS.	
1. Widsith; or the Traveller's Song (*Exeter Book*)	13
2. "Waldere," or Walter and Hildegunde	16
3. Fight in Finnsburg	19
4. Beowulf	12, 22
5. CÆDMON'S HYMN, our First Christian Poem ...	26
6. Lines on Ruthwell Cross	29
7. "First" Genesis (A)	33
8. "Second" Genesis (B)	36
9. Exodus	39
10. Daniel	41
11. Azarias (*Ex.*)	42
12. Judith	43
Christ and Satan	46
13. (A) The Fallen Angels	46
14. (B) Christ's Descent	49
15. (C) Christ and Satan	51
16. Aldhelm.—Metrical Versions of the Psalms ...	53
Psalms 5, 100, 137	54, 55
17. The Kentish Psalms	56
Psalm 51	57

INDEX.

18. Hymns and Prayers 58
19. CYNEWULF, THE POET 59
20. Riddles, No. 15 ... ... 61, 62
21. Christ's Descent to Hell (*Ex.*) ... 63
22. Christ, The Epic (*Ex.*) 64
"The Creator's Wisdom" 66
"On the Kingdom of Heaven" ... 68
23. The Holy Rood, Dream of the Cross ... 69
24. Fates of the Apostles (*Vercelli Book*)... 73
25. Andreas, The Epic (*Verc.*) ... 75
26. Guthlac, The Epic (*Ex.*) 79
27. Juliana, The Epic (*Ex.*) 83
28. Elene, The Epic. Finding of the Cross (*Verc*) 87
29. EARLIEST SECULAR LYRICS.—Deor's Complaint (*Ex.*) 91
30. The Wanderer (*Ex.*) ... 97
31. The Seafarer (*Ex.*) ... 103
32. The Ruined Burg (*Ex.*)... 109
33. The Wife's Complaint (*Ex.*) 112
34. The Husband's Message (*Ex.*) 115
35. PHYSIOLOGUS.—The Phœnix (*Ex.*) 118
36. The Panther (*Ex.*) 126
37. (A) The Whale (*Ex.*) 128
37. (B) The Whale 130
38. The Partridge (*Ex.*) 131
39. SHORT DIDACTIC POEMS.—Wonders of Creation (*Ex.*) 132
40. Doomsday (*Ex.*) ... 135
41. Soul to Body (*Ex. and Verc.*) 137
42. Gifts of Men (*Ex.*) ... 139
43. Destinies of Men (*Ex.*) 141
44. Falseness of Men (*Verc.*) 143
45. Minds of Men (*Ex.*) ... 145
HEATHEN CHARMS AND INCANTATIONS: 147
46. For Bewitched Land 149
47. For Sudden Stitch 152
48. For Swarm of Bees 154
49. Nine Worts Charm 155
50. For Finding Lost Cattle 157
51. For Warty Eruptions 158

INDEX.

METRICAL PROVERBS, OR GNOMIC VERSES : ... 159
52. I.—Gnomic Verses (*Ex.*) 159
53. II.—Gnomic Verses (*Ex.*) 169
54. III.—Gnomic Verses (*Ex.*) 165
55. IV.—Gnomic Verses (*Cotton MS.*) 167
56. Father's Advice to Son (*Ex.*) 169
57. The Rune Song 171
Runic Lore 174
58. Solomon and Saturn... 176
59. The Rhyme Song (*Ex.*) 181
60. Menologium 183
61. Alms (*Ex.*) 184
62. Pharaoh (*Ex.*) 185
63. King Alfred's Metres 186
64. Battle of Maldon—Death of Brihtnoth, A.D. 991 191
POEMS FROM SAXON CHRONICLE :
65. Battle of Brunanburg—Athelstan's Victory, A.D. 938 199
66. Edmund's Annexation of Five Burgs, A.D. 942 202
67. Edgar's Coronation and Death, A.D. 973, 975 203
68. Death of Alfred, Ethelred's Son, A.D. 1036 204
69. Edward (the Confessor), A.D. 1065 ... 205
70. Poem on Durham (*Text from Wülcker*) 207
71. Poem on the Grave (*Text from Thorpe*) 210
Appendix
Anglo-Saxon Manscripts 211
List of Extant Anglo-Saxon Prose Writings ... 213
Misprints and Mistakes 217

INTRODUCTION.

No history, no literature, no book, no word, no name remains of the PRIMÆVAL DWELLERS in these British Isles. When they came and when they perished belong alike to the forgotten past. Only a few bones and implements and weapons, dug up from graves, reveal their previous existence. But from remnants such as these, it has been made evident that they lived by hunting and fishing, dwelt in caves and holes by the sea shore and on the brink of rivers, and that some of them were cannibals.

The first inhabitants of Britain of whom real history has anything to tell us were THE CELTS. They had crossed from Gaul at least five hundred years before the Christian era. So long had they been settled in this island when Cæsar met them in B.C. 55, that they had forgotten every reminiscence of their immigration, and believed that they were sprung from the soil. They were of the same race as the present Welsh and Irish and Highlanders of Scotland, who are their lineal descendants. They lived in wattled huts half underground and without chimneys or windows. They were warlike, imaginative, changeful, impetuous, irresolute. They worshipped many gods, believed the soul immortal, and offered sacrifices of men and beasts. The Celts have been divided into two main branches: the *Gaels*, and the *Cymry*. The Irish or Erse, and the

Highlanders or Picts are both of the Gaelic branch; the Welsh and Cornish of the Cymric. In the fourth century the Irish, who were then called Scots, were converted by St. Patrick, and became a famous missionary people. They planted schools in many parts of Europe, and especially on the opposite coasts of Caledonia. That country was finally overrun by the Erse or Irish armies, and in A.D. 839 an Irish chief succeeded to the throne of Caledonia, which then took the name of Scotland after its new conquerors from the west. All these Celtic tribes in Erin, Caledonia, and Southern Britain, when they had been somewhat Christianised, cultivated literature and the arts; and many of the legends and songs which they developed in much later centuries have been preserved. These Celtic tribes, though constantly at war among themselves, had ruled the British islands for some 500 years, when they were subdued by Rome.

When THE ROMANS had subjugated western Asia, the north of Africa, and all the south and west of Europe, they finally attacked the almost unknown isle of Britain; and in B.C. 55 the southern Celtic tribes were overcome by Julius Cæsar. The Romans then exacted tribute, and ruled this country in much the same way as the English now rule India, and when they had to withdraw their legions for the defence of Rome, in the year 410, they left the Celts almost as they had found them about 500 years before.

THE TEUTONS AND FIRST ENGLISH.

In A.D. 410, Rome was in turn subdued by another people, who were henceforward to become the

mightiest factor in the history and government of nations. Beyond the utmost bounds of Rome's far-reaching power, centuries before the beginning of our era, in the pregnant and mysterious depths of Central Asia, dark but important movements had begun which rolled westwards like a rising flood to the farthest corners of the world. Barbarian hordes, of giant stature and sanguinary hopes, inured to war and indifferent to death, were impelled to quit their aboriginal abodes, and with their families, goods, and tribesmen, following the setting sun, they started in the quest of other homes, or failing those, to lead a life of plundering and war. Before[1] the Indian expedition of Alexander the Great some of these TEUTONIC peoples were settled round the coasts of the Black Sea, and at the mouths of the Danube. Three hundred years before the Christian era, Pytheas,[2] a Greek merchant from Marseilles, met with Teuton tribes along the Baltic coasts. A hundred and fifty years later they were moving towards the outskirts of the Roman provinces. In B.C. 115, almost half a million Teutons, in company with an equal number of their relatives, the Cimbres,[3] were found hovering on the boundaries of Italy. In the next ten years they annihilated the opposing armies of Rome in four successive battles. Even Marius, the most stout-hearted of Rome's generals, was afraid to venture an engagement until his troops had grown accustomed to their fierce gigantic forms and their dreaded war-cries.

1. *Herodotus* 4, 94; *Thucydides* 2, 96. 2. *Pliny*, 37, 2; *and Mela*, 3, 6. 3. *Cf. A.S. cempa, and O. H. Ger. chemphe, and J. Grimm, Geschichte der deutsch. Sprache, p.* 441, 442.

By Marius, however, their leader Teutoboch and his vast hordes were slain in battle near Marseilles in B.C. 102. But though these so-called barbarians were thus destroyed abroad, they retained a sullen independence in the impervious forests of Germania and central Europe, where some of them had made their earliest European haunts. So long indeed had they been settled there, that in the first century of our era, like the Celts of Britain, they had lost all consciousness of their immigrations from the East, and believed that their first god and father Tuisco, from whom their race descended, had sprung from the soil where they dwelt. Fifty years after the victory of Marius, when Cæsar had conquered Gaul in B.C. 58, he crossed the Rhine to subjugate the Germans also; but he was driven back without the wished-for triumph. And in another 50 years the recuperated Teuton hosts were able to avenge the victory of Marius by the annihilation of another Roman army: among the woody heights between the Weser and the upper Ems, at Teutoberger Wald, in the year A.D. 9, Varus and three Roman legions were utterly destroyed by the young chief Arminius, a noble of the *Saxon*,[1] or Cheruscan tribe. In another hundred years, about A.D. 95, we obtain still more interesting particulars about our kinsmen, and the earliest mention of their *Poetry*, from Rome's latest great historian. Tacitus, in his "Germania," describes the blue-eyed, fair-haired, strong-built German people, and *their passionate love for song*. "*They celebrate*," he says, "*in ancient songs*[2] *their earth-born god Tuisco, and his*

1. *J. Grimm, Geschichte der deutschen Sprache*, s. 631.
2. *Germania, chap.* 2.

son Mannus, the progenitors and founders of their race." Their legends also state that Hercules (*i.e.* Thor, in Roman dress) had been among these Germans, who invoke his name above all other heroes in *their war-songs*[1] and when they march to battle. They had also other *martial songs*, called "Baritus,"[2] to which they beat their spears against their shields, and by this means they braced themselves for the combat and divined its issue. Not the voice of men, but the very spirit of battle seemed to speak forth in these sounds. These songs, it is worthy of remark, were already old,[3] even in the time of Tacitus, and they must have been dignified literary productions to have reached the ears of the Roman historian, who thought them worthy of being mentioned in his book. In his "Annals,"[4] again, Tacitus tells that they had also *songs in honour of their liberator Arminius*,[5] and other pieces which they were wont to sing around their bivouacs[6] and at their festive boards. In our first great English Epic poem, in Beowulf, the thanes and heroes of King Hrothgar sang in a similar way the valorous deeds of Beowulf and Sigmund and the Waelsings, who were all common heroes of the Teuton race :

> "Sometimes with ready lore
> Would Hrothgar's thanes, who many a tale
> could tell of days of yore,
> With high thoughts laden, shape the truth
> in ordered words aright ;

1. *Germania*, c. 3. 2. *Or 'Barditus,' Germania*, c. 3. 3. *Germania*, c. 2 ; *and see Koberstein National Literatur*, *v.* 1, *p* 11. 4. *Annals*, *II*, 88. 5. *Grimm considers that Armin, or Arminius, was at length even associated and blended in their divine mythology with Irmin, an eastern god of far earlier time ; Gesch. d. d. Spr.*, *p.* 427. 6. *Ann.* 1, 65.

And deftly would he then begin
to sing Beówulf's might,
And skilfully to weave the tale
with other stories told
Of Sigmund and his glorious deeds,
the Waelsings fighting bold—
Far travels—wonders many—feuds
and crimes that no man knew
Save Fitela, for they in fight
were ever comrades true.
Full many of the Giantrace
the swords had beaten down;
And Sigmund's name, the death-day o'er,
was mighty of renown."[1]

In the middle of the fourth century, another writer, the Emperor Julian, who had commanded in Upper Germany, speaks of other *songs* which he heard the Germans sing along the banks of the Rhine. So again Jornandes,[2] in the middle of the sixth century, speaks of songs the Goths were wont to sing about their warlike expeditions in the north, and how the doughty doings of their ancient[3] kings were kept alive in verse.

That these observations of Tacitus, Julian, Jornandes, &c., do not refer *especially* to the early songs of the present German people is evident, when we remember that in the centuries immediately before and after the Christian era, the various tribes of the Teuton race were as continually changing their locations and their names as the colours in a kaleidoscope. We propose to show that the early tribes of Saxons and Angles helped in the composition of these ancient songs, and lent their voice to sing them

1. *Beowulf, lines* 872 — 887; *Lumsden.* 2. *Jornandes, History of the Goths, c.* 4, *c.* 14, *and J. Grimm, Mythology*[2], 149. 3. *Jornandes, c.* 5; *and Uhland,* Schriften der Sage &c., 1, 112.

in concord with their oldest German kinsmen: The hoariest German legends and songs represented Tuisco as the primal god and father of their race; from Mannus, Tuisco's son, were sprung the ancestors of the three chief German nations, viz., the Ingaevones, the Iscævones, and the Hermiones; the Ing-aevones, whose name, as Grimm shows, probably recurs in the Ang-rivari, and Ang-rari, and Angari, and Engern, and finally in our *Angles*[1] and English, were found in many parts of Europe, and were known as *Low Germans*, from their having settled at last towards the coasts. Ptolemy[2] mentions them as the 'Ingriones' on the Rhine in the second century; they were likewise found on the Elbe;[3] and Grimm shows that about the time of Arminius the Angles dwelt beside the Saxons and Cheruscans near the upper Weser,[4] and that these three tribes spoke almost the same Low German dialect; and, in fact, that the Cheruscans and Saxons were one and the same people.[5] Now it would certainly be the tribesmen of Arminius and their relatives and neighbours, who would first sing the praises of their great deliverer; and Tuisco and Thor, since their names survive in our *Tues*-day and *Thurs*-day, would certainly be as much honoured and sung by the early English as by any other of the German tribes; also Woden and Freya, whose names recur in our *Wednes*-day and *Fri*-day, and reminiscences of whose hymns and

1. *Grimm, Geschiche d. d. Sprache, p.* 430, 438. 2. *Ptolemaeus, and Grimm, p.* 438. 3. *Grimm, p.* 430. 4. *Tacitus Ann.*, 2, 19, *and Grimm, p.* 430 *and p.* 437. 5. *Grimm, Gesch. d. d. Spr.*, 439.

worship are found in our heathen charms and incantations,[1] as well as in the Eddas, must have been likewise sung by our English ancestors; and again, as the word *Baritus*[2] was derived from an old Frisian *baria*, *barid*, these martial songs sung to the beating of he spears against the shields, must also have been known to the Frisians and the neighbouring Saxons and Angles. *Hence it appears that the songs which Tacitus heard sung in Germany in the first century of our era, were, to a large extent, the songs of Saxons and Angles, or the earliest English poems of which any mention remains;* although to suppose that they were therefore the earliest of all would be an assumption as unnatural as to imagine that boys never cried when they were flogged before the year 220 B.C.; because that was the first time that a Roman historian mentioned a boy crying when flogged by one of the Consuls! But all the earliest Teuton hymns and songs, those to Sun[3] and Moon,[4] to the Eastern[5] Dawn,

1. *See p.* 147—158.

2. *These 'Barditus' songs were also known to the Scandinavians. Other derivations besides the Frisian baria (to shout) have been given, but there is no doubt that the Frisians had the practice. The modern Frisian tongue, still spoken in Friesland, Heligoland, in parts of Oldenburg and Hanover, and on the west coast of Schleswig, is very like the present English.*

3. *Compare our Sun-day and the Sun-worship of the Persians and most early nations. Sun was of the feminine gender, and a benign goddess, to all the Teuton nations, while Moon was masculine.*

4. *Perhaps Mannus had something to do, as well as the Moon, in the naming of Mon-day.*

5. *Bede mentions an early English goddess of the spring, Eostre, who survives in our 'Easter,' in the German 'Ostermonat' (April), and in the Norse light-god 'Austri'; and a day-god is also referred to in our 'Eume Song.'*

to Night, to Mother Earth,[1] and to the Great Vault of the Sky,[2] and all those songs which were already old in the days of Tacitus, to Tuisco and Mannus, to Thor and Woden, and the other gods of Walhalla, to Arminius, and other early heroes, have almost totally disappeared from the English and the German literature in the centuries of wandering and warfare which preceded the final settlement of the Teutons in their European homes. *These hymns and songs and poems, had they been preserved, would have formed our earliest Teutonic, our earliest English literature.; and some of them have even been preserved in the Scandinavian Eddas.*

But if these earliest or aboriginal songs of the German race were lost in the 'Völkerwanderungen,' or wars and wanderings of the tribes, these same wars and wanderings and conquests gave birth to other Epics, of which some are still extant. Our English poems of "Widsith" and "Waldere" and "Finnsburg," which probably first arose in the 5th century, belong to the migratory period, and are the earliest poems now remaining in any Teutonic tongue. The old High German 'Song of Hildebrand' also belongs to the close of the wandering period. No doubt we should have more of these heroic poems and pieces of a heathen cast, if Christianity had not stopped their production and even destroyed many of those already in existence.

But we find that the oldest Teutonic poems extant, those which had their origin in the Völkerwanderungen

1. *'Mother Earth' is invoked in one of our still extant Heathen charms, and an unknown deity 'Eres' is thrice saluted in the same line as 'Mother Earth.'* *See page* 151.

2. *The Sky and the conclave of Heaven are invoked in the same Heathen charm to restore fertility to land.* *See page* 151.

of the 2nd to the 6th century, whether in Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, or old High German, reveal sufficiently their common origin by the alliterative verse in which they all are written, and by the recurrence of the names of heroes common to the Teuton race. The German Sigmund, and the Scandinavian Waelsings are mentioned by the side of our old Swedo-English hero Beowulf in the previous extract from our first national epic. Our oldest English poem, "Widsith," refers as much to early Gothic and Germanic tribes and heroes as to English ones. And the Anglo-Saxon poem on "Waldere" is decidedly a High German tale, where the Burgundians, Hagen and King Gunther of Worms, and Walter, a Gothic prince of Aquitaine, are the three chief actors.

That these Teutonic tribes possessed the art of writing is manifest from the Runic letters which are found almost alike in their different settlements—in the hills of Southern Germany, by the coast-lands of the northern seas and England, and in the frozen regions of Scandinavia and Iceland. For it was in these three regions that the three great branches of the Teutonic family settled: viz. (1) the *High (or Hill) Germans* in the central and hilly parts of Europe, (2) the *Low (or Coast) Germans* (who included the Saxons, the Angles, the Jutes or Goths, and the Frisians and modern Dutch), who settled along the shores around Denmark, (3) the *North Germans or Norsemen* who pushed northwards to Sweden and Norway. The Runic letters must have been common to all these German peoples, like their common speech, their common alliterative verse, their common laws, reli-

gion, legends, gods, before their separation. Indeed the Runic letters, like their common tongue, religion, laws, deities, had come with them from their earliest Asian homes.[1] That the whole Germanic family had their first home in Asia is evident from the similarity of their language, their religion, their laws, their customs, and their legends, with those of India and Persia, and of other nations,[2] who also belong originally to the East. A legend in the Edda[3] tells of Odin's expedition from Asia, through North Germany, into Scandinavia; and it is said that he brought with him the Runic alphabet and the religion of the Ases, or northern gods. The word *Runa* denoted mystery, or secret, on account of the mysterious powers the Runes were supposed to possess; they were employed for blessing, cursing, charming, and for determining the will of the gods. The original Indo-Germanic Runes were modified in various ways—some old characters were dropped, other new ones were incorporated[4], by the individual German tribes. When the Goths, after their many wanderings and separations, had been partly settled by the Roman Empire in Dacia in A.D. 240, as a buffer against the more terrible Huns, the good Bishop Ulfila, born A.D. 311, employed the Runic alphabet for his translation of the Bible into the Gothic speech. The Greek and Latin writers of the fifth and sixth centuries, who knew nothing of the Runes, attributed to Ulfila the inven-

1. *Grimm, Myth.*[2] 136. 2. *Cf. Tuisco, Greek Zeus, Lat. Deus, and Sanskt. Dyaus,* 3. *Ynglinga Saga, and Prologue to Prose Edda.* 4. *J. Grimm, Grammar* 1[3] 25, 26; *G. Stephen's Collection of Scandinavian Runes and W. Grimm's Werke; Massman in Haupts Zeitschrift* 1, 296—305.

tion of the alphabet[1] he used. He did indeed invent part of it, or rather borrowed and changed some of the Greek[2] characters to express in his mother tongue the new sounds necessitated in his Gothic version.

Our earliest kinsmen thus knew something of the gentler arts; and had they not been forced by that mysterious impulse or innate yearning for wandering and warfare and adventure to meet with Christianity and other influences which destroyed their ancient faith and hymns and customs, we should doubtless have had many other monuments of their early arts and literature and songs. We know how war, even in much milder ages, will interrupt the pursuits of literature and destroy the arts of peace. And it was by war and war unceasing that the Teutonic peoples cut their pathways through two continents, and finally carved out their future homes from the most delectable provinces of Europe. Fifty years after Tacitus had written his "Germania," about the middle of the second century, the Goths were beaten back with difficulty from the north banks of the Danube. In the middle of the third century they defeated the Roman Emperor, Decius. And when the Hunnish wave of conquest rolled in from central Tartary upon the West of Europe, the Goths no longer hesitating, burst the barriers of the Empire and the Danube, and forced from Rome, with an unwilling grace, the fertile lands of Dacia in A.D. 270. German soldiers then often served in the Roman armies, and Gothic generals led the

1. *The English adopted the Roman letters about A.D. 600, but retained two Runes (ƕ, þ, thorn and wen) to express sounds unknown to Latin.* 2. *Koberstein, Ed. Bartsch, v. 1, p. 9.*

imperial legions to many a victory over their own kinsmen. Rome, in fact, was kept from sinking in its own pollution by the bravery and virtue of these mercenary troops; for in that grand safeguard and mainstay for the very life-blood and continuance of a nation, in their morality and chastity, the German hordes were infinitely superior to the immoral subjects of Rome. The German levies, though detested as barbarians, were prized as worthy soldiers. And gay, young Roman matrons paid unwilling compliments to the chaste and rustic beauty of the Teuton maids, and rivalled with each other to adorn their dusky brows with the gold and auburn locks of their Teuton cousins' hair. But the virtue and the valour of her German troops could not arrest the corrupting rottenness at the core of Roman life. And at length among the Gothic and Germanic chiefs, who had seen service in the Imperial armies, and had seen, too, the demoralised and enervated state of Rome, the name of ALARIC stands out prominent for ever. He was a fellow-tribesman, and almost a contemporary, of the Gothic Bishop Ulfila. He accomplished what Arminius had begun 400 years before. He resolved to strike the Roman power, not in the distant provinces, but at the very heart; he declared that he would found a Gothic kingdom in Italy itself, or die in the attempt. And in A.D. 410, after three successful sieges in three successive years, Rome, the eternal, the proud, the inviolable city, was sacked by Gothic soldiers, and its finery and gold and treasures carried off in the barbarians' waggons. From that day forth the Teutonic peoples looked upon the lands of Europe

as their own possessions. *The Roman legions were recalled from Britain.* Teutonic leaders of every family and tribe rushed in upon the Roman provinces, no longer to ravage and plunder, but to become Alarics in their turn, to carve out kingdoms, to establish nations. Even the most distant Teuton tribes, those along the Baltic and the northern seas, who had never come in contact with the Roman influence except by fame upon their southern borders, the tribes from Jutland, Angeln, and Schleswig, sent forth many a minor Alaric to Britain.

It would be most interesting and instructive here to follow closely the great Teuto-Roman tragedy that was played upon the stage of Europe for the next two hundred years. How new tribes rose suddenly to the command of provinces, flourished, faltered, fell, leaving scarcely a name behind; how fresh hordes pushed in upon the scene, and formed their new alliances; and how the Teuton race advanced to power and permanence; and how, at last, the nations of our modern Europe gradually arose from the wild confusion and carnage which marked the death throes of the Empire of Rome. But our object here is only to individualise the peoples of Teutonic blood and speech who so far realised the dream of conquest, which had lead them westwards from their first Iranian homes, as to win another fatherland in Europe, where they could settle down, and where they had the peace and leisure to produce and cultivate a literature.

Immediately after Alaric and his sturdy Goths had taken Rome a confederation of Teutonic tribes, already known as the fierce and valorous FRANKS, took

absolute possession of north-eastern Gaul, whose name they finally changed to "France." They had often fought for Rome against their German kinsmen, and under their great king Clovis (A.D. 481—511) they accepted the Roman Catholic form of faith. The other Gothic tribes had learnt their Christianity from Constantinople, and held to Arianism. This division in faith separated the Franks from their Teutonic brethren. Under the influence of Roman priests and bishops the Franks cultivated the Latin language, and have left no literary monuments in their own old Teuton tongue.

But numerous literary productions of a very early period still remain in *six* of the other old Teutonic dialects, viz., the *Gothic*, the *Old High German*, the *Old Saxon*, the *Anglo-Saxon*, the *Old Frisian*, and the *Old Northern*. *Four* of these six are of the same Low GERMAN dialect, viz., the Gothic, the Old Saxon, the Old Frisian, the Anglo-Saxon. All these six Teutonic dialects, except the Gothic, still survive, after various modifications, as living languages to-day.

I.—The GOTHIC. We have already spoken of one Gothic settlement, in Dacia, or Moesia, about A.D. 270; these were known as the *Moeso-Goths*. After the sack of Rome and Alaric's death, his Goths at once abandoned Italy and set out for Gaul and Spain. There they founded a powerful kingdom in Aquitaine, extending on both sides of the Pyrenees, and having Toulouse and Bordeaux as their chief towns. They were known as the Western or *Visi-Goths*. This line of Gothic kings had ruled three hundred years in Spain, when they were finally supplanted by the Mahometan

invasion in A.D. 711. If the Goths of Alaric had quitted Italy, they only left it free for fresh intruders. And in two generations another Gothic chief arose—the famous Odoacer, who divided the lands of Italy among his followers, and became its first barbarian king in A.D. 476. He was succeeded by the still more celebrated Gothic king, Theodoric the Great. From his royal seats at Verona and Ravenna Theodoric ruled all Italy, and the country from the Danube to Gaul, with power and glory, for the space of nearly forty years, A.D. 489—526: and he became a sort of national hero in the history and legends of the whole Teutonic race. One of his chief ministers was the Roman senator Boethius, whose "Consolation of Philosophy" was afterwards translated by our Alfred the Great. These Goths of Italy were known as the Eastern or *Ostro-Goths*. But the kingdom which Theodoric administered fell to pieces on his death, and Italy rejoined the empire. In 568 another Gothic tribe, the *Lombards*, under their adventurous king Alboin, determined to win Italy again for the Teutonic people. And these Lombards, uniting on the Oder and the Danube the unsettled remnants of the Teutonic hordes, succeeded in reconquering Italy, which their descendants ruled for near two hundred years. But like all the Gothic states, the Lombards, too, declined before a foreign conqueror; and there is now no Gothic nation anywhere extant.

Of all the Teuton or Germanic peoples, the Goths were first in every art and science, in both peace and war. They first had left their Asian homes, and

in concord with their oldest German kinsmen: The hoariest German legends and songs represented Tuisco as the primal god and father of their race; from Mannus, Tuisco's son, were sprung the ancestors of the three chief German nations, viz., the Ingaevones, the Iscaevones, and the Herminones; the Ing-aevones, whose name, as Grimm shows, probably recurs in the Ang-rivari, and Ang-rari, and Angari, and Engern, and finally in our *Angles*[1] and English, were found in many parts of Europe, and were known as *Low Germans*, from their having settled at last towards the coasts. Ptolemy[2] mentions them as the 'Ingriones' on the Rhine in the second century; they were likewise found on the Elbe;[3] and Grimm shows that about the time of Arminius the Angles dwelt beside the Saxons and Cheruscans near the upper Weser,[4] and that these three tribes spoke almost the same Low German dialect; and, in fact, that the Cheruscans and Saxons were one and the same people.[5] Now it would certainly be the tribesmen of Arminius and their relatives and neighbours, who would first sing the praises of their great deliverer; and Tuisco and Thor, since their names survive in our *Tues*-day and *Thurs*-day, would certainly be as much honoured and sung by the early English as by any other of the German tribes; also Woden and Freya, whose names recur in our *Wednes*-day and *Fri*-day, and reminiscences of whose hymns and

1. Grimm, *Geschichte d. d. Sprache*, p. 430, 438. 2. *Ptolemaeus*, and Grimm, p. 438. 3. Grimm, p. 430. 4. *Tacitus Ann.*, 2, 19, and Grimm, p. 430 and p. 437. 5. Grimm, *Gesch. d. d.* 438.

worship are found in our heathen charms and incantatations,[1] as well as in the Eddas, must have been likewise sung by our English ancestors; and again, as the word *Baritus*[2] was derived from an old Frisian *baria*, *barid*, these martial songs sung to the beating of he spears against the shields, must also have been known to the Frisians and the neighbouring Saxons and Angles. *Hence it appears that the songs which Tacitus heard sung in Germany in the first century of our era, were, to a large extent, the songs of Saxons and Angles, or the earliest English poems of which any mention remains;* although to suppose that they were therefore the earliest of all would be an assumption as unnatural as to imagine that boys never cried when they were flogged before the year 220 B.C.; because that was the first time that a Roman historian mentioned a boy crying when flogged by one of the Consuls! But all the earliest Teuton hymns and songs, those to Sun[3] and Moon,[4] to the Eastern[5] Dawn,

1. *See p.* 147—158.

2. *These 'Barditus' songs were also known to the Scandinavians. Other derivations besides the Frisian baria (to shout) have been given, but there is no doubt that the Frisians had the practice. The modern Frisian tongue, still spoken in Friesland, Heligoland, in parts of Oldenburg and Hanover, and on the west coast of Schleswig, is very like the present English.*

3. *Compare our Sun-day and the Sun-worship of the Persians and most early nations. Sun was of the feminine gender, and a benign goddess, to all the Teuton nations, while Moon was masculine.*

4. *Perhaps Mannus had something to do, as well as the Moon, in the naming of Mon-day.*

5. *Bede mentions an early English goddess of the spring, Eostre, who survives in our 'Easter,' in the German 'Ostermonat' (April), and in the Norse light-god 'Austri'; and a day-god is also referred to in our 'Rune Song.'*

years of age, having visited the Synod of Antioch, he was consecrated bishop. For seven years he preached and visited as a missionary throughout his native country, till a persecution of the Christians arose. The Emperor Constantine gave him and many of his tribesmen a shelter on the south side of the Danube, in lower Moesia, near Mount Hæmus, on the present Balkan hills. There these first Huguenots formed a considerable colony, which was ruled by Ulfila as the patriarch of his people. There upon the northern slopes of the Balkan hills, near the present Warna, he commanded, exhorted, persuaded his people for 33 years. There he laboured at his great work, his Gothic version of the Bible, which has made his name immortal. In 381 he was summoned to a Church council at Constantinople, where he suddenly died.

Not only did Ulfila lead and direct his people while alive, but the work he left behind him, his Gothic Bible, was the guiding rule of faith and life for all the Gothic race for centuries after he was gone. His book was studied in their camps, and carried with the Goths in all their expeditions in Greece and Italy and Gaul and Spain. Ulfila, Wyclif, Luther, three great brothers in blood and language, in belief and labour, have each left a Bible to continue his work; and Ulfila's was the first, and in its rich and full vocalic phraseology the grandest of these three Gothic or Teutonic versions of the Bible, which have twice changed the faith of Europe. His translation included the whole of the Old and New Testament, except the Book of Kings, as he did not wish to incite the passion for war already too strong in the Gothic

breast. Ulfila had his Græco-Runic letters cut o moveable wooden staffs, and had thus practically i vented printing a thousand years before the rest Europe. The Gothic Bible, however, this hoariest an most venerable composition in a Teutonic tongu like the Gothic nations, was lost and buried i oblivion. And only by dim statements in early Gree and Latin writers could mediæval Europe guess tha such a work had ever existed. Almost a thousan years passed by since any one had seen or spoke of this Gothic Bible, when, among the dust an rubbish of the Abbey of Werden, near Düsseldorf, lik a resurrection from the dead, a copy of the book wa rediscovered. It had been printed with the utmos care, on a purple parchment, in gold and silver letter It was carried off to Prague, and afterwards in 164 taken to Sweden, where it now remains in the Univer sity Library in Upsala, set in silver binding. But it i not now complete. In 1818, some leaves of St. Paul' Epistles were discovered in the convent Bobbio, in Nort Italy; some parts were also found at Wulfenbüttel and altogether the greater part of the New Testamen is now extant. For the history and proper under standing of the English, the German, the Scandina vian, and the whole Teutonic family of languages, it i impossible to over-value this great work of Ulfila's Indeed, for the new and important science of Philology it has supplied the 'missing link' and become th starting point. The Gothic language belonged t the Low German branch, and this book is therefor of peculiar interest to us as being so nearly related t our own tongue.

We append the Lord's Prayer, with a translation:

From the Gothic Bible of Ulfila, written about 365 A.D., in *Mœsia*.

Aivaggelyo thairh Matthaiu.
Evangelium through Matthew.

Atta unsar thu in himinam
Father our thou in heavens

Veihnai namo thein
Be-hallowed name thine

Qimai thiudinassus theins
Come kingdom thine

Vairthai vilja theins, svê in himina yah ana airthai
Be-done will thine as in heaven yea on earth

Hlaif unsarana thana sinteiman gif uns himma daga
Loaf our the continuous give us this day.

Yah aflet uns thatei skulans siyaima
Yea off-let us that-which owing we-be

Svasve yah veis afletam thaim skulam unsaraim
So-as yea we off-let those owing to us

Yah ni briggais uns in fraistubnyai
Yea not bring us in temptation

Ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin
But loose us of the evil.

Unte theina ist thiudangardi
And thine is kingdom

Yah mahts Yah vulthus
Yea might Yea glory

In aivins. Amên.
In eternity. Amen.

II.—The Old High German. If the Gothic speech was a sister to the English, the Old High German was a sister also; but her residence among the mountains of Bavaria and the Highland storms of Central Europe may have helped to make her voice more harsh and guttural than her sisters' settled in the Lowlands.

Many of the remarks of Tacitus and Julian about the early German poetry will refer no doubt to this Old High German branch. Of all the dialects which were at one time spoken in the now rejuvenescent German Empire, this Old High German dialect may be taken now as the fittest representative of the modern German tongue; and the warlike tribes of the *Alamanni* (*Les Allemands*), known in the first centuries on the Upper Rhine and Gaul, have left their name in 'Allemagne,' the diplomatic name for Germany. Jacob Grimm inclines to think that the Old High German dialect first arose with the Bavarians and Swabians.

Several extant *Literary Monuments* of this Old High German tongue reach back to early dates. The two oldest of these refer to the heathen period.

(1) The *Song of Hildebrand*, is a fragment describing the encounter between the aged Gothic chieftain, Hildebrand, and his unknown son, Hadubrand, written before A.D. 800, in alliterative verse.

(2) The *Merseburger Charms*: An appeal to Woden, Balder, and other gods, to cure the wrenched fetlock of a horse; there are also some heathen *Cattle Charms*.

(3) The *Wessobrunner Prayer*, a wonderful poem, of the ninth century, in 16 lines of alliterative verse, describing in most thoughtfulwise the universe before creation, with almost the same ideas as we find at the beginning of our English Cædmon and in the Scandinavian Edda. There is a Prayer of 14 lines appended to the poem.

(4) The *Muspilli*, also an alliterative poem, describing the final conflagration of the world, like the

'Ragnarök' in the Eddas, and the Anglo-Saxon poems on 'Doomsday.'

(5) The *Krist*, or *Evangelium Buch*. A long poem in 5 books, written in strophes, with *rhyme*, in the Old High German dialect, by Otfried, a Benedictine monk, about A.D. 870. Otfried is the first German poet whose name is known, and this is the first work of any length or importance in which *rhyme* was ever used.

(6) The *Song of Ludwig*. A poem written about A.D. 881, on the victory of Louis the Stammer over the Normans, at Saucourt, in 881. It is also in rhyme.

After this period Latin influence prevailed among the Germans, who wrote Latin verse to the neglect of their grand old native speech. These Latin works must be here ignored. But about the year A.D. 1100, the native German spirit began again to burst these new forged Roman fetters, and German literature revived. And so in the next two hundred years (A.D. 1100—1300) we behold a magnificent and unparalleled display of poetic power, and some of the greatest poets whom even Germany has ever produced. But this takes us beyond our present limits; and we shall here only mention the *Nibelungen Lied*, the *Gudrun*, and the *Arthurian Romances;* and the poets *Heinrich von Veldeke* (†1190?) *Hartmann von Aue* (†1215), *Wolfram von Eschenbach* (1230), *Gottfried von Strassburg* (1220?), and *Walther von der Vogelweide* (1230).

We append the first 16 short alliterative lines of the Old German *Wessobrunner Prayer:*

Dat gafregin ih mit firahim firiwizzô meista,
That found I 'mong men of wonders the most,

dat êro ni was noh ûthimil,
When earth not was, nor heaven above,
noh paum noh pereg ni was; ni nohheinig,
Nor tree, nor mountain not was; nor nothing at all,
noh sunna ni scein, nah mâno ni liuhta
Nor sun not shone, nor moon not lightened,
noh der mareosêo. dô dâr niwiht ni was
Nor the ocean-sea. When there naught not was
enteô nî wenteô, enti dô was der eino
End nor limit, then there was the One
almahtîco cot, mannô miltisto;
Almighty God, of Men the mildest;
enti dâr wârun auh manakê mit inan cootlhihhê geistâ.
And there were eke many with him, Godly Spirits.

III.—The Old Saxon. The Old Saxons perhaps best correspond with the Saxons who remained on the continent when their brethren and fathers left to conquer Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries. They were the most hard-necked heathens of the whole Teutonic race, and when in the eighth century Charlemagne strove to convert them to Christianity he had to hold the sword over the font, and countless multitudes preferred death to baptism. The chief *Literary Monument* of this people is the *Heliand*. Nothing better shows the close affinity between all these six Teutonic tongues than that the present German national writers on this early period should reckon the Gothic Bible and this 'Heliand' as belonging to their own literature. It was written at the command of Louis the Pious (A.D. 814 — 840), the son and successor of Charlemagne, and the Germans have certainly done more for it than we, in the way of editing and making it known. But as the 'Heliand'

is in the Old *Saxon* dialect, which was a branch of the *Low* German, and as it is intimately connected in tone and style and phraseology with our so-called Caedmonian or later 'Genesis,' it should also be always counted with the treasures of our own Early Literature; except it be given over to the modern Dutch, to whose language it is perhaps still more closely related. (See § 8, p. 36 and 37).

The 'Heliand' ('Heiland' or Saviour), is the first great Christian Epic in any European tongue; excepting the beautiful poem on the same theme (the Christ), and the four legendary Epics, by our own poet Cynewulf. The '*Heliand*' contains some 6,000 long alliterative lines on the life of the Saviour, and His Apostles. We append lines 4120—4135:

Tho ward thar so managumu manne mod aftar Kriste
Then was there of so many man the mind after Christ

gihworban, hugi-skefti, sidor si is helagon werk
Inclined, *and their* spirits, since they his holy work

selbon gisahun, hwand eo or sulik ni ward
Themselves saw; when ere that such ne'er was,

wundar an weroldi. Than was eft thes werodes so filu,
A wonder in the world. Then was *afterwards* of the crowd so many

mod-starke man, ni weldun the maht godes
Head-strong men, *who* would not the might of God

antkennian kudliko, ak sie wid is kraft mikil
Recognise cuthly, but they with his mickle kraft

wunnun mid iro wordun; warun im waldandes
Fought with their words; to them was the Wielder's

lera so leda, sohtun im liudi odra
Lore so lewd (hateful), they sought for themselves other people

an Hierusalem, thar Judeono was
In Jerusalem, where of the Jews was

heri endi hand-mahal endi hobid-stedi
The throng and the chief-town and the Judgment-Court

grot gum-skepi grimmaro thiodo.
And a great multitude of grim people.

sie kuddun im Kristes work, quadun that sie quikan sahin
They made-known to them Christ's work, quoth that they *him* quick (living) saw

thene erl mid iro ogun, the an erdu was,
The earl (Lazarus) with their eyes, who in the earth was,

foldu bifolhen fiuwar naht endi dagos
To the ground committed four nights and days,

dod bidolben, antat he ina mid is dadiun selbo,
Dead buried, until He him with His deeds Himself,

mid is wordun awekide, that he mosti these werold sehan.
With His words, awaked, that he might this world see *again*.

IV.—The Old Frisian. The Frisian tribe, who were settled on the coast-land between the Weser and the Rhine, were like the Old Saxons, a *Low* German people, and took a large part, along with the Angles and Saxons, in the conquest of Britain. They were most brave and valorous men, and their name 'Frisians' means 'the Free.' They had, and I believe still have, a national proverb: "'The Frisians shall be free, while the wind blows from the clouds and the world stands." They were also, like the Old Saxons, very obstinate in giving up their ancient heathen creed and customs, and paid the utmost veneration to their illustrious ancestors. One of their early kings, the famous Radbod, had been persuaded by a missionary to accept

the Christian baptism, and, it is told, had already one foot at the font, when it occurred to him to ask the clergyman: "What was the fate of the preceding kings, his ancestors, who had not thus been baptised?" "Your ancestors," said the imprudent ecclesiastic, "who died without Christian baptism are now all in hell." "Then," said Radbod, withdrawing from the font, "I must go there with them," and he retired from the ceremony. There are few really *Literary Monuments* left in the tongue of this frank and fearless people. A number of Frisian *Laws* and formulas have been edited by M. Rieger, Giessen, 1861.

V.—The Old Northern or Norse. Norway and Sweden seem to have been occupied by Teutonic peoples at a very early date. Immediately after they had quitted Asia and cleared the Caucasian Mountains, after lingering awhile along the northern shores of the Black Sea, some Teuton tribes seem to have pushed northwards, and guided mainly by the course of the two great rivers, the Neiper and the Niester, they arrived on the northern shores of the present Gulf of Bothnia, driving before them the Lapps and the Finns almost to the verge of the world. Another expedition of the same family passing along the Danube westwards, probably crossed over from Denmark and took possession of Southern Scandinavia. Thus were Sweden and Norway occupied by our Teutonic kinsmen at a time unthinkably remote. These northern tribes were most probably a first detachment of those Goths met by Pytheas on the Baltic coasts about 300 years before the Christian era. Some centuries later other Teuton expeditions also went to Scandinavia, and there is an old Norse

legend, in the Eddas, of the direct arrival from Asia of Odin and the Ases, in the first century before Christ, who brought the Runes and the art of writing with them to the north. The Runic lore was specially known and practised by these northern divinities.[1] The Runes were used for magic spells and incantations, and by the warriors for inscribing names and titles on their swords or upon stones, but seldom for long poetic compositions. The Scandinavian Teutons, being completely isolated from the great moving tragedy of blood and battle which was going on for the first five centuries in the rest of Europe, and not coming into contact with the Greeks and Romans, preserved their own legends and traditions almost entirely unmixed with foreign elements. Hence it is from these Scandinavians that we obtain the best and purest idea of the ancient Teutonic mythology and what the common fathers of their race and ours thought about the world, its origin and consummation, about eternity and heaven and hell, about the origin of sin and death, the future life and the state of bliss or woe. Christianity was also much longer in penetrating to this northern land than to England or Germany; and so the tenets of our ancient faith, almost unalloyed, lived on in Scandinavia for near 1,000 years, and made a last refuge in the distant isle of Iceland, which Norwegian wanderers had found and peopled before the year A.D. 900. About the same time Norwegian seafarers discovered the continent of America. The missionary Thangbrand first took Christianity to Iceland about the year A.D. 1000. But after 150 years Odinism and the Teuton dispensation was still

1. *See Runic Lore, p.* 157.

rife among the subborn islanders; and about the year A.D. 1130 one of their bards, Saemund Sigfusson, himself a Christian priest, collected all the heathen hymns and songs and poems which could then be found, making in all some 39 pieces. These are contained in the *Poetic Edda*. About A.D. 1230 was written the Prose Edda, by Snorri Sturluson, which is mainly a commentary on the other. The wild, weird, wondrous poems of these Eddas form one of the most interesting and instructive books that have ever been compiled. They are of the utmost use for the perfect understanding of our early English poems. Without them many of the references in the earliest English and German Literature would remain blank, unmeaning terms. It is in the Eddas that we still see revealed the close original connection of all the Teutonic nations, their common faith, and common heroes, their common customs and the common gods of the race. Many of the statements of Tacitus find their corroboration in the Eddas.

The old northern tongue is the direct parent of the present Norwegian, Swedish, Icelandic, and to some extent the Danish. It has also had considerable influence on our own English language.

It was from these old Northmen that the 'Normans' went forth in 912 to conquer Normandy in France; and after ruling that Duchy for 150 years, and giving up their own language for the French, they paid a lasting visit to England—arriving at Hastings in 1066.

We append a short alliterative extract from the *Gudrunar Quida* in the Edda. It expresses the sorrow of Gudrun for the death of her husband Sigurd.

Ar var ðat Gudrun gördiz at deyia
It was ere that Gudrun prepared to die
er hon sorg-full sat yfir Sigurði ;
When she sorrowful sat over Sigurd's (corpse) ;
gerðit hon hiufra, ne höndom sla,
She made not showers (of tears), nor smote she with her hands,
ne queina um sem konor aðrar.
Nor moaned she for him the same as other women.
Gengo iarlar, al-snotrir fram,
There came earls, the chief of the wisest,
ðeir er hardz hugar hana lautto ;
They from her hard state of mind would have let her ;
ðeygi Gudrun grata matti,
Nor yet Gudrun might weep,
svá var hun moðug, mundi hon springa.
So anguished was she, she was nigh to burst.
Sato itrar iarla bruðir,
There sat illustrious brides (widows) of earls,
gulli bunar, fur Gudruno ;
Boon (adorned) with gold, before Gudrun ;
hver Sagdi ðeirra sinn of-trega,
Each of them said (recounted) her own affliction,
ðann er bitrastan of bedit hafdi.
The bitterest that she had abode.

. . . . . .

svipti hon blæio af Sigurði,
She swept the pall off Sigurd,
ok vatt vengi fur vifs kniam :
And turned his cheeks before his wife's knees :
"Sittu a liufan, legðu munn við grön,
"Look thou on thy love, lay thou thy mouth to his lips,
sem ðu halsaðir heilan stilli."
As though thou didst embrace him still alive."
Aleit Gudrun eino sinni ;
Gudrun looked on one moment ;
sa hon dauglings skaur dreyra runna,
She saw her warrior's hair running with gore,

franar sionir fylkis liðnar,
The (once) shining eyes of her lord extinct,
hug-borg jöfurs hiörvi skorna.
The breast of the chief pierced with the sword.
Da hne Gudrun, haull við bolstri,
Then Gudrun bowed down, held herself with the bolsters,
haddr losnaði, hlyr roðnaði,
Her head-gear loosened, her cheek reddened,
en regns dropi rann niðr um kne.[1]
And the rain-drops (tears) ran beneath round her knee.

VI.—The ANGLO-SAXON. The geographical position of these tribes in Europe seems to have frequently changed. The expeditions and myriads of men which Napoleon I. led rapidly from one end of Europe to the other—from France, to Italy, to Austria, to Prussia, to Spain, to Russia, — may help to give us an idea of the migrations of the early Teuton tribes.

The JUTES, or Goths, before they came to Britain, had their homes in Northern Denmark, which still retains their name of Jut-land; they were probably a part of the Gothic[2] tribes which had been met on the Black Sea coasts and at the mouth of the Danube, about 300 years before Christ, and which had pushed along that river and then on to Denmark, some of them crossing over to Southern Scandinavia. Other companies of these same Jutes, or Goths, as we have seen, were found alike in Sarmatia, in Moesia, in Sweden, in Greece, in France, in Italy, and in Spain.

The ANGLES, as we have already remarked, were found at an early period in several places in the heart of Germany—on the Rhine, on the Upper Elbe, and

1. *Conybeare, Illustrations of A.S. Poetry.* 2. *Rask.*

between the Weser and the Ems in the neighbourhood of the Saxons and Cheruscans. And it would seem that the Angles were the probable representatives of the Eng-ern, or Ang-ari, or Ang-rari, or Ang-ravari,[1] and of the half mythical Ing-aevones, who were the first of the three great German races sprung from Mannus and Tuisco. About the year A.D. 95 Tacitus puts the Angles to the east of the Elbe, and about a century later they are mentioned by Ptolemy on the middle of that river. They then proceeded down to the mouth of the Elbe, and settled at length in Schleswig, where there is a district near the Flensburg Fiord called *Angeln* to this day. There they became neighbours to their kinsmen the Jutes, the Frisians, and the Saxons. These Angles founded two powerful kingdoms in Britain.

The SAXONS were likewise found in several parts of Central Germany. Grimm shows that the Saxons[2] and Cheruscans, whose chief, Arminius, overthrew the Roman Varus, were either two tribes living on the same spot between the Ems and the Weser, and united in the closest manner in their speech and aspirations, or more probably different though synomymous names for one and the same people. Like the Goths the Saxons have made numerous migrations throughout Europe. In the first[3] century some of them were dwelling on the North Sea coasts, and were soon afterwards known to the Romans in Britain. If these were not the very Saxons who had fought with Varus, they were at least of the same family. They were

1. *Gesch. d. d. Spr.*, p. 430, 438. 2. Grimm, p. 439. 3. P. Mela.

situated to the south of the Angles in Schleswig-Holstein, and spread along the shores on either side of the Elbe, touching the Frisians on the west, the Herules on the east, and reaching inland beyond the modern towns of Bremen and Hamburg. The Saxons founded at least three states in Britain.

These three tribes Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, when once settled on the coast-lands, seem never to have wandered back to their earlier haunts in Central Germany. And the Roman power was almost entirely unknown around the shores of Denmark. Except vague reminiscences of Rome from their former inland seats, and occasional encounters with the Roman guards upon the British coasts, these Anglo-Saxon tribes were here beyond the boundaries of the so-called civilisation of Rome; and only through some straggling merchants, or plundering sailors perhaps of their

bours and among themselves; and their religion taught them that to die in battle was the surest way to gain an entrance among the blessed. They therefore despised danger and shipwreck and death, and purchased booty at the peril of their lives. "Tempests, which to others are so dreadful, to them are subjects of joy. The storm is their protection when they are pursued by enemies, and a cover for their operations when they meditate an attack. Before they quit their own shores they devote to the altars of their gods the tenth part of the chief captives, and when they are on the point of returning the lots are cast, and the impious vow is fulfilled.[1]" They looked upon the northern seas, from the coasts of Brittany to Norway, as their own peculiar domain. What their sullen, marshy soil refused to yield they made good by plunder on the deep. In their sea excursions they first met with Britain. The white chalk cliffs, smiling down upon the southern channel and stretching out towards Gaul, must have struck their eyes invitingly. Strange and legendary figures tenanted the channel between the island and the mainland, and muffled voices could be heard at night on the Armoric coasts, when the ferryman of the dead turned his overladen prow towards the island shore.

Already in the third century, and no doubt from an earlier period, the eastern coasts of Britain supplied these pirates with a plenteous booty. In A.D. 286 the Romans had to place a special guard against their depredations along the maritime districts. And so

1. *Sidonius, Bishop of Clermont*, viii., 6.

important was the Saxon power, that this Roman officer, Carausius, by allying himself with them established his own supremacy in Britain, and compelled the Emperor Maximian to acknowledge him as his associate in the empire of the world. But in spite of Roman vigilance the eastern sea-board was continually exposed to these Teutonic spoilers and known as the *Saxon Shore.* And at length, in A.D. 410, when Alaric struck the mighty blow and left Rome helpless at his feet, the Roman armies were recalled from Britain. The Picts and Scots of Caledonia then poured down upon the south, and the Celts, effeminated by the Roman rule, implored in vain their former masters to return to their assistance. A band of Teuton rovers, under Hengest and Horsa, on one of their ordinary plundering expedi-

Europe. These Teutons had at first no kings, but only occasional leaders, when living on the mainland; in their constant warfare with the Britains a steadier policy was needed, and the victorious leaders were made kings. In 477 a band of *Saxons*, relatives of the Jutes of Kent, arrived in three ships, under Ælla, and seized the country, which became the kingdom of Sussex. In 495 another band of *Saxons*, under *Cerdic*, in five ships, laid the foundation of the great kingdom of Wessex. In A.D. 514 Cerdic was reinforced by his nephews, two *Jutish* chiefs, Stuf and Wihtgar, who subdued the Isle of Wight. Cerdic had much difficulty in overcoming the Britons; their greatest chief was *Arthur*, who is said to have opposed Cerdic in twelve well-fought battles, but who ultimately receded before the Saxon power and lost his territorial sway. But Arthur's spirit might be well content to lose his princedom of South Wales, for he has won a new ideal kingdom in the bright and fairy land of song and gorgeous romance, and gained a reputation which no earthly king can claim. Cerdic became King of Wessex in 519; his descendants gradually extended their rule over the entire island, and his blood still flows in the veins of our present monarch. A fourth settlement was made in *Middle-sex* by the Saxons under Aescwine in 527. Then a large body of *Angles* arrived in 547, under Ida, who founded the kingdom of Northumbria, which reached from the Humber to the Forth. It is very probable, however, that Angles and Frisians had been settled in these parts before Ida's arrival. Northumbria soon became the home of learn

ing and literature in England, and was even for a time the light of Europe. Another body of *Angles* arrived in 475, under Uffa, who spread over Norfolk and Suffolk. And finally a seventh settlement was made by Cridda in Mercia, or the midland counties, in 582.

With the withdrawal of the Romans in A.D. 410 Britain practically disappeared. After 150 years of unremitting war and annexation our island began to re-appear before the world as England. The Jutish-English-Saxon conquerors cleared the country before them, and scarcely left a Celtic slave remaining in any of the eastern or midland districts. Intestine petty jealousies among the newly-founded kingdoms were certain now to follow, with continual encroachings on each other's territory, and wars between the different states for the over-lordship of all England The Kings of Kent first took the lead as the mightiest men in the land. Then the kingdom of the Angles, or English, in Northumbria remained for long the greatest power. But after numerous reverses the house of Cerdic established the supremacy of Wessex, and by the year A.D. 800 all England was definitely united under the crown of the West Saxons.

English Literature in England.

For almost five generations these early English invaders found no rest from war. But by the year 600, they had established themselves in the island sufficiently to fear no foreign foe; and they were henceforth disposed to settle down in their new and fruitful homes, and to take up the thread of their development where they had been forced to leave it a

century and a half before. Roman influence and literature and culture had completely disappeared from the island. And the coming English brought with them their ancient laws, religion, manners, customs, traditions, legends, songs, which they had known upon the mainland. But their conquests had not been to them an unmixed gain. When we compare their extant literature with their earlier continental hymns and songs, and with the extant literature of Scandinavia, we see how much had perished in the strife. All our earliest hymnic poetry to the great Powers of Nature, to the Teuton gods, and to heroes like Arminius, and all our earliest German battle songs, had totally disappeared except in scanty reminiscences. Several heroic lays, however, of a later period, the period of the great migrations, have survived. Indeed, from the fifth century onwards our literature continues with scarcely a break, and the Anglo-Saxon literature extant is far more voluminous than the corresponding literature in any of the other five Teutonic dialects. The poems of 'Widsith,' 'Waldere,' 'Finnsburg,' 'Beowulf,' have largely preserved their original phraseology. The poems on Heathen Charms and Incantations,[1] and the Gnomic Verses or Metrical Proverbs,[2] still refer to early dates; and the 'Rune Song,' in several stanzas, points backwards to an age preceding Tacitus. Our earliest laws likewise bear an old Teutonic stamp.

But all that did survive the age of blood and conquest, in law, religion, history, legend, song, lived on

1. *See p.* 151. 2. *See p.* 140.

orally from one generation to another in easily remembered allitorative sayings, or in flowing verse. The harp and song were always highly honoured among this festive people, at whose feasts their mirth and music never failed. Gleemen, warriors, kings, and herdsmen, sang their songs and touched the harp in turn. 'Widsith,' the 'wide wandering' and earliest surviving Teuton minstrel, tells how he always found in south or north some who rejoiced in song and paid liberally for it.[1] So in our first great epic it is said—

"There song and tale were told:
The aged *ruler*, asking much,
Would tell of days gone by;
Or warrior sometimes bid the harp
In strains of joy reply,
Or wake a true and tender lay;
Sometimes again the king
Wide-hearted, would in fitting place
Recount some wondrous thing;
Or yet again an aged knight,
Eld-bound, would sometimes tell
The youths of doughty deeds in war,
Making his heart to swell."[2]

In 596 Christianity reached England, with Augustine and his forty monks direct from Rome. It was royally received, and spread from court to court, from Kent to Northumbria, to Wessex; and before the year 690 the Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury had once more bound the island in the bonds of Rome. Christianity naturally quickened the development of literature and writing. But it restricted the national development of the ancient epic poems and hero-sagas, by giving them a Christian turn and colouring, and by opening up fresh and endless vistas in the grandeurs of the new

1. *See p.* 9.
2. *Beowulf, lines* 2107—2112; *Lumsden.*

religion, which corresponded well with the depth and dreamy vastness of the Teuton mind. Christianity never found such a propitious soil as England. The English were always a religious people; we have seen how they performed their vows even to their heathen gods. Christianity did not destroy these deepest feelings of the Teutonic soul, but led them to a purer source. All-Father Odin was quietly replaced by the God of Jacob, while the attributes of Thor and the other heroes of Valhalla were transfered to Christ and His apostles. Christianity was first received in Kent, and in that Jutish kingdom the first start was made in literature and writing. Indeed throughout the different kingdoms the political supremacy, Christianity, and literature seem to have followed in each other's wake. About the time of its reception, or before the year 600, their *Laws* were committed to writing. The celebrated *Saxon Chronicle* was probably started there about the same date. The *Hebrew Psalms* were rendered into the Jutish dialect, and in many ways Kent took the lead.

The mighty kingdom of Northumbria next accepted Christianity. And the discussion of its merits by King Edwin and his priests and thanes will serve to show both the nature of their political assemblies and the way in which Christianity appealed to the early English mind. 'Shall we accept this new religion?' asked King Edwin. An aged ealdorman replied: 'So seems to me, O King, the life of man, as a sparrow's flight through the hall when you are sitting at meat in winter, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth,

but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flieth in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the fire, and then flying forth from the other vanishes into the darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight, but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tells us aught for certainty of these, let us follow it.' But the Irish and Scottish Culdees, of Erin and Iona and Melrose and Lindisfarne, had been long evangelising in the North, and made the Roman conquest easy. It was shortly after this, about 670, that the immortal CAEDMON[1] rose and sang at Whitby our earliest remaining English hymn and turned almost all the Bible into English verse. Caedmon's fame was not eclipsed, but he was worthily succeeded and supported by his great Northumbrian rival CYNEWULF, in the following century. These are the two greatest poets in our early English Literature whose names and works survive. And it is considered that the earliest great epic poem extant, not only of the English, but of all the Teuton peoples, the poem of BEOWULF, was first put down in writing in this Northumbrian kingdom, about the time of Cynewulf; but the author's name has perished. Then Northumbria's power and glory waned, her songs were hushed, her growing literature destroyed, by the invading Danes. Of the numerous Northumbrian poems and compositions but few pieces now remain in the original

1. *It is a pity that the Venerable Bede (672—735), who was a Northumbrian, and almost a contemporary of Cædmon, should have left us nothing in our old mother tongue; his extant works are all in Latin.*

northern dialect. The Danes burnt monasteries, and libraries, and books, and hunted from the land those who might have restored them.

But Wessex was rising into power in the south, and in Wessex literature found a retreat and, for a third time, a home in England. But Wessex was only a guardian, and not a mother of literature. It sheltered from the Danish storm and preserved from final oblivion the earlier compositions of Northumbria and Kent. Nearly all our extant Anglo-Saxon writings are in the West Saxon dialect, and therefore only copies of the original. In the 9th century Alfred wrote in his West Saxon dialect a copy of Cædmon's first hymn; both the original Northumbrian and the West Saxon versions remain, and this is illustrative of what took place with the other pieces. Alfred left no original work. But his translations of the works of others, his codification of our laws, and his influence on other writers, have permanently enriched our literature.

From Alfred's time, and after his example, Anglo-Saxon PROSE began to flourish. Alfred himself is our best writer of Early Prose. He was succeeded a century later by another very clever and voluminous writer—ÆLFRIC, Abbot of Ensham. But Ælfric's alliterative and metrical style revealed a declining art, and when he died in 1016 he left no successors, except the prosy clerics who continued the *Saxon Chronicles* in several provincial abbeys. The Danes began again to harass England, and the nation's mind was turned away from the higher walks of literature to the mad, the inhuman policy of Ethelred of peace-at-any-price.

Cnut, the Danish king (A.D. 1017—1036), seized on the English crown the year after Ælfric's death. The 30 years of Danish rule were followed by the influence and intrigues of Normandy. King, nobles, and people had somehow ceased to work together for the nation's good. English literature stood still, decayed, receded, and except in an occasional stilted poem in the *Saxon Chronicles*, or in a wail of sorrow from the luckless field of "Maldon," our English literature had ceased. And though signs were not wanting that a new revival should take place, sufficient time was not allowed till the Norman conquerors landed; and then not only the English literature, but the very language, except in some provincial corners of the land, was never heard again until the death of five or six generations of conquerors and conquered had dulled their mutual resentments and welded into one again the hostile nations living on the English soil. The 150 years from the Norman Conquest to the signing of the Magna Charta is in English Literature a period of the "Blackness of Darkness."

During this long interval of the silence of the English muse, French rhymes and French romances were read and sung by jongleurs along our streets and highways, in the castles of our new feudal aristocracy, and at the courts of our Norman kings.

The first English poem to break the night of silence and herald in the later glories of the English muse was *The Brut* by *Layamon*, a long poem of some 30,000 lines, on the history of Britain and the ancient Celtic hero Arthur. It was written about A.D. 1205, on the model of the earlier Saxon verse.

The 'Brut' was soon followed by another long English poem, the *Ormulum* (1215). And from about the time of the signing of the Magna Charta in 1215, our English Literature, like our English Constitution, seems to have entered on its new career of immortality, and the names of purely English poems begin to multiply apace. We have the interesting and romantic poems of *King Horn* and *Havelock the Dane*, *Guy of Warwick*, and *Bevis of Hampton*; a new *Genesis* and *Exodus*, and a new *Physiologus*, or *Bestiary*; the works of *Robert of Gloucester*, and *Richard of Hampole*, and the *Arthurian Romances*.

These and other English works, increasing in number and in strength, like the brightening beams of the dawn, lead us up to the great Poem, or *Vision concerning Piers Plowman*, by William Langley, who dreamed away the darkness into a glorious morrow; to the English Prose of Wiclif, the morning star of Reformation; and to the ever fresh and classic poems and "Tales" of their grand contemporary Chaucer, with whom the day-light breaks in all its splendour to know no future night.

The Teutonic nations now possess the gilded sword of intellect and empire, of government and domination in the five continents of the globe; and if Old England and Germany, from any causes, should ever be suppressed and rendered desolate, until their capitals became the ruined haunts of owls and bitterns, the Anglo-Saxon race in North America, in Natal, Australia, and the islands of the southern seas, would, and will and must, take up the songs their fathers now have sung for near 2,000 years, and continue and prolong their echoes till the final crack of doom.

Introductory Anglo-Saxon Grammar.

Reviews, Extracts, Translations,

INTRODUCTORY GRAMMAR.

After their settlement in Britain and their conversion to Christianity, the English adopted the Roman alphabet, which was brought over with the missionaries from Rome. They retained, however, at least two of their earlier Runic characters, for which the Roman alphabet had no convenient signs. These two letters, thorn and wen represented our *-th* and *-w*.

Our earliest written language was phonetic, or written down by ear; and as each writer had his own pecularities in speaking, there was naturally considerable freedom in the spelling of words. The introduction of printing has now stereotyped the form and spelling of our words; but among the Anglo-Saxons, as with other early nations, the same words might be spelled differently by different writers, and even by same the writer in the same piece.

The pronunciation of our *vowels* has been greatly distorted; and without discussing individually the various vowels, it may be briefly stated here that our pure old vowels sounds have been preserved much better among the German peoples on the continent, among the Lowland Scotch, and in some provincial dialects in England. There were long vowels and short vowels, which were frequently indicated by accents.

The *consonants* had more of a bristling utterance than we give them now. *C* and *h* were always hard[1] before a vowel; *h* was pronounced either like *hé* at the beginning, or like the Scotch or German *-ch* at the end, of words or syllables; *r* was not vocalised as it is now, but trilled as in French and Scotch; *w* was

1. *The names of our two early poets, Caedmon and Cynewulf should be pronounced somewhat like 'Kaedmon,' 'Koon-e-wulf.'*

always pronounced, whether it stood before *r* or *l*, or after a vowel.

The *accent* in pronounciation generally fell, like the alliteration, on the root syllables.

As at present, there were three *genders*, masculine, feminine, neuter. But many nouns have changed their gender since the Saxon times. God (*god*) was originally neuter; devil (*deófol*) sometimes neuter, sometimes masculine; moon (*mône*) was masculine; sun (*sunne*) feminine; and these two early deities still retain their ancient gender in the German tongue. All declinable words had *four cases*—nominative, genitive, dative, accusative. In all plurals the accusative was generally the same as the nominative. The dative plural of almost all declinable words ended in *-m* or *-um*, which reminds us of the dative *-n* in the German plurals. The genitive plural of nearly all declinable words ended in *-a*, and feminines often in *-en-a*. Many nouns ending in a vowel are easily declined by adding *-n* to form the other cases; they have been therefore called the *weak* or *-n* nouns.

The *adjective*, like the noun, had three genders, and was declined throughout the four cases, with an instrumental case in the masculine and neuter; and might have two declensions—*strong* or *weak*.

The *article* had three genders, and was declined in its four cases, almost like the article in Greek.

The *demonstrative pronouns* were declined almost like the definite article. The *personal* pronouns had four cases, and a *dual* number, which marks a great antiquity.

The *verbs* had always their infinitive in *-an*, and were of two classes: the *strong*, or so-called irregular verbs, which took internal vowel changes, as bind-an, band, bunden; and the *weak*, or so-called regular, which added *-ede* (*-ode*, *-de*,) to form their past tenses.

But the few following pages of typical words will make the above remarks more clear.

ANGLO-SAXON NOUNS.—ENDINGS.

STRONG DECLENSION.

SINGULAR.

	Masculine.		*Feminine.*		*Neuter.*	
	(a)	(b)	(a)	(b)	(a)	(b)
	'*stone.*'	'*day.*'	'*care.*'	'*deed.*'	'*ship.*'	'*house.*'
Nom.	stân.	däg.	car-u.	dæd.	scip.	hûs.
Gen.	stân-*es.*	däg-*es.*	car-*e.*	dæd-*e.*	scip-*es.*	hûs-*es.*
Dat.	stân-*e.*	däg-*e.*	car-*e.*	dæd-*e.*	scip-*e.*	hûs-*e.*
Acc.	stân.	däg.	car-*e.*	dæd,(-*e*)	scip.	hûs.

PLURAL.

Nom.	stân-*as.*	dag-*as.*	car-*a.*	dæd-*a.*	scip-*u.*	hûs.
Gen.	stân-*a.*	dag-*a.*	car-*en-a.*	dæd-*a.*	scip-*a.*	hûs-*a.*
Dat.	stân-*um.*	dag-*um.*	car-*um.*	dæd-*um.*	scip-*um.*	hûs-*um.*
Acc.	stân-*as.*	dag-*as.*	car-*a.*	dæd-*a.*	scip-*u.*	hûs.

WEAK (OR—N) DECLENSION.

SINGULAR.

	Masc.	*Fem.*	*Neut.*
Nom.	steorr-*a* (*star*).	tung-*e* (*tongue*).	eág-*e* (*eye*).
Gen.	steorr-*an.*	tung-*an.*	eág-*an.*
Dat.	steorr-*an.*	tung-*an.*	eág-*an.*
Acc.	steorr-*an.*	tung-*an.*	eág-*e.*

PLURAL.

Nom.	steorr-*an.*	tung-*an.*	eág-*an.*
Gen.	steorr-*en-a.*	tung-*en-a.*	eág-*en-a.*
Dat.	steorr-*um.*	tung-*um.*	eág-*um.*
Acc.	steorr-*an.*	tung-*an.*	eág-*an.*

ANGLO-SAXON ARTICLE.

		Masculine.	*Feminine.*	*Neuter.*
SING.	*Nom.*	se (*the*).	seó.	ðät.
	Gen.	ðäs.	ðäre.	ðäs.
	Dat.	ðam.	ðäre.	ðäm.
	Acc.	ðone.	ða.	ðät.
	Abl. or *Instrumental*		...	ðy, ðê (þe).
PLUR.	*Nom.*	ða.	ða.	ða.
	Gen.	ðara, ðära.	ðara.	ðara.
	Dat.	ðâm, ðæm.	ðâm.	ðâm.
	Acc.	ða.	ða.	ða.

ANGLO-SAXON ADJECTIVES.—ENDINGS

STRONG DECLENSION.

		Masculine.	*Feminine.*	*Neuter.*
SING.	*Nom.*	blind. (*blind.*)	blind-(*u*).	blind.
	Gen.	blind-*es.*	blind-*re.*	blind-*es.*
	Dat.	blind-*um*(*e*).	blind-*re.*	blind-*um*(*e*)
	Acc.	blind-*ne.*	blind-*e.*	blind.
PLUR.	*Nom.*	blind-*e.*	blind-*e.*	blind-*u.*
	Gen.	blind-*ra.*	blind-*ra.*	blind-*ra.*
	Dat.	blind-*um.*	blind-*um.*	blind-*um.*
	Acc.	blind-*e.*	blind-*e.*	blind-*u.*

WEAK (OR—N) DECLENSION.

SING.	*Nom.*	blind-*a.* (*blind.*)	blind-*e.*	blind-*e.*
	Gen.	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*
	Dat.	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*
	Acc.	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*	blind-*e.*
PLUR.	*Nom.*	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*
	Gen.	blind-*en-a.*	blind-*en-a.*	blind-*en-a.*
	Dat.	blind-*um.*	blind-*um.*	blind-*um.*
	Acc.	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*	blind-*an.*

DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUN.

		Masculine.	*Feminine.*	*Neuter.*
SING.	*Nom.*	ðes (*this*).	ðeós.	ðis.
	Gen.	ðisses.	ðisse, ðissere.	ðisses.
	Dat.	ðisum.	ðisse, ðissere.	ðisum.
	Acc.	ðisne.	ðás.	ðis.
	Abl. or *Instrumental*		...	ðys (ðisse).
PLUR.	*Nom.*	ðás.	ðás.	ðás.
	Gen.	ðisses.	ðisses.	ðisses.
	Dat.	ðisum.	ðisum.	ðisum.
	Acc.	ðás.	ðás.	ðás.

ANGLO-SAXON PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

SING.	*Nom.*	ic (*I*).	ðu (*thou*).
	Gen.	mîn.	ðîn.
	Dat.	me.	ðe.
	Acc.	mec, me.	ðec, ðe.
PLUR.	*Nom.*	we (*we*).	ge (*ye*).
	Gen.	úser, úre.	eówer.
	Dat.	ús.	eów.
	Acc.	úsic, ús.	eówic, eów.
DUAL.	*Nom.*	wit (*we two*).	git (*ye two*).
	Gen.	uncer.	incer.
	Dat.	unc.	inc.
	Acc.	uncit, unc.	incit, inc.

		Masc.	*Fem.*	*Neut.*
SING.	*N.*	he (*he*).	hêo (*she*).	hit (*it*).
	G.	his.	hire.	his.
	D.	him (heom).	hire.	him (heom).
	A.	hine.	hi,.	hit.

COM. PLUR.	*Nom.*	hi, hig (*they*).
	Gen.	hira (heora).
	Dat.	him.
	Acc.	hi, hig.

TYPICAL ANGLO-SAXON VERBS.

WEAK CONJUGATION.

Besides the verb sêcan given on the following page, we should mention the weak verbs in *-ian*, whose imperfect ends in *-ede* instead of the *-te*, as in sôh-*te*. For -ede we often find *-ade*, *ode*, or *ude*. We give the verb *luf-ian* as example.

Infin. lufian (*to love*). *Imper.* lufa, lufiað.
Partic. pres. lufigende; *pret.* gelufod.

		INDICATIVE.	SUBJUNCTIVE.
Pres. sing.	1.	lufige (*I love*).	lufige.
	2.	lufast.	lufige.
	3.	lufað.	lufige.
plur.		lufiað.	lufien, -on.
Pret. sing.	1.	luf-ode.	luf-ode.
	2.	luf-odest.	luf-ode, -est.
	3.	luf-ode.	luf-ode.
plur.		*luf-odon.*	luf-oden, -on.

ANGLO-SAXON VERB.—ENDINGS.

WEAK CONJUGATION.

Infinitive Mood	...	...	sêc-an (*to seek*).
Imperative	...	...	*Sing.* sêc.
			Plur. sêc-að.
Participle	...	...	*Pres.* sêc-ende.
			Past. sôh-t.

PRESENT.

INDICATIVE.		SUBJUNCTIVE.	
ic	sêc-e.	ic	sêc-e.
ðu	sêc-est.	ðu	sêc-e.
he, heo, hit	sêc-eð.	he, heo, hit	sêc-e.
we	sêc-að.	we	sêc-e-n.
ge	sêc-að.	ge	sêc-e-n.
hi, heo, hig	sêc-að.	hi, heo, hig	sêc-e-n.

IMPERFECT.

INDICATIVE.		SUBJUNCTIVE.	
ic	sôh-te.	ic	sôh-te.
ðu	sôh-test.	ðu	sôh-te.
hi, heo, hit	sôh-te.	hi, heo, hit	sôh-te.
we	sôh-ton.	we	sôh-ten.
ge	sôh-ton.	ge	sôh-ten.
hi, heo, hig	sôh-ton.	hi, heo, hig	sôh-ten.

STRONG CONJUGATION.

Infinitive Mood	...	...	find-an (*to find*).
Imperative	...	...	*Sing.* find.
			Plur. find-að.
Participle	...	...	*Pres.* find-ende.
			Past. fund-en.

PRESENT.

INDICATIVE.		SUBJUNCTIVE.	
ic	find-e.	ic	find-e.
ðu	find-est.	ðu	find-e.
he, heo, hit	find-eð.	he, heo, hit	find-e.
we	find-að.	we	find-en.
ge	find-að.	ge	find-en.
hi, heo, hig	find-að.	hi, heo, hig	find-en.

IMPERF.

INDICATIVE.		SUBJUNCTIVE.	
ic	fand.	ic	fund-e.
ðu	fund-e.	ðu	fund-e.
he, heo, hi	fand.	he, heo, hit	fund-e.
we	fund-on.	we	fund-en.
ge	fund-on.	ge	fund-en.
hi, heo, hig	fund-on.	hi, heo, hig	fund-en,

OLD ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

ALLITERATION.

All the old English poetry, as well as all the poetry of the old Germanic peoples, was originally composed in an alliterative verse of alternatively emphatic and unemphatic syllables. The line contained *four* emphatic syllables, and was divided into two equal parts, or shorter lines, by a pause or cæsura in the middle. The number of unemphatic syllables in the line was unimportant and *indefinite.*

This method of versification is descended from the hoariest antiquity, and is an heirloom from the Indo-Germanic age when all the Aryan clans had not yet abandoned their aboriginal abodes in Central Asia. Some of the ancient Indian hymns still reveal its influence, and in the earliest classic times it was also frequently employed, one form of its development being the iambic tetrameter.

It arose naturally and as a concomitant to the religious rites and ceremonies which the venerable fathers of our race performed within the forest glades around the altars of their gods. Part of these ceremonies always consisted in the chanting of hymns at the time and place of sacrifice. This chanting was accompanied by action. As is often still the case in the dance or the song, the feet or the hands moved in concert with the words. Four steps forwards and four backwards, or four steps right and four steps left, made up the eight steps of the measure, and the eight *feet* of the two long lines or *strophe.* Intensified

feeling or passion found vent in uttering the principal words of the line with corresponding sounds. This similarity of sound did not depend, as in the later system of rhyme, on the ending of the words, but on the beginning—not on the final syllable, but on the *initial letter.*

The three chief words in the line, two in the first part and one in the second, or the three words on which the chief emphasis naturally fell, began with the same consonant. A few words beginning with the double consonantal sound of *sk-* (or *sc-*) could only alliterate with other words having the same introductory *sk-* sound. The same rule was observed for words beginning with *sp-*, as well as for those in *st-*. But if the more masculine or consonantal letters were replaced by the soft and milder vowels, *words beginning with different vowels were selected*, as they formed the most harmonious variation. Every vowel was, however, also allowed to alliterate indifferently with itself or with any other vowel.

At an earlier stage of the development of human speech the pronunciation of every initial vowel was preceded by a sort of semi-consonantal breathing, corresponding somewhat to an introductory digamma, or to a kind of half-silent *h*, which served to join in alliterative union the various vowel sounds. This natural and almost involuntary omission of the breath before initial vowels in the old Teutonic or nascent German dialects must have lost its consonantal symbol at a very early date; although in several other tongues, where it was perhaps of later origin, a character for this same purpose remained, and was represented by the *spiritus lenis* (') or 'gentle breathing' in the language of ancient Greece.

Sometimes four, but never more than four, of the principal words of the line were admitted into the alliteration; generally two to each of the halves.

Sometimes also only two alliterative words are found, one in each half. The unimportant words and parts of words, such as prepositions, pronouns, prefixes, &c., are scarcely ever to be reckoned, as the accent and alliteration generally fall only on the *root syllables* of the main words. Sometimes two different letters in the first half form a kind of *crossed* alliteration with two corresponding letters in the second half, as in line 98 of the extract given below.

By this system one word suggested another, and thus the song was more easily recited extempore or retained in the memory, and handed down for generations before being committed to writing. Broken remnants of this antique structure, like scattered staves from a noble bark, have floated down the stream of time even to our day. Such alliterative phrases as *house and home; weal and woe; men and mice; time and tide; out and in; foul and fair; friend and foe;* &c., are familiar to our ears from childhood. They come easily to the tongue, and take an ineradicable hold on the mind. And in all the other languages of the Germanic race such expressions are still more common than in our own.

The ordinary English heroic verse is the natural outcome of this old, quick, impassioned measure, whose alliteration has been gradually forgotten in the search for modern rhyme.

The earliest piece of any length or importance ever written in rhyme in any European tongue was the "Evangelium Buch" of the German Otfried; and this work was only finished about the year 870 A.D.—a time when the alliterative measure, having already flourished through unnumbered cycles, was beginning to decline.

The rules we have indicated above were occasionally entrenched upon when the poems were no longer composed to be sung, but simply recited or spoken.

Among other modifications, the ordinary long line was often extended by the addition of several syllables, sometimes even of another half line, especially in religious and didactic verse.

We have marked in *italics* the initial letters of the alliterative words in the following 11 lines (87—98) from the second canto of Beowulf:—

87 *TH*rage ge*th*olode se þe in *th*ŷstrum bâd,
þät he *d*ôgora gehwam *d*ream gehŷrde
*h*ludne in *h*ealle; þær wæs *h*earpan sweg,
90 *s*wutol *s*ang scopes. *S*ægde, se þe cuðe
*f*rumsceaft *f*ira *f*eorran reccan,
cwæð, þæt se *æ*lmihtiga *eo*rðan worhte,
*w*liteboorhtne *w*ang, swa *w*æter bebugoð;
ge*s*ette *s*igehreþig *s*unnan and monan
95 *l*eoman to *l*eohte *l*andbuendum
and ge*f*rætwade *f*oldan sceatas
*l*eomum and *l*eafum, *l*if eac gesceop
98 *c*ynna ge*hw*ylcum þara ðe *c*wice *hw*yrfað.

We subjoin a rendering of this extract.

A long time Grendel tholed, as in darkness he bided,
that he every day rejoicings should hear
loud in the Hall; there was music of harps
and the minstrel's sweet song.—Who said he could
the first creation of men in far off times relate,
quoth, how the Almighty had fashioned the earth,
the bright pleasant landscape, which the sea flows around;
set in victory triumphant the sun and the moon
with their splendour to lighten the toilers of earth,
and how He adorned the breasts of the fields
with boughs and with leaves. He life also decreed
to each living thing that moves in the world.

§ 1. WIDSITH;

OR, THE TRAVELLER'S SONG.

This is considered the oldest poem extant in English, or in any language of modern Europe. The year 400 A.D. has been generally taken, in round numbers, as the approximate date of its origin. As is the case with the early writings of most nations, the author of *Widsith* is not known. Nor does it appear to be the work of *one* man. Widsith's words are rather the expression of the typical wandering minstrel or gleeman, who, pushed by the spirit of migration inherent in the Teuton, went about carrying news and presents among the early Gothic and Germanic princes. Widsith celebrates his visits to their lands, praises their virtues and the generous gifts with which he is frequently rewarded both by kings and queens. He enumerates nearly all the nations and kings of the earth known in his day—Huns, Burgundians, Angles, Goths, Danes, Picts, Scotts, Lombards, Hebrews, Greeks, and Wends. With all these and many other peoples he sojourned, and "still in south or north he found some who gave gifts freely and lent a willing ear to his song."

Widsith is the first typical English traveller, our earliest authentic explorer, the forerunner of Mandeville, Raleigh, and Livingstone.

The only extant MS. dates from about the year 1000 A.D., and was placed in Exeter Cathedral Library by Bishop Leofric, about the year 1070 A.D. This

same MS., known as the *Exeter Book* contains also twenty-six other Anglo-Saxon poems, which will be mentioned elsewhere.

Much of the poem is unfortunately lost. Of the 143 long lines which are still extant, we extract the nine opening and the nine closing lines.

[*The extracts are from Wülcker's new edition of Grein's Anglo-Saxon Poesie*, 1881. *Unlike Wülcker, many editors employ accents to mark the long and short vowels.*]

WIDSITH maðolade, wordhord onleac,
se þe monna mæst mægþa ofer eorþan,
folca geondferde : oft he on flette geþah
mynelicne maþþum. Him from Myrgingum
5 æþelo onwocon. He mid Ealhhilde,
fælre freoþuwebban, forman siþe
Hreðcyninges ham gesohte
eastan of Ongle Eormanrices,
9 wraþes wærlogan. Ongon þa worn sprecan.

The last nine lines.

135 Swa scriþende gesceapum hweorfað
gleomen gumena geond grunda fela,
þearfe secgað, þoncword sprecaþ,
simle suð oþþe nord sumne gemetað
gydda gleawne, geofum unhneawne,
140 se þe fore dugupe wile dom aræran,
eorlscipe æfnan, oþ þæt eal scæceð,
leoht and lif somod : lof se gewyrceð,
143 hafað under heofonum heahfæstne dom.

Translation.—Lines 1—9.

Widsith discoursed, his wordhoard he unlocked,
he who of men had travelled through the most of tribes,
of nations o'er the earth : Ofttimes he in Hall received
kind and costly gifts. His race from the Myrgingums
was sprung. He with Ealhhilde
the faithful queen of peace, for the first time
the Hrethking's home had sought
to the east of Anglia, Ermanrick's land,
the faithless treaty-breaker. There he began of many things
to speak—

Translation.—Lines 135—143.

So the minstrels wander, as human fate will have it, through many lands, tell their wants and speak their words of thanks ; and still they find in south or north, some who have a taste for song, who give gifts freely, and who exalt their fame in presence of the brave, and act as men, till all departs both light and life together : He who does praiseworthy deeds has under heaven the most enduring fame.

§ 2. "WALDERE,"

OR, WALTER AND HILDEGUNDE.

This poem is justly considered by Grimm as one of the prettiest among the old legends of Teutonic literature. It describes how the "strong-handed" *Walter*, a Gothic prince of Aquitaine, had been taken as a hostage by the terrible Attila; how in his free captivity at the rustic wooden court of the Hunnish king, on the banks of the Danube and the Theiss, young Walter met with other hostages—the youthful Hagen from Worms, and the beautiful Princess Hildegunde from Burgundy by the Rhone; how the young men spent their days in hunting, or in leading the fierce war-bands of Attila, and swore eternal brotherhood to stand or die together. Then Hagen fled, and Walter, too, sought to escape, taking young Hildegunde with him; his opportunity arrived, and they wandered through the forests until they reached the tawny Rhine at Worms; the ferryman betrayed them and sent King Gunther in pursuit; Walter defended himself and his bride against Gunther's men in a cave of the Vosges; and when he slept, overcome with the strife, Hildegunde kept watch from the rock, singing her low sweet songs to keep herself awake through the night, and supporting his head in her lap; the next day brought his former fellow prisoner and blood-friend Hagen into deadly strife with Walter; they fought and fell upon the bloody ground; and then did Hildegunde become the ministering angel, both to Walter and his foes.

nursing them till their recovery; when Walter resumed his journey to his fatherland in Aquitaine, where Hildegunde became his Queen, and shared with him the Gothic throne for thirty years.

The beauty of the story makes us only the sadder to learn that of this grand old poem only two short fragments remain in our mother tongue. These two fragments, which contain 31 lines each, were discovered in 1860 in the Imperial Library at Copenhagen by George Stephens, by whom they were at once edited. They treat of Walter's fight in the Vosges, or rather of the periods of rest between the different parts of that fight. There was probably also once an old German version of the poem; but that version is completely lost. And we should never have been able to relate the story of Walter's bravery and Hildegunde's love, if a literary monk of St. Gall, named Eckhard, who died in 973 A.D., had not translated the German version into Latin hexameter verse. His translation was improved by Geraldus; and another Eckhard, who died about 1060, once more re-polished the work—so much was the subject admired. This Latin version is still extant; but only the sixty-two lines of the original old English epic remain.

We extract (from Wülcker) the first seven lines of fragment A.

. . . . . hyrde hyne georne
huru Welandes geworc ne geswicoð
monna ænigum, þara ðe Mimming can
hearne gehealdan: oft æt hilde gedreas
5 swatfag and sweordwund sec æfter oðrum.
Ætlan ordwyga! ne læt ðin ellen nu gyt
gedreosan to dæge, dryhtscipe feallan!

Also lines 11 to 19 from fragment B.

11 Waldere maðelode, wiga ellenrof,
hæfde him on handa hilde frofre,
guðbilla gripe, gyddode wordum :
'Hwæt ! ðu huru wendest, wine Burgenda,
þæt me Hagenan hand hilde gefremede
16 and getwæmde feðewigges : feta, gyf ðu dyrre,
æt ðus heaðuwerigan hare byrnan !
Standeð me her on eaxelum Ælfheres laf
god and geapneb, golde geweorðod—

Translation.—A, lines 1—7.

. . . . . incited him keenly :
"Assuredly the work of (the great Smith) Wieland never leaves in the lurch any one of the men who can wield his bright blade Mimming. Ofttimes, with blood imbrued and wounded with the sword, one hero after another fell in the fight. Attila's bravest warrior ! let not thy courage faint to-day, even now let not thy valour fail !

Translation.—B, lines 11—19.

Waldere spoke, a warrior renowned,
held in his hand his trusty battle-blade,
he gripped his warlike sword, sung out the words :
"Didst thou, Burgundian Chief, indeed conceive
that Hagen's hand to me should battle do
and hold me from the strife : strike, if thou dare,
my shining shield, now weary in the fight !
The sword bequeathed by Aelfhere rests here on my arm,
stout and broad-edged, and well with gold adorned—

§ 3. THE FIGHT IN FINNSBURG.

This is a fragment of an epic poem describing the treacherous attack Finn made on the Danish guests in his burg or castle in Friesland. Only 50 lines of the poem remain. They describe how the Danish Hengst and his men, shut up in the castle, defend themselves for five days against Finn's attack.

The fragment is full of the fiercest fire of war, and must have been composed by an eye-witness of the scene. It breathes the bold defiance of the leader, as he calls his comrades to the charge through the gloom, and reminds them of their deeds of yore. And though the Danish chiefs are slain, they succeeded also in destroying all their foes. There is reason to suppose the Hengest of this poem was the same who first led the Jutes to battle for the soil of Britain in the year 449 A.D. The date of the poem would thus be pretty closely fixed.

The same story is also incorporated in Beowulf: beginning at line 1070 of that poem, a gleeman sings in beautiful, sad strains the fight and fall and funeral of the warriors met in the Friesvale Hall.

This fragment was discovered in the seventeenth century by Dr. Hicks on the cover of a MS. of Homilies in the Lambeth Palace Library, and is usually printed at the end of Beowulf, though probably an earlier composition.

We extract the first 17 lines from Heyne's edition of 1879, which, like most editions, except Wülcker's,

employs accents to mark the long and short vowels, though there is little MS. authority for their use, especially in this piece.

„ . . . *hor*näs byrnað næfre."
Hleoðrode þâ heaðo-geong cyning:
„Ne þis ne dagað eástan, ne her draca ne fleógeð,
„ne her þisse healle hornas ne byrnað,
5 „ac fêr forð berað, fugelas singað,
„gylleð græg-hama, gûð-wudu hlynneð,
„scyld scefte oncwyð. Nu scyneð þes mône
„waðol under wolcnum; nu ârisað weá-dæda,
„þe þisne folces nið fremman willað.
10 „Ac onwacnigeað nu, wîgend mîne,
„hebbað eówre handa, hicgeað on ellen,
„winnað on orde, wesað on môde!"
Þâ ârâs monig gold-hladen þegn, gyrde hine his swurde;
þâ tô dura eodon drihtlice cempan,
15 Sigeferð and Eaha, hyra sweord getugon,
and ät ôðrum durum Ordlâf and Gûðlâf,
and Hengest sylf.

Translation.

. . . . . The horns burn never."
Then out spake the king, in battle young:
"This dawns not from the east, nor here the dragon flies,
nor burn this hall's high pinnacles,
but they come to fall upon us. The birds sing,
the cricket chirps, the battle-wood resounds,
the shield returns the shaft. Now shines the moon
wandering under the clouds; now deeds of woe arise,
which the hatred of this people will perform.
But now awake, my warriors,
raise your right hands up, think on your deeds of yore,
fight in the foremost ranks, show yourselves heroes!"
Then arose many a gold-laden thane, girt on himself his sword;
then darted to the door the lordly warriors,
Sigeferth and Eaha, their swords they drew,
and to the other doors rushed Ordlaf and Guthlaf,
and Hengest himself;—

§ 4. BEOWULF.

This epic is the greatest and the most important poem written in English or in any language of modern Europe before the beginning of the twelth century. The author is entirely unknown. But the poem—like the Iliad of Homer, the Nibelungen Lied, or the Song of Roland—is probably the work of many minds and the gradual growth of many generations. Parts reach back to unknown dates, other parts are of the seventh century of our era. The general ring and background of the poem are heathen; but certain references to biblical events such as the creation of the earth, sea, sun, and moon, the death of Abel and the banishment of Cain—show that the poem was not finished till after the introduction of Christianity. It was perhaps first written down in its present form towards the end of the seventh century, and in the Anglian dialect of a Northumbrian court. The biblical references are probably due to the scribe who interpolated and edited the poem.

Beowulf, a prince of the Swedish Goths, is the hero of the poem. The two chief parts of the epic, and of Beowulf's life, are (1) his fight and slaughter of the monsters *Grendel and his mother*, who oppressed Hrothgar, the Danish king, in Heorot Hall; and then, after a glorious reign of 50 years, (2) his encounter with the great fire-spitting *Dragon* of the sea, whom the hero slays and robs of a treasure, and by whom he himself is slain.

Beowulf is not known to either history or tradition, and his deeds are clearly superhuman. The poem, in fact, is nearly altogether mythical, and has a faint resemblance to that wild weird mythology of Scandinavia, which has been partly preserved in the Icelandic Eddas, two books written down long after our poem, viz., the one about 1130 in verse, the other about 1230 in prose. It gives us great insight into the early life and manners of our forefathers at a time when real history can tell us nothing definite concerning them. Beowulf, or the earlier mythical Beowa with whom he was confounded, has been interpreted, like the Icelandic Baldr and the German Siegfried, as representing the ancient Aryan Myth of the Dawn, and a personification of the Sun, the god of Light and Warmth and Fruitfulness.

There is only one MS. of Beowulf; it dates from the tenth century, and was slightly disfigured by a fire in 1731; it is now in the British Museum.

The poem contains 3,184 double lines in alliteration; and has been divided by Prof. Grein into twelve chapters or cantos. We extract the opening nineteen lines, from Heyne's new edition of 1879. Some editions omit the accents.

Hwät! we Gâr-dena in geâr-dagum
þeód-cyninga þrym gefrunon,
hû þâ äðelingas ellen fremedon.
Oft Scyld Scêfing sceaðena þreátum,
5 monegum mægðum meodo-setla ofteáh.
Egsode eorl, syððan ærest wearð
feá-sceaft fundon: he þäs frôfre gebâd,
weôx under wolcnum, weorð-myndum þâh,
ôð þät him æghwylc þâra ymb-sittendra

10 ofer hron-râde hyran scolde,
gomban gyldan : þät wäs gôd cyning !
þäm eafera wäs äfter cenned
geong in geardum, þone god sende
folce tô frôfre ; fyren-þearfe ongeat,
15 þät hie sär drugon aldor-*leáse*
lange hwile. Him þäs lif-freá,
wuldres wealdend, worold-âre forgeaf ;
Beówulf wäs breme (blæd wide sprang),
Scyldes eafera Scede-landum in.

We will subjoin a rendering, sometimes freely done, of the whole of the first canto, which contains 52 long lines. This canto is probably taken from some more ancient poem on the mythic hero, the Sea-King Skyld, and inserted here at the beginning of our national epic.

Translation.

What wonders are told us, what brave deeds of heroes, in the dim days of yore, are embalmed in the legends of the spear-weaponed Danes ! How the nobles did then great feats in fight ! Oft did King Skyld, with his warrior hordes, sow dismay 'mongst the mighty, and hunt them away from their mead-house, Skyld, who had come to the land a helpless child alone in the ship ! But now he had waxed great in honour, towering to heaven, so victorious in reigning, that each nation round him, far over the whale-paths, had to obey him and bring him their tribute. What a good king he was !

To him a son was afterwards born, a youth in his court. He, too, was heaven-sent, to solace his subjects ; but to him trouble came, and for a long while life-crushing care pressed on his people. But the life-Lord, the wielder of glory, repaid him with worldly renown. For the fame of Beowulf, the son of King

Skyld, went wide o'er the world, and was long in the lands of the Swedes. [So must a young hero excel in good deeds, and, by bestowing rich gifts on the friends of his father, win for himself afterwards, when age will o'ertake him, willing companions, keen heroes for combat, if war should arise. By praiseworthy deeds shall a man prosper in every land.

Then Skyld got him ready, when Fate's hour had come, to journey forth boldly in trust with his God. His faithful companions then bore him away, down to the rushing brine as he himself bade them, whilst as the friend of his people he ruled by his word, beloved of all as the chief in the land where a long time he held sway. There stood the ship, tied to the haven by rings in the stern, dark-glancing, bound outwards, the tight sea-ship of Skyld. There laid they down the beloved old king, the bestower of honours, in the breast of the boat, the much-mourned at the mast! Great heaps of treasures there were in the land, wondrous worked gold-things had been gathered together in distant campaignings, and were now put on board. Men never have heard of a ship more costly adorned with weapons of war, and fighting apparel, and shirts of iron, and swords. Many a jewel too was laid in his lap, which should sail away with him, far away forth into the realm of the waves! Not less with rich presents did they adorn him, not less with choice treasures from the hoards of old days did they send him forth, than did those at his coming—whoever they were—who had sent him first to them, alone over the billows when he was but a babe. And they set up a banner, all burnished and golden, high over his head; they gave him to ocean, they let the flood-river bear him away: but their hearts were heavy with sorrow, their minds were mourning and sad. Men cannot tell, if they speak truly, the Order of Fate, nor no sage under heaven whither tended his course!]

§ 5. CÆDMON'S FIRST HYMN.

This hymn of Cædmon's is remarkable as the earliest extant English poetry composed *in* England. The other pieces we have hitherto considered, together with our first lyric poem, the *Complaint of Deor*, had their origin on the mainland before the tribes conquered Britain. It is remarkable also as striking a different key to all these earlier compositions. They are wild and warlike and heathen; Cædmon's is calm, devout, and Christian, and is typical of all the subsequent productions of the English muse. It is the first indigenous bud of that tree of England's poetry which was afterwards to blossom out into such grand luxuriance in Spenser's Fairie Queene, and grow on into still higher regions and sublimer beauty in the Paradise Lost of Milton.

It will be seen, however, that these first utterances of Cædmon form but a crude composition, even when compared with the antique verse of Beowulf; but they show the efforts of a great soul seeking after adequate expression. The same vast ideas—*heaven, earth, God, man, duty, work, glory, Almighty, eternal, &c.*,—keep welling up in his mind, and failing to flow forth with the ornaments of verse, they are repeated with emphasis again and again. Perhaps never in so few lines have so many mighty thoughts been concentrated; they stand out bald and bare, every word like a new Mount Atlas, fit to bear the world on its shoulders.

The story of Cædmon's inspiration is well known. The Venerable Bede, who was some ten years old when Cædmon died in 680 A.D., has left in his *Ecclesiastical History*, both the original Northumbrian hymn and an account of its composition. The story is repeated by King Alfred in his English translation of Bede's history, and the hymn is also given in Alfred's *southern* dialect. Cædmon was at a feast one autumn night in Whitby, where each member was expected and was wont to sing some impromptu verses to the harp, which was passed in turn from hand to hand. Cædmon saw the harp approaching, and was so vexed at his utter inability to sing, that he arose and left the feast. He retired ashamed to the stable to look after the cattle, and fell asleep among the fodder. And as he slept a spirit entered and greeted him, saying: "Cædmon, sing me something." "I can nothing sing," he said, "and I for that cause left the beer hall."—"But you will sing something to me."—"What shall I sing?" "The origin of created things." And thereupon he sang or composed in his sleep, and rehearsed when he awoke, the following hymn:—

Nû scylun hergan hefænrîcæs uard
metudæs mæcti end his môdgidanc
werc wuldurfadur svê he wundra gihuæs
êci dryctin ôr âstelidæ,
hê ærist scôp ælda barnum
heben til hrôfe hâleg scepen:
thâ middungeard moncynnæs uard,
êci dryctin æfter tiâdæ
fîrum, foldu, freá allmectig.

Translation of Cædmon's First Hymn.

Now shall we praise heaven-kingdom's Ward,
The might of the maker and the thought of his mind,
The works of the Father of Glory, how he, the Eternal God,
Of each wonder the beginning fixed.
He first shaped for the children of men
Heaven as a roof, the Holy Creator;
Then the middle-earth, the Guardian of mankind,
The Eternal God thereafter made
For men, the fields, the Lord Almighty.

CÆDMON.

§ 6. RUNIC LINES ON THE CROSS AT RUTHWELL.

Ruthwell is a small town, with a railway station, in Dumfriesshire, and lies about a mile and a half from the Solway. The cross, which now stands 17½ feet in height by about 2 feet wide, was erected at a very early date, perhaps about the time of Cædmon's death in the year 680 A.D. It is made of white gritty sandstone. The lower part may have formed a monolith. The faces have rough carvings from Bible history and an explanation in Roman letters.

The Runic letters are graven on the sides of the cross. They were long thought to be old Syriac, Greek, or Sanskrit. Some considered them the work of the apostle Paul, in his fabled visit to Britain. In 1840 Mr Kemble translated these mystic symbols, which up to that date had held fast their secret. Shortly afterwards, when the MSS. discovered at Vercelli were published, it was found that the Runic inscription on the cross was a quotation from an old English poem entitled "The Holy Rood: a Dream"; and in 1866 Prof. Stephens discovered on the top of the cross, engraven in Runes, the three words, "Cadmon mæ fauæþo"—Cadmon me made. This MS.—discovered at Vercelli in 1823, and now known as the *Vercelli Book*—contains also five other Anglo-Saxon poems, which will be mentioned in due course.

Hence the poem of *The Holy Rood*, which contains 156 long lines, was either written by Cædmon and

part of it inscribed on the cross—or else the writer of *The Holy Rood* has incorporated the lines from some work of Cædmon's which is now lost. Certain critics, however, maintain that it was Cynewulf, and not Cædmon, who wrote the Vercelli poem of *The Holy Rood.*

We give in English letters the four extracts from the sides of the cross, and below them the corresponding lines in the poem of *The Holy Rood* which was found in the *Vercelli Book.* It will be seen that the words in the MS. of the poem are of a later date than the words on the cross. The latter, indeed, bear a form equally old with those in Cædmon's First Hymn.

1.

From the Ruthwell Cross.

a) geredæ hinæ god almechttig,
þâ he walde an galgu gistîga
môdig fore men . . .

From the Poem found in Vercelli,
lines 39, 40, 41.

b) ongyrede hine þâ geong hæled, þät wæs god ælmihtig,
strang and stîðmôd : gestâh he on gealgan heâhne
môdig on manigra gesyhðe, þâ he wolde mancyn lŷsan.

Translation

From the lines of the poem, which are more distinct and full than the inscription on the cross.

Ungirded him there the young hero who was Almighty God,
Strong and firm of mind, stepped he on the gallows high
Bravely in the sight of many, because he would redeem mankind.

. . . . . .

2.

From the Cross.

a) ic riicnæ kyninc,
hifunæs hlâfard :
hælda ic ni dorstæ.
bîsmæradun unket men bâ æt gadre :
ic miþ blôdi bistêmid . . .

From the Poem, lines 44, 45, 48, 49.

b) rôd wæs ic ârærred, âhôf ic rîcne cyning,
heofona hlâford : hyldan me ne dorste,
bŷsmeredon hie unc butu æt gædere : eall ic wæs
mid blôde bestémed,
begoten of þæs guman sîdan.

Translation.

A cross was I raised (set up), I heaved (bore up) the mighty king
The Heaven's Lord : bow me durst I not,
They mocked us both together, I was all with blood bedabbled
Gushing from the hero's side.

. . . . . .

3.

From the Cross.

a) + Crist wæs on rôdi.
hweþræ þêr fûsæ
fearran cwômu
æþþilæ til ânum :
ic þæt al bihêld.
sære ic wæs miþ sargum gidræfid
hna . . .

From the Poem, lines 56, 57, 58, 59.

b) Crist was on rôde.
hwæðere þær fûse feorran cwôman
tô þâm æðelinge: ic þät eall beheóld.
sâre ic wæs mid sorgum gedrêfed, (hnâg ic
hwæðre þâm secgum tô handa).

Translation.

Christ was the cross.
But fast from afar they thither came
The Prince to aid. I all that beheld.
Sore was I with sorrows smitten,
. . . . . .

4.

From the Cross.

a) mip strêlum giwundad.
âlegdun hiæ hinæ limwærignæ:
gistôddun him ät lîcæs heáfdum.
hit . nwii . . . wê . . . . . .

From the Poem, lines 62, 63, 64.

b) eall ic wäs mid strælum forwundod.
âlêdon hie þær limwêrigne, gestôdon him æt his
lîces heáfdum,
biheóldon hî þær heofenes dryhten.

Translation.

I was all with spear-points wounded.
Down laid they him limb-weary, they stood at his corpse's head,
Beheld they there the heaven's Lord
. . . .

§ 7. CÆDMON.—GENESIS (A).

Cædmon's First Hymn being so pregnant with high thought, it is not surprising to learn that he afterwards became a poet of unrivalled power, and turned the whole Bible story into sacred song. But though there are many poems extant admittedly composed about Cædmon's time, the only piece remaining as his accepted genuine work is the preceding copy of his stable Hymn.

The poems known as *Genesis*, *Exodus*, *Daniel*, *Christ and Satan*, were always ascribed to Cædmon, until recent criticism would seem to leave them fatherless. They are all in the same MS., of the 10th century, in the Bodleian Library, and the three first are written in the same hand. '*Christ and Satan*' consists of three parts, is written by a different hand, and its words are sometimes differently spelled. But as the claims of no pretender to the authorship of these four poems have been sufficiently established, we may continue to put them under the headship of Cædmon, at least 'for the sake of classification.'

Of these poems there is little doubt that the *Genesis*, for the greater part, is the real work of Cædmon. It is a poetical paraphrase of the first 22 chapters of the book of Genesis—up to the sacrifice of Isaac. It is not a very close copy of the Bible; many important events in the narrative of Moses are left out, while minor details are given at great length. The fall of Adam and Satan's rebellion seemed such important omissions that a later poet, about 850 A.D., worked them into an independent poem, which was afterwards

inserted in Cædmon's version. There was also a third poem on Genesis, written in the 13th century.

It is when Cædmon is most free from the Scripture text that he most shows his originality and power. His vast Teutonic mind often soars away beyond the Hebrew's revelation to penetrate and people that which was but "a void" to Moses.

> "The fields were not as yet,
> The grass was still ungreen: the ocean covered
> All things, far and wide; the waves, the dark waves
> Rolled, black in universal night."

And when he comes to descriptions of fighting,—as in the fourteenth chapter, the battle of the four kings against five,—he bristles up with all the martial ardour of a Frank.

The poem of "Genesis" as it stands at present consists of 27 cantos, containing 2,935 long alliterative lines; 617 of these lines (viz., lines 235—851) form the interpolation of the 9th century, and pass among critics under the name of the *Later or Second Genesis.* We extract the first 14 from Grein's *Anglo-Saxon Poesie.*

1 Us is riht micel, þät we rodera weard
wereda wuldorcining wordum hêrigen,
môdum lufien: he is mägna spêd,
heáfod ealra heáhgesceafta,
5 freá älmihtig. Näs him fruma æfre
ôr geworden, ne nu ende cymð
êcean drihtnes: ac he bið â rîce
ofer heofenstôlas heágum þrymmum,
soðfäst and swiðfeorm swelgbôsmas heóld:
10 þâ wæron gesette wîde and sîde
þurh gewcald godes wuldres bearnum,
gâsta weardum. Häfdon gleám and dreám
and heora ordfruman engla þreátas,
14 beorhte blisse: wäs heora blæd micel.

Translation from Cædmon's Genesis,
lines 1—14.

Great cause have we to praise the Warden of the Skies,
And with our words to laud the nations' glorious King,
Him in our hearts to love: He is the source of power,
The head of all high things created,
The Majesty Almighty. To him beginning never was,
Origin He ne'er has known, and end shall never come
To the Eternal God: but He remains for ever great,
Above the heavenly thrones, among the powers on high;
Absolute and just, He dwelt of old in his celestial abodes:
Far and wide, throughout the regions of space, they were peopled,
Through God's glorious might, with the children of men,
With the guardian spirits of the just. In presence of their Lord
The bright angelic throngs had jubilee and joy,
And glory unbedimmed: boundless was their bliss.

§ 8. LATER OR SECOND GENESIS (B).

This piece was considered to form an integral part of the preceding poem on Genesis, until recent investigation detected certain differences between them; and we shall here depart from the chronological order observed in these extracts, so as to place in juxta-position the two parts of our great Genesis poem. This Later Genesis is thought to have been written only about the year 850 A.D. The portion of it which is still extant, (617 lines), was preserved by having been inserted, in the 10th century, into the Earlier or Cædmonian Genesis, (lines 235—851), in order to supplement certain omissions or losses—notably the Fall of Man and of the Angels.

A few *Old-Saxon* words occurring in this piece have raised the suspicion that it is only a translation from some Continental poem. Some time before 840 A.D., at the instance of Charlemagne's son and successor, there was written in the *Old-Saxon* dialect a great epic poem, the "Hêliand," of 6,000 long alliterative lines, on the Life of Christ, as narrated by the four Evangelists; and it is conjectured that the author of this "Hêliand" also wrote the original of our poem—especially as the spirit of the two pieces is often very similar.

But if this "Later Genesis" was indeed inspired by the "Hêliand," the "Hêliand" was itself inspired by the Earlier Genesis of Cædmon,—or by that English

spirit and English learning manifested in Cædmon and Bede, and which Bishops Boniface and Wilfrid and the famed Alcuin scattered with such quenchless zeal upon the mainland. For this Later Genesis is completely and characteristically English in its breadth of view, its depth of thought, its generosity of disposition, its universal sympathy. On account of the grand conception and description of the archangel's glory, his contumelious pride, and his extremes of torment in the nether pit; for the sympathy with Eve and the good interpretation put upon her error—which is not called a sin; for the scene of the temptation and the tenderness of the repentance, we are sorry to detach this portion of the poem of Genesis from the name of our first great Christian poet, Cædmon. Parts of it are truly worthy of Milton, and indeed we seem to hear the unknown poet speak again from the first book of Paradise Lost.

The author of the Later Genesis, like the author of the Hêliand, was a man of broad and varied learning,

Bigstandaþ me strange geneátas, þâ ne willaþ
me ät þam stríðe geswícan,
285 häleðas heardmôde; hie habbaþ me tô hearran
gecorene,
rôfe rincas; mid swilcum mäg man ræd ge-
þencean,
fûn mid swilcum folcgesteallan; frŷnd synd hie
mîne georne
holde on hyra hygesceaftum: ic mäg hyra
hearra wesan,
rædan on þis ríce. Swâ me þät riht ne þinceþ,
290 þät ic ôleccan âwiht þurfe
gode äfter gôde sænegum: ne wille ic leng his
geongra wurðan!

Translation from "Later or Second" Genesis,
lines 278—291.

Why shall I toil? quoth he; surely there need is none
To have Him for my Lord. With my own hands I can
As many wonders work as He; and I have power wide
To raise a better throne, and found a mightier realm
For me in heaven. Why should I serve His will
And for His favour sue, or to Him homage pay?
I may become a God as great as He.
Confederates strong stand by me, heroes stern and high,
Who will not shrink the strife, nor fail me with their aid.
And now these warriors stout have chosen me for chief—
With such may I take counsel, and with such may seise
His followers; they are my willing comrades all,
And faithful in their thoughts. I can become their lord,
And in this realm reign. So seems it me unjust
That I in any wise, for any good,
To God should cringe: I will no longer live His slave.

§ 9. CÆDMON.—EXODUS.

The poem of "Exodus" is confined to a description of Israel's march through the Red Sea and the overthrow of the Egyptians. It forms a beautiful and complete epic poem. It is resonant with the cry of of war like most of our early poems, although there is no battle to describe. The poet seems to glory in the Hebrews' triumph and to hate the Egyptians as a national foe. As is the case with the "Genesis," part of the present poem is thought to have been written after 850 A.D., and inserted in the earlier or Cædmonian epic to fill in the omissions or losses. It is divided into 8 cantos, containing 585 long lines. We take 11 lines (291—302) from *Grein* :—

"Ic wât sôð gere,
þät eów mihtig god miltse gecŷðde,
eorlas, ær glâde ! ôfest is sêlost,
þät ge of feónda fäðme weorðen,
295 nû se âgend up ârærde
reáde streámas in randgebeorh :
syndon þâ foreweallas fägre gestêpte
wrätlîcu wægfaru ôð wolcna hrôf."
After þäm wordum werod eall ârâs,
300 môdigra mägen : mere stillo bâd.
Hôfon herecyste hwîte linde,
segnas on sande.

Translation from "Exodus," lines 291—302.

"I know indeed for truth,
That the Almighty God to you His grace made known,
Ye earls in glittering brass! Haste now is best,
That ye escape from the encircling foes,
By that way where the Lord has now upreared
The Red Sea's waves, like a high mountain wall.
The water-walls stand steep and fair,
The wond'rous sea-path with a cloud-roof round."
After his words the host all rose together,
The band of heroes keen: the sea stood still.
The cohorts raised their glittering shields,
Their banners on the strand!

§ 10. CÆDMON.—DANIEL.

This is a paraphrase of the Book of Daniel up to the 22nd verse of chapter 5. It follows closely the events of these chapters, breathes a perfect piety throughout, and in beautiful language describes the scene of the three men in the burning fiery furnace. The poem is only a fragment of 765 long lines, divided into 5 cantos. The MS. belongs to the 10th century, and is the same as that containing the two preceding poems on *Genesis* and *Exodus*.

Ne mihton ârædan rûncräftige men
735 engles ærendbêc, äðelinga cyn,
ôð þät Daniel com drihtne gecoren
snotor and sôðfäst in þät seld gangan,
þam wäs on gâste godes räft micel.
To þam io georne gefrägn gyfum ceâpian
740 burge weard, þät he him bôcstafas
ârædde and ârehte, hwät seó rûn bude.

Translation from "Daniel," lines 734—741.

Nor could the men, in mysteries wise,
The crowd of chiefs, make known the Angel's sign
Till Daniel came, God's chosen child,
Truthful and wise, into the palace hall;
God's plans were to his mind revealed.
And oft, 'tis said, the warder tried with gifts
To influence him, that he should read
The letters and the mysteries unfold.

§ 11. CÆDMON.—AZARIAS.

This is another short fragmentary poem, of 191 lines, on "AZARIAS," which also describes the men in the fire, and is very similar in some parts to the piece on *Daniel*. It was found in the *Exeter Book*, and is printed by Grein immediately after the *Daniel*.

Nu þec Ananias and Azarias
and Misahel, meotod, miltsum hêrgað!
155 nu we geonge þrŷ god bletsiað
fela-meahtigne fäder in heofonum,
þone söðan sunu and þone sigefästan gæst!
forþon us onsende sigora waldend
engel tô åre, se þe us bearg
160 fŷr and feóndas and mid fiðrum bewreáh
wið bryne brôgan!

Translation from "Azarias," lines 153—161.

Now Ananias, Misahel, and Azarias,
Praise Thee, O Lord, for all Thy grace!
We three young men do bless our God
The Father of all might in heaven,
The true-born Son, and the subduing Spirit!
Because the God of Victories sent to us
His angel to our aid, who has preserved us
From the fire and foes, and with his wings has veiled
Us round, against the raging flames!

§ 12. JUDITH.

This beautiful poem, a real Old Testament epic, has always received unqualified admiration. It will bear comparison with almost anything in the English tongue. It has been supposed by some to be also a work of Cædmon's; and certainly the heathen references and appellations point to a very early period. Hell is conceived as the abode of the ever-gnawing serpents, exactly as in the Northern Mythology. The poem may well have been composed before the year 700 A.D., when the creed of Odin was not yet forgotten. It consisted originally of twelve cantos, of which only the last three and twelve lines of the ninth are extant; thus we have only 350 lines, instead of some twelve or fifteen hundred of the original.

The heroine is a maiden, Judith, of the Apocrypha, who, to save herself from disgrace, slays Holofernes, the Assyrian general, in his tent as he slept. She then succeeds in escaping from the Assyrian camp by night and returns to Bethulia, the city of her people. She reveals to the Jews the gory head of the heathen Holofernes, which she had brought away as a trophy from the tent, and urges them to march at once on the foe. At once we hear the rush to arms, and the warriors' tramp, and the banners in the air; we see the keen-set faces of her kindred as they hurry forward to the fight. There is no tarrying in the poem; the onward march resounds from the page, and all advances with breathless haste till the Assyrians are chased from the field.

In a certain sense we might compare this poem with Byron's Hebrew melody, written above a thousand years later, on the Destruction of Sennacherib and the Assyrian hosts, when "the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast."

The MS. of Judith dates from the 10th century, and forms a continuation to the leaves containing Beowulf.

Slôh þâ wundenlocc
þone feóndsceaðan fâgum mêcê
105 heteþoncolne, þät heó healfne forcearf
þone sweoran him, þät he on swiman läg
drunccn and dolhwund: näs þâ deád þâ gyt
ealles orsâwle. Slôh þâ eornoste
ides ellenrôf ôðrê síðê
110 þone hæðenan hund, þät him þät heáfod wand
forð on þâ flôre: läg se fûla leáp
gêsne be äftan, gæst ellor hwearf
under neowelne näs and þær genýðerad wäs
sûslê gesæled syððan æfre,
115 wyrmum bewunden, witum gebunden
hearde gehäfted in helle bryne
äfter hinsíðe: ne þearf he hopian nô
þýstrum forþylmed, þä he þonan môte
of þam wyrmsele, ac þær wunian sceal
120 âva tô aldre butan ende forð
in þam heolstran hâm hyhtvynna leás.

Translation from "Judith," lines 103—121.

Then the maid in braided locks
Destroyed the hateful fiend, the brutal-minded man;
With his own glittering sword, his neck she left
Half severed; he there a-swooning lay,
Drunken with the dagger's wound—not yet quite dead,
Not lifeless quite; but the stout-hearted maid
A second time in earnest smote
The heathen dog, until his head rolled off
Along the floor; the foul and bleeding trunk
Lay still behind—his spirit had gone down
Into the deep abyss, and was there debased,
With tortures fettered, from that moment forth,
With snakes surrounded and with pangs oppressed,
Imprisoned close within the fires of hell,
After his journey down. Involved in the darkness
He dare never hope from thence to escape,
Never from the serpent's den; but there he must dwell
Continually, without end, in eternity, for ever,
In that dismal home, deprived of hope and joy.

§ 13. CÆDMON.
CHRIST AND SATAN.

This piece was found in the same MS. as the *Genesis*, *Exodus*, and *Daniel*, but is written by a more careless hand and bears a more modern appearance. It was first published by Junius in 1655 A.D. as a work of Cædmon's, and it has often been called the *Second Book of Cædmon*, or the *pseudo Cædmon*. This poem of 'Christ and Satan,' which contains 733 long lines in nine cantos, is really a compilation, made up in the 10th century, from the mutilations of three different pieces which were written in the 9th century, or perhaps in their original form, at a much earlier period, viz. :—

(A) *The Fallen Angels* (lines 1—365);
(B) *Christ's Descent and Resurrection* (365—665);
(C) *Christ and Satan* (lines 665—733).

(A) THE FALLEN ANGELS.

The *first* 365 lines form a distinct poem, which from its contents, may be justly called the FALLEN ANGELS; but should not be confounded with an episode at the beginning of the *Later* Genesis describing "The Fall of the Angels," It is full of very powerful expression. The archangel, fallen from the bliss and jubilee of heaven, breaks out in awful tones of heartrending despair over the blank misery and woe that surround

him in the 'loathsome' abodes of the damned. His own folly is contrasted with the graciousness and power of God. His tone is altogether downcast and submissive, and forms a startling contrast to the high words he held, as in the Later Genesis, before his fall. Like a played-out worldling, Satan turns repentant and preaches from his bed of chains. We also find the bold and curious idea of Satan having a son, whom he wishes to enthrone in heaven as a rival to the Son of God. We extract the following 15 lines from Grein :—

eá lâ drihtenes þrym ! eá lâ duguða helm !
165 eá lâ meotodes miht ! eá lâ middaneard !
eá lâ däg leóhta ! eá lâ dreám godes !
eá lâ engla preát ! eá lâ upheofon !
eá lâ þät ic eam ealles leás êcan dreámes,
þät ic mid handum ne mäg heofon gersecan
170 ne mid eágum ne môt up lôcian
ne hûru mid eárum ne sceal sæfre gehêran
þære byrhtestan bêman stefne
þäs ic wolde of selde sunu meotodes
drihten âdrîfan and âgan me þäs dreámes gewald,
175 wuldres and wynne ! me þær wyrse gelamp
þonne ic ær tô hyhte âgan môste !
nu ic eom âsceâdan fram þære scîran driht,
âlæded fram leóhte in þone lâðan hâm.

Translation from "Christ and Satan," lines 164—178, (A) "The Fallen Angels."

O thou greatness of the Lord! O thou guardian of mankind!
O thou might of the Creator! O thou earth 'twixt heaven and hell!
O thou pure day of splendour! O thou jubilee of God!
O ye throngs of angels! O thou supremest heaven!
And O for me! for I am barred from that perpetual joy,
And I can never reach my hands again towards heaven,
Nor ever with my eyes again look up,
And never, never, hear again with ears
The strains of that bright trump on high;
Because the Son of God I wished to drive
From heaven, the Lord, and to possess myself his power and joy,
His glory and his love! but to me worse things befell
When I essayed to dispossess the Highest of his dues!
Now am I sundered off from all that brilliant throng,
Led out from light, down to this loathsome home!

§ 14. CÆDMON.
CHRIST AND SATAN.

(B) CHRIST'S DESCENT AND RESURRECTION.

The second part of the collection, viz., lines 365—665, treats of Christ's Descent and Resurrection, and of the Last Judgment. The devils are terror-stricken at the news of Christ's coming, and fear the frustration of their schemes for their bold assaults on Man. The poem is very similar to one on Christ by the poet Cynewulf, who died about a century after Cædmon.

Đonne of þisse moldan men onwecniað,
605 deáde of duste ârîsað þurh drihtnes miht.
Þät bîð daga lengust and dinna mæst
hlûd gehŷred, þonne hæland cymeð,
waldend mid wolcnum in þâs worulð färeð:
wile þonne gescearian wlitige and unclæne
610 on twâ healfe, tile and yfle.
Him þâ sôðfästan on þâ swiðran hond
mid rodera weard reste gestigað:
þonne beóð blîðe, þâ in burh môton
glädmôde gongan in godes rîce,
615 and heo gesênað mid his swiðran hond
cyning alwihta, cleopað ofer ealle:
"Ge sind wilcuman! gâð in wuldres leóht
"tô heofna rîce, þær ge habbað
"â tô aldre êce reste!"

Translation from "Christ and Satan," lines 604—619,
(B) "*The Resurrection.*"

Then men shall wake up from this mould,
The dead from dust by God's decree shall rise.
On that long day commotion great
And noise shall be, when throned on clouds
The Saviour comes with power to judge the world:
The pure from the impure He shall divide,
And in two halves shall part the evil and the good,
The righteous then on God's right hand
Shall mount with Him to rest beyond the skies;
And blithe and bright to heavenly homes
They enter shall rejoicing and with joy;
And the Almighty King with His right hand
Shall bless each one, and unto all shall say:
"Be welcome, enter ye on glory's light,
In heaven's kingdoms, here ye shall enjoy
Eternal rest for ever and for aye."

§ 15. CÆDMON.
CHRIST AND SATAN.

(c) CHRIST AND SATAN.

The third part of this collection has the best right to the title given to the whole. Line 665 to the end gives us an account of the Temptation to which Christ was subjected by Satan. Christ says to him, "Cer þe on bäcling"—turn thee behind backs, and sends him down to measure hell. Satan then collapses, and sinks, as it were by his own weight of guilt, into the pit prepared for the devil and his angels. And when, after his headlong fall down, down, down, he finally strikes the bottom—for it seems to have a bottom after all,—he discovers something of the gigantic woes and punishments reserved for him on the nether side of the 'fiery bars of hell.' He feels around with his hands through the blackening flames, and perceives captive beings chained upon the floor. A gnashing wail of indignation and horror arises from the throng at the sight of that "black, baleful spirit," who had worked them all their woe. When standing on the bottom, it seems to Satan that a hundred thousand leagues is the distance from hell's gates to the nether pit.

" Lôca nu ful wîde ofer londbûende !
685 ic þe geselle on þînes seolfes dôm
folc and foldan : fôh hider tô me
burh and breotone bold tô gewealde
rodora rîces, þät þu seó riht cyning
engla and manna, swâ þu ær myntest !"

690 Þâ him andswarode êce drihten:
"gewît þu âwyrgda in þät wîtescräf,
Satanus seolf! þe is sûsl weotod
gearo tôgegnes, nalles godes rîce.
Ah ic þe hâte þurh þâ hêhstan miht,
695 þät þu hellwarum hyht ne âbeóde,
ah þu him secgan miht sorga mæste,
þät þu gemêttes meotod alwihta
cyning moncynnes. Cer þe on bäcling!"

Translation.—Satan leads Him up to a pinnacle of the Temple, and says—

"Look now afar o'er the inhabitants of earth,
To thy dominion I shall grant them all,
Earth's nations and earth's sunny plains: take but from me
This city and its buildings grand into thy power here,
Then, with the realms on high, thou mayst become
The real King of angels and of men, as thou at first didst wish."
But the eternal Christ to him there made reply:
"Go, thou malignant spirit, down to thy torture-cave,
For thou art Satan's self! Afflictions dire shall be thy doom,
And pangs await thee; but in God's realm thou hast no sway.
And I command thee by supremest power
To bear no joyful message to the denizens of hell,
But make thou rather known to them thy chief of sorrows—
That thou hast met the Lord of all Creation,
The King of all Mankind. Turn thee behind backs!"

Every ancient Saxon, as well as every Roman, was obliged to attach himself to some individual of recognised importance, as his patron or chief. This is what we have done with the preceding poems, viz., § 5—§ 15. We have placed them under the headship of Cædmon, although many critics consider his connection with most of them to be of a very shadowy kind. But Cædmon's reputation cannot have been founded on nothing; and if he did not write all these pieces, he assuredly did write others of equal or of greater power. We have now exhausted the list of extant poems, on any grounds or at any time, attributed to Cædmon.

§ 16. ALDHELM.

METRICAL VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

Aldhelm was a type of the primitive and successful missionary—wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. He was born of noble parents in the South, about 650 A.D., and was educated at Canterbury in the school of the learned Abbot Hadrian, and of the first great Archbishop, the Greek Theodore († 690), who had been sent over from Tarsus in Asia for the organisation of the newly-founded Christian Church in England. Like his younger fellow-countryman Bede, Aldhelm was versed in all the learning and attainments of the age. His inventive spirit, his poetical attainments, and his varied energies, won the admiration of all classes among his contemporaries; and history and tradition have preserved the fame of the pleasant, pious, active monk, who became successively Abbot of Malmesbury and Bishop of Sherborne. He died in 709 A.D. and was buried in the abbey of Malmesbury, which had been raised by his exertions to an important centre of culture. Aldhelm was an excellent musician and a celebrated singer. He was indefatigable in his efforts for the conversion of his Saxon heathen countrymen; and it is told how on the market days and Sundays he would saunter out among the booths, or stand on the bridge at Malmesbury, in the garb of a wandering gleeman, and sing to them their own old pagan songs. When their ears had thus been gained, he would bring in new verses of his own, full of Bible lore and Christian doctrines, and so lead them gently over from their belief in Odin to a trust in Christ.

Aldhelm wrote much in Latin, both in prose and verse. He is also said to have composed many songs and hymns in his mother tongue, and an extant METRICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS, which probably dates from about the time of his death, has been generally considered as his work.

The first 50 of these metrical psalms have been lost. The remaining 100 exist in a Paris MS. of the 11th century, together with a later translation in prose of the first 50.

Scattered fragments of the first 50 metrical psalms are, however, also still extant. They were discovered in MS. in an English Benedictine Service, written down about the period of the Norman Conquest. The extant parts amount altogether only to some 63 lines, being portions of 9 psalms, viz., psalms 5, 19, 24, 27, 32, 34, 40, 43, 51. We give the three extant verses of No. 5, which correspond to four verses in our Bible; also psalms 100 and 137 from the Paris MS. as published by Grein.

PSALM 5 *(from Benedictine Service).*

1 Word þu mîn onfôh, wuldres ealdor,
and mid eárum gehŷr, êce dryhten!
ongit mîne clypunga cûðum gereordê,
beheald mîn gebed holdum môdê!
þu eert mîn cyning and eác êce god.

2 Forþon ic tô þe, êce dryhten,
sôðum gebidde, and þu symble gehŷr
morgena gehwilcê mîne stefne!

3 Ic þe ät stande ær on morgen
and þe silfne geseó: forþon ic tô sôðe wât,
þät þu unriht ne wilt ænig, dryhten.

Psalm 100.

1 Nu ge mycle gefeán mihtigum drihtne!
eall þeós eorðe elnê hyre
and blisse gode bealde þeówie!
2 Gangað on ansŷne ealle blîðe!
witað wislîce, þät he is wealdend god!
he us geworhte and we his syndon.
3 We his folc syndan and his fæle sceap,
þâ he on his edisce ealle âfêdde.
Gað nu on his doru, god andettað
and hine weorðiað on wîctûnum
mid lofsangum lustum myclum!
4 Hêriað naman drihtnes! forþon he is niðum swæs;
is þîn milde môd ofer manna bearn.

Psalm 137 *(first four verses)*.

1 Ofer Babilone brâdum streáme,
þær we sittað and sâre wêpað,
þonne we Sion gemunan swîðe georne.
2 On salig we sârige swîðe gelôme
ûre organan up áhêngan.
3 Forþon us þær frunon fæcnum wordum,
inwit meldedan, þâ us onweg læddan:
4 "Singað us ymnum ealdra sanga,
þe ge on Sione sungan geneahhige!"
Hû mâgon we singan sangas drihtne
on þære foldan, þe us fremde is?

§ 17. THE KENTISH PSALMS.

There is also extant in the Jutish dialect of Kent or Wight a paraphrase of the 51st psalm, with additions of the poet's own at the beginning and end. And it is very probable, as has been conjectured, that this psalm is the remains of a metrical version of the whole psalter in the Jutish or Kentish idiom.

The Jutes, or Goths, who settled in Kent were the most intelligent and adventurous of all the German races, and were always ahead of their kindred in their powers of assimilation and refinement. Their Bishop Ulfilas had made the earliest attempt at written literature by translating the Bible into the Gothic tongue about 365 A.D. These same Goths or Jutes first ventured to land on Britain, and founded the first Germanic kingdom, in Kent, about 450 A.D. There they edited the earliest English, the earliest Germanic Laws extant, under their king Ethelbert, about the year 600 A.D. It was also in the capital of this young Jutish kingdom that the first great record-book of the English or Germanic peoples was begun—the SAXON CHRONICLE having its origin in the Canterbury Annals, which were started about this same period. First, again, in their reception of the Christian religion, as it was brought over by Augustine from Rome in 596, they continued to take the lead in all intellectual and spiritual advancement for several generations, and though at last, like all the Goths, on account of the very superabundance of their assimilative powers, these Jutes were lost among the neighbouring peoples, yet the old Kingdom of Kent is still to-day, in taste, comfort, and in agricultural refinement, the 'Provence' and garden of England—the pleasant home of neat farm houses, smiling villas, fragrant orchards, and ever verdant meadows. We can thus understand how in

those earlier ages, Canterbury easily became the ecclesiastical capital of the English realm, when the seven kingdoms had been united into one—a consummation which was largely due to the influence and example of the united Church, and the organisation and energy of the Archbishop Theodore, and his successors. And it is thus quite probable that these Kentish psalms, these truly lyric poems, one alone of which remains—like the wreck of a vanished world, may have been originally translated long before the other Saxon version, and consequently, considerably before the year 700, perhaps not much later than the year 600 A.D.

We extract part of this Kentish psalm, which in some forms comes slightly nearer modern English than the other southern dialects.

PSALM 51.

1 Miltsa þu me meahta waldend, nu þu wâst
manna geþohtas!
help þu, hælend mîn, handgeweorces
þînes ânes, älmehtig god,
efter þînre þâra miclan mildhiortnesse!

2 Ond eác efter menio miltsa þînra,
drihten weoruda, âdilga mîn unriht
tô forgefenesse gâste mînum!

3 Aþweah me of sennum sâule fram wammum,
gâsta sceppend, geltas geclânsa,
þâ þe ic on aldre æfre gefremede
þurh lîchaman leðre geþohtas!

4 Forþan ic unriht mîn eal oncnâwe
and eác synna gehwær selfum at eágan
firendêda geþrec beforan standeð,
scelda scînað: forgef me, sceppend mîn
lîfes leóhtfruma, þînre lufan blisse!

§ 18. HYMNS AND PRAYERS.

There are also many metrical HYMNS AND PRAYERS, of which some *eleven* have been published by Prof. Grein, and which, perhaps not unjustly, we might here attribute, in their origiual form, to about the same date as the foregoing Saxon Psalms. We extract the second, which is one of the shortest :—

Eá lâ freá beorht, folkes scippend !
gemiltsa þîn môd me tô gôde,
sile þîne âre pînum earminge !
Se byð earming, þe on eorðan her
däges and nihtes deófle campað
and hys willan wyrcð : wâ him þære mirigðe,
þonne he þâ handleán hafað and sceáwað,
bute he þäs yfeles ær geswice !
Se byð eádig, se þe on eorðan her
däges and nihtes drihtne hŷreð
and â hys willan wyrcð : wel hym þäs geweorkes,
þonne he þâ handleán hafað and sceáwað,
gif he ealteawne ende gedreógeð !

Translation of Metrical Prayer.

O Lord divine, Creator of all men,
In thy great love have mercy now on me,
And grant thy grace to thy poor servant here.
For poor and wretched is that man on earth,
Who day and night against the fiend must strive,
And yet doth work his will ; woe unto him for all his joy,
When he the retribution of his hands shall see,
Unless beforehand he renounce his evil ways !
But happy is the man who here on earth
By day and night his Lord's commands obeys,
And works His will : well unto him for all his toils,
When he the grand reward for all his griefs shall have—
If he hold bravely on up to the very end.

§ 19. THE POET CYNEWULF.

Of England's early poets, Cædmon's name is still the most familiar—perhaps because he was the first, and because his name and history were embalmed in the pages of the Venerable Bede and other writers. But a greater poet than Cædmon was to follow him a century later—and that greater was the poet Cynewulf. Cynewulf, like Cædmon, was a native of Northumbria. The early chronicles and histories make no mention of this most gifted and prolific poet of our true old mother tongue. Shakespeare, too, was almost ignored in his day and generation! But then how often has it been the poet's fate, as well as the prophet's, to be contemned and rejected by his country while living, and honoured and adored when dead! Florence banished Dante from his friends and home, and sequestered all his property within her sunny walls—yet that same Florence may be said to have offered millions for his bones. "Seven cities strove for Homer dead, through which when living Homer begged his bread." And yet, forsooth, it will be chiefly owing to the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, that the very names of Greece, Florence, England, shall survive, or have means to be remembered in the far-off centuries to come! There is, however, frequent mention of a contemporary Cynewulf, who was Bishop of Lindisfarne about 740 A.D., and resigned his see in 780, and with whom the poet has been frequently confounded, and even by several critics identified. The bishop died about 785, and the poet cannot have lived long after that date.

Cynewulf seems to have been of rich or noble birth and educated in a monastic school; he read much Latin and perhaps Greek, and could even write Latin verses himself. He started life as a wandering bard, gained much wealth and honour, and became a reckless and most worldly man. He stood high in princes' favour, and enlivened their long days and tedious evenings by his "*Riddles*," wit, and song. But the Danes and Northmen began to harass England, and spread desolation through the lands of the poet and of his patrons alike. And when his benefactors, his "gold-friends," had been exiled or slain, when their castles had been rendered tenantless and their hoary towers despoiled—then the faithful poet tuned his great Teuton harp to sing in tender elegiac strains the bye-gone glory of his lords, and all the joys of former days. The "*Wanderer*" and the "*Ruined Bury*" depict the downfall of his home and kin and country. Destitute, alone, and growing old in an unstable world, with helpless friends and threatening foes, he felt the autumn of his year approaching, and his mind began to turn away from scenes of mundane glory which had hitherto claimed all his care, and to meditate on themes supernal; and so, like Cædmon, like Constantine, like the great Apostle, in a vision he beheld the Spirit which was to guide him through his after life. The Cross, now stained with blood, now glittering with gems and gold, appeared before him and addressed him in a dream, and Cynewulf dedicated the remainder of his life to Him who hung upon it.

His works cover the threefold domain of epic, lyric, and didactic poetry; and five great religious epics were the outcome of his vision. To the poet's earlier life and years of wandering minstrelsy must be attributed the lighter pieces, especially the 'Riddles,' and probably also those beautiful elegiac poems which we shall classify afterwards, along with our Lyric poetry.

§ 20. CYNEWULF.—RIDDLES.

Of these short enigmatic poems 89 are still extant. Among the old Teutonic nations, and especially in the early literature of Scandinavia, this form of composition in mystic interrogatory verse, or alternate question and answer, was very common. It suited the Runic or secret nature of the early alphabet, and stimulated the listeners to the combat of words, the game of 'hard-word play'; heavy bets were often laid on either side—the loser often paying his forfeit by loss of limb or even of life. The early Teuton gods, as well as kings, poets, and devils, indulged frequently in these wrangling retorts of alliterative argument. Odin and Thor once met, unknown to each other, at a ford, and contended for superiority and privilege of passage by mutual interrogations and replies. Solomon and Saturn are also represented in another of our Anglo-Saxon poems as holding a puzzling conversation on the mystic nature of the Paternoster. Bishop Aldhelm had written a collection of Riddles in Latin; and the Symposiums of the classic age was a similar method of keeping up the interest in conversation. And in more modern times the Riddles of Frederick Schiller may be mentioned. Cynewulf followed Aldhelm. Each of his 89 Riddles is a complete and excellent little poem in itself. In the first Riddle his own name forms the answer to the Charade. We give No. 15. The solution is the horn of a bull.

Ic wæs wæpenwîga: nu mec wlonc þeceð
geong hagostealdmon goldê and sylforê,
wôum wîrbogum; hwîlum weras cyssað;
hwîlum ic tô hilde hleóðrê bonne

5 wilgehlêðan; hwîlum wycg byreð
mec ofer mearce, hwîlum merehengest
fereð ofer flôdas frætwum beorhtne;
hwîlum mægða sum mînne gefylleð
bôsm heaghroden; hwîlum ic bordum sceal
10 heard heáfodleás behlyðed licgan;
hwîlum hongige hyrstum frætwed
wlitig on wage, þær weras drincað;
freólîc fyrdsceorp hwîlum folcwigan
wicge wecgað: þonne ic winde sceal
15 sincfâg swelgan of sumes bôsme,
hwîlum ic gereordum rincas laðige
wlonce tô wîne: hwîlum wráðum sceal
stefne mînre forstolen hreddan,
flŷman feóndsceaðan. Frige, hwæt ic hâtte!

Translation of Cynewulf's Riddle No. 15.

I was once a warrior armed; but now a youthful thane,
A hero bold, doth deck me round with silver and with gold,
And bended wire bows; sometimes men caress me;
Sometimes I to battle the willing comrades call;
Sometimes o'er the boundaries on chargers fleet I'm borne;
Now it is the ocean-steed that with foamy mane,
Takes me, bright with jewels, o'er the fallow sea;
Now a maiden smiling, with gold and rings adorned,
Fills with mead my bosom. Sometimes sore neglected,
Headless and despoiled, on bare boards I lie.
Sometimes bright with trappings I'm hung upon the wall,
In the lofty ale-house, where warriors drink and sing.
Sometimes brave men boldly wear me as a gem,
When they go on horseback; from their breasts I swallow
Golden clouds of vapour when I ride with them.
Often to their wine cups the haughty proud I call,
Or raise the hue and cry to catch the thief and theft,
Or make the sneaking foeman from the land to fly—
Ask what is my name?

§ 21. CYNEWULF.

"CHRIST'S DESCENT TO HELL."

This poem seems an amplification of the mysterious statement of St. Peter in reference to Christ's descent to Hades to preach to the spirits there in prison. The poem, of which only the first 137 lines are extant, is not dissimilar to § 14, by the so-called Caedmon. Adam, and all the patriarchs, and King of Israel, and holy men of old, are here represented as waiting for deliverance through God's victorious Son, who should burst their bonds in Hades, and bring to them complete redemption.

Fŷsde hine þâ tô fôre freá moncynnes;
wolde heofona helm helle weallas
35 forbrecan and forbŷgan, þære burge þrym
onginnan reáfian, rêðust ealra cyninga.
Ne rôhte he tô þære hilde helmberendra
ne he byrnwîgend tô þâm burggeatum
lædan ne wolde. Ac þâ locu feóllan,
40 clustor of þam ceastrum: cyning in ðð-râd,
ealles folces fruma forð onette,
weoruda wuldorgiefa. Wräccan þrungon,
hwylc hyra þät sygebearn geseón môste:

Translation.

Mankind's Redeemer then prepared Himself for His Descent,
To overthrow the powers of Hell the heavens' Protector went;
To break and burst its towering walls the King of kings designed,
And carry off the prisoned hosts that lay therein confined;
Nor recked He aught of legions armed, who shields to battle bore,
Nor wished alone the warriors mailed to lead forth by the door—
But Hell's defences He destroyed, its bars and bulwarks strong,
And then the Prince of men rode in, the King, amidst the throng;
The powers of Hell He thus subdued, for nations glory won.
The prisoned spirits flocked to see God's great victorious Son.

§ 22. CYNEWULF—"CHRIST."

This is one of the poet's five great epic compositions, and probably the first written after he beheld the vision of the Cross. In this poem Christ's threefold coming is described—his coming to our earth at first, his ascension, and his advent at the last judgment. These three parts of the poem are then in turn developed with great skill and true poetic power. All the great events in Bible History which have direct reference to Christ, and the corresponding writings of the Church Fathers, especially Gregory the Great, are worked into the story of the Birth, the Ascension, or the Advent, with the most varied art and learning. From the laudations bestowed upon Mary in this poem, we are led to suspect that Cynewulf had joined the monkhood. Owing to his varied reading the influence of Latin Literature now begins to be perceived in our Anglo-Saxon writings—Latin ideas and even Latin words are often used. If this poem of the "CHRIST" stood alone of its kind in our Literature, it would have been considered as one of the finest in our early tongue. It abounds in passages of glowing description and rapt passion, while the verse seems to bound along responsive to the varying shades of the poet's mind. The poem has been compared to a cycle of exalted hymns, and it remains as no unworthy rival of the ancient Epic of Beowulf, but cast in a far different mould. Although indeed the elaboration of the heroic characters is not dissimilar to that observed in the earlier Epic; and at times one almost seems to catch an echo of those primeval, but long lost Teuton

hymns, which may have once been sung in high Walhalla's courts, when Odin's favoured daughters bore the fallen warriors home to Asgard and the Gods. Though the use of the poem is didactic, it is highly lyrical in its pure poetic strains, and sometimes even dramatic. The most ardent love and reverence for Christ are manifested, and also a warm human sympathy and sorrow for the guilt of sinners.

The full poem contains 1,695 long lines, divided into 22 cantos. At the middle of the poem Cynewulf interweaves the eight letters of his name, in Runic fashion, as he has also done in "Juliana" and "Elene."

Þâ us geweorðade se þâs world gescôp
660 godes gæstsunu and us giefe sealde,
uppe mid englum êce staðelas
and eác monigfealde môdes snyttru
seów and sette geond sefan monna.
Sumum wordlaðe wîse sendeð
665 on his môdes gemynd þurh his mûðes gæst,
äðele andgiet: se mäg eal fela
singan and secgan, þam bið snyttru cräft
bifolen on ferðe. Sum mäg fingrum wel
hlûde fore häleðum hearpan stirgan,
670 gleóbeám grêtan. Sum mäg godcunde
reccan ryhte æ. Sum mäg ryne tungla
secgan, sîde gesceaft. Sum mäg searolîce
wordcwide wrîtan. Sumum wîges spêd
giefeð ät gûðe, þonne gârgetrum
675 ofer scildhreádan scecôtend sendað,
flacor flângeweorc. Sum mäg fromlîce
ofer sealtne sæ sundwudu drîfan,
hrêran holmþräce.

Translation.—The Creator's Wisdom

When He who made the world above adorned as with His grace,
The Son, who showed the Father's love, gave man the chiefest place;
And high in heaven where angels dwell He fixed our firm abode,
While great and glorious gifts for men in human hearts He sowed:
To some He lent in measure large the power to speak with might,
And noblest thoughts within the breast to think and judge aright;
To others gave He power to sing with wondrous thrilling tone,
And words of wisdom, words of wing, in songs to men make known;
And some, when heroes meet in hall, with fingers deft and good
Can sweep the harp of cunning strings—the mirth-resounding wood;
And one with judgment He endowed, the laws divine to read;
Another to tell the wandering stars, that roll with silent speed
Throughout Creation's vast domains, and cease not day nor night.
To some He taught the secret strange, heart-stirring words to write;
To some in battle He ordained the chance of war to fall,
When foemen showers of arrows rained above the brazen wall.
Another knows with instinct true to guide his sea-ship home,
Along the waste of waters blue and through the wind and foam.

We must make another extract from these "exalted hymns" in this epic of "Christ," which seems to me the choicest poem Cynewulf has written.

On heofonrîce:

1640 þät is se êðel, þe nô geendad weorðeð,
ac þær symle forð synna leáse
dreám weardiað, dryhten lofiað,
leófne lifes weard, leóhtê biwundne
sibbum bisweðede, sorgum biwerede
1645 dreámum gedŷrde, dryhtne gelŷfde;
âvo tô ealdre engla gemânan
brûcað mid blisse beorht mid lisse
freógað folces weard: fäder ealra geweald
hafað and healdeð hâligra weorud.
1650 Þær is engla song, eádigra blis!
þær is seó dŷre dryhtnes onsién
eallum þæm gesælgum sunnan leóhtre!
Þær is leófra lufu, lif butan endedeáðe,
gläd gumena weorud, gióguð butan ylde,
1655 heofonduguða þrym, hælu butan sâre
ryhtfremmendum, räst butan gewinne,
dôm eádigra, däg butan þeóstrum
beorht blædes full, blis butan sorgum,
frið freóndum bitweón forð butan æfestum
1660 gesælgum on swegle, sib butan nîðe
hâlgum on gemonge! Nis þær hungor ne þurst,
slæp ne swâr leger ne sunnan bryne,
ne cŷle ne cearo: ac þær cyninges giefe
âvo brûcað eádigra gedryht,
1665 weoruda wlitescŷnast, wuldres mid dryhten!

The Kingdom of Heaven:

Fatherland supernal! thou shalt stand secure,
And thy joys eternal sinless aye endure.

There they sing the Saviour, Lord of love and life,
Girt around with glory, freed from care and strife,

With hosannahs welcomed, and as God revered;
Troops of glistening angels to their Lord endeared!

Leader of the nations to the realms of light,
Ever and for ever live they His delight.

The Almighty Father hath all power on high,
He the legions holy ruleth in the sky.

There is song of angels, raptures of the free,
And the dearest Saviour there they ever see;

He is to His ransomed fairer than the sun—
Each and all He bought them, He their triumph won.

Love of the beloved, life without a death,
Throngs of men immortal, in eternal youth!

Hosts of heav'nly armies, health without a scar,
Rest for all the righteous, peace without a war!

Kingdoms of the blessed, day without a night,
Joy without a sorrow, glory full and bright.

Peace with friends for ever, envy all unknown,
Loving without hatred, saints around the throne!

Thirst and hunger are not—in that happy land,
Pain, and sleep, and sickness—enter not its strand.

There the burning sunbeam smiteth not by day;
No complaint nor mourning, coldness nor decay.

But the radiant cohorts, in resplendent throngs,
Aye and everlasting—with their harps and songs,

Laud the King in glory, loud His virtues sing—
While the worlds around them with hosannahs ring!

(The above version of this hymn is being set to music. Further information from the transcriber, W. C. R.)

§ 23. CYNEWULF. THE HOLY ROOD, OR THE DREAM OF THE CROSS.

This poem, which contains 156 long lines, was probably composed by Cynewulf immediately after his vision of the Cross; and perhaps might have been better placed before the two preceding pieces. In "Elené" Cynewulf refers back to these lines upon his Dream; and indeed this *Dream of the Cross* supplies the key and the germs of almost all his after works. It is a very beautiful poem; full of an irrepressible emotion, and a glorious and inextinguishable hope; chaste and tender is the description the Cross is made to give of itself and of Him it was honoured to bear.

We referred to this poem in § 6, and stated that the four Runic inscriptions on the Ruthwell Cross are either a quotation from it, or else that Cynewulf incorporated them into this piece from an earlier work by Caedmon. It is possible, however, that Cynewulf is the real author both of this poem and of the inscriptions at Ruthwell, and that the sculptor, or his employers, mistakenly attributed the lines to the first and better known poet, and engraved on the stone the name of Caedmon, instead of Cynewulf. For we know that Caedmon's name, since the earliest times, has been much more popular than Cynewulf's, and that many poems, such as the "Later" Genesis, Exodus, Daniel, Christ and Satan, and others, have become almost inseparably associated with "Caedmon." In Bede's day, and before it, Caedmon was "without a rival," and near 200 years afterwards Alfred mentions no superior. It is evident, however, that the poem is only a fragment; and even that fragment is not in the original form.

The religious tendency in our English literature had been begun by Caedmon, and may be now considered as established by this poem and the other works of Cynewulf.

Geseah ic wuldres treow
15 wædum geweorðode wynnum scînan
gegyred mid golde, gimmas häfdon
bewrigene weorðlice wealdes treow:
hwäðre ic þurh þät gold ongytan meahte
earmra ærgewinn, þät hit ærest ongan
20 swætan on þâ swîðran healfe. Eall ic wäs mid sorgum gedrêfed,
forht ic wäs for þære fägran gesyhðe; geseah ic pät fûse beácen
wendan wædum and bleóm: hwîlum hit wäs mid wætan bestêmed,
beswyled mid swâtes gange, hwîlum mid since gegyrwed.
Hwäðre ic þær licgende lange hwile
25 beheóld hreówcearig hælendes treow,
ôð þät ic gehŷrde, þät hit hleóðrode;
ongan þâ word sprecan wudu sêlesta:
"Þät wäs geâra iu (ic þät gyta geman),
þät ic wäs âheáwen holtes on ende
30 âstyred of stefne mînum. Genâman me þær strange feóndas,
geworhton him þær tô wäfersŷne, hêton me heora wergas hebban;
bearon me þær beornas on eaxlum, ôð þät hie me on beorg âsetton,
gefästnodon me þær feóndas genôge. Geseah ic þâ freán mancynnes

êfstan elnê myclê, þät he me wolde on gestigan.
35 Þær ic þâ ne dorste ofer dryhtnes word
bûgan oððe berstan, þâ ic bifian geseah
eorðan sceátas: ealle ic mihte
feóndas gefyllan, hwäðre ic fäste stôd.
Ongyrede hine þâ geong häleð, þät wäs god älmihtig
40 strang and stîðmôd; gestâh he on gealgan heáhne
môdig on manigra gesyhðe, þâ he wolde mancyn lŷsan.
Bifode ic, þa me se beorn ymbelypte: ne dorste ic hwäðre bûgan tô eorðan,
feallan tô foldan sceátum, ac ic sceolde fäste standan.
Rôd wäs ic ârræred, âhôf ic rîcne cyning
45 heofona hlâford, hyldan me ne dorste.
Þurhdrifan hi me mid deorcan näglum, on me syndon þâ dolg gesiéne
opene inwid-hlemmas: ne dorste ic hira senigum sceððan.
Bysmeredon hie unc butu ätgädere. Eall ic wäs mid blôde bestêmed
begoten of þäs guman sîdan, siððan he häfde his gâst onsended.
50 Feala ic on þam beorge gebiden häbbe
wrâðra wyrda! geseah ic weruda god
þearle þenian: þŷstro häfdon
bewrigen mid wolcnum wealdendes hræw,
scîrne scîman sceadu forþeóde
55 wann under wolcnum. Weóp eal gesceaft,
cwîðdon cyninges fyll."

Translation.

I saw the tree of glory shine
With jewels garnished, with adornments rare
And gold o'erhung; the gems had quite concealed
That Tree of trees: yet through the golden gleam
I could perceive the earliest labour of the poor,
How its right side at first began to bleed.
I was all oppressed with sorrow, fearful at a sight so fair;
I saw the hastening symbol change in form and hue:
At times with damp it was bedewed, with marks of gore was soiled,
At times with treasures it was decked. And lying there awhile
In sadness long I gazed upon that Saviour-Tree.
Until I heard the blessed Cross begin to speak these words:
"It now is long ago, but I remember when,
By the forest's margin, I was hewn from the stem.
Strong foes then seized upon me, made of me a show,
Bade me bear their criminals and malefactors low:
Men bore me on their shoulders and set me on a hill,
Where many foes me fixed. The Lord of men I then perceived
With awful power come, that He might mount upon me.
Against the Lord's commands, I dared not bend or break,
But I beheld and saw earth to its centre shake:
There all His foes I might have felled; but fast I stood.
Ungirt Him there the hero young who was Almighty God,
Strong and firm in mind He stepped upon the gallows high,
Bravely in the sight of all, there mankind He would redeem.
I quivering stood, when the hero me grasped,
I dared not bow to earth, nor fall upon the ground,
But to stand fast I was forced.
As a cross I was reared, I bore up the rich King,
The Lord of the heavens: bow down I dared not.
With dark nails they pierced me, the wounds are still plain,
Wounds made by malice: yet I dared injure none.
They mocked us both together, I was all with blood bedabbled,
Gushing from the hero's side, when His spirit He sent forth,
Upon that hill from hostile fates I had much to bear!
Roughly on the cruel tree saw I stretched the Lord of Hosts:
The darkness veiled with clouds the mighty Ruler's corse,
The shining light beneath the clouds was hid with shadows wan.
The whole creation wept, they lamented the fall of their King.

§ 24. THE FATES OF THE APOSTLES.

This is a short piece of 95 lines, giving an account of the fates of the twelve Apostles. And as it immediately precedes Cynewulf's poem on St. Andrew, shows a considerable acquaintance with the Fathers and the early Church traditions, and makes some personal statements at the close, it may possibly have been written by the poet. It states how Peter and Paul were slain at Rome by the cruel Nero; how St. John lived and taught at Ephesus; how James was put to the sword by Herod; while the other James was cudgelled to death at Jerusalem by the priests; and Philip hanged at Gearapolim in the land of the Asseas; and how Bartholomaeus and Thomas "were led away to the Indians," where the one was crucified head downwards, and the other slain with a lance; while Simon and Thaddeus are said by the poet to have sought the land of Persia, and met their death together. St. Matthew's teaching lit the "light of faith," "awoke the dawn of day," amongst the distant Ætheopians, by whose cruel king, Irtacus, he also was put to the sword.

85 Þus þâ äðelingas ende gesealdon
XII. tilmôdige: tîr unbrächne
wêgan on gewitte wuldres þengas.
Nu ic þonne bidde beorn se þe lufige
þysses giddes begang, þät he geómrum me
90 þone hâlgan heáp helpe bidde,

friðes and fultomes, nu ic freónda þeþearf
líðra on lâde, þonne ic sceal langne hâm
eardwîc uncûð âna gesêcan :
læt me on lâste líc eorðan dæl
95 wälreáf wunigean weormum tô hrôðre.

Translation.

Thus these twelve noble men, all strong in faith,
Gave up their lives : these ministers of Christ
Had set before their minds unfading fame.
And now I ask the man who loves their tale
To supplicate the company of saints
For help, support, and peace for wretched me ;
Now I have need of gentle friends and true,
When on my lonesome journey I must seek
An unknown dwelling, an eternal home :
The earthy part, my body, let me leave
Behind, to be a spoil and joy for worms.

The next four compositions to be reviewed are known as Cynewulf's four great Legendary Epics, on : *St. Andrew; St. Gûthlâc; St. Juliana;* and *St. Helena.* They are all poems of considerable dignity and length, and reveal much poetic power and pathos; and, for that age, the knowledge of an immense amount of sacred, secular, and legendary lore. Perhaps *Guthlac* was the first written; and, from some subjective remarks at the close, it would seem "*Elene*" was the last. But Cynewulf frequently appended to his poems a sort of elegiac prayer; so that it cannot be definitely ascertained in what order these pieces were composed. And if we here put the two "Lady saints" last, we may remind our Lady readers that the Germanic order of address was: "*Meine Herren und Damen*"; and even the polite French always begin: "*Messieurs et Mesdames.*"

§ 25. CYNEWULF.—"ANDREAS."

The apostle Matthew was in banishment in the distant land of Mermedonia, and was there a prisoner doomed to death. The Mermedon", probably the same as the people mentioned in Homer, were a cannibal and barbarous race, and the apostle was anticipating the cruellest tortures and an awful death at their hands, when it was suddenly announced to him by some celestial messenger that deliverance yet should come.

Andreas is preaching in the country of Achaia, when a messenger addresses him also, and instructs him to set out at once across the sea, to visit and assist St. Matthew. At daybreak he repairs to the coast, where he finds a boat resting on the strand, with three weary weather-beaten rowers in the garb of fishermen. They report themselves as wights from Mermedonia, driven by the wind on the Achaian shore. Andreas asks to be conducted to that region in their "high prowed" boat, but regrets he has no treasures to repay their toil withal. They volunteer, however, to convey him freely to their land, and all set out for Mermedonia. During the voyage Andreas and the boatmen keep up the conversation in a very spirited and dramatic style; their discourse turns chiefly on the great miracles of the Old and New Testament. The history of Abraham and Israel, the turning of the water into wine, the descent of the Holy Spirit, the voice from heaven—"this is my beloved Son," and the miracles of the loaves and fishes, are well brought in to prepare us for the newer wonders which the apostles are about to work. Weary with the voyage and toils of the night,

Andreas falls asleep in the boat; but as the morning dawns they land on the coast of Mermedonia. The three boatmen now appear in their real characters as the Saviour and two angels, and exhort Andreas to fulfil his mission. The latter prosecutes his work until he also is taken prisoner and put to torture. Strengthened from on high, however, he works many miracles, and causes a flood to well forth from the ruins of an enormous marble pile, "the antique work of giants," until the godless land is inundated on every side; and so he triumphs in his chains, for the Mermedons are struck at last with repentance and fear, and being convinced of the almighty power of God, they accept the religion of Christ.

Though this poem has generally been regarded as the composition of Cynewulf, several critics, including J. Grimm, considered it to be of earlier origin, and probably the work of Bp. Aldhelm. It contains several points of resemblance to the ancient heathenism as preserved in the Eddas; for it was characteristic of Odin to be found disguised as a ferryman; Andreas also recovers by night of the wounds sustained from the Mermedonians by day, just as the heroes slain in battle in the Northern Mythology return to life each morning and renew the fight.

"Andreas" contains many beautiful passages, and is a well executed and justly proportioned Epic. It is considered by critics as showing "the poet at the summit of his art."

The poem contains 1,725 long lines, divided by Grein into 11 cantos; but several pages of the MS. have been torn out and lost.

235 Gewât him þâ on uhtan mid ærdäge
ofer sandhleoðu tô sæs faruðe
þrîste on geþance and his þegnas mid
gangan on greóte; gârsecg hlynede,

beóton brimstreámas: se beorn wäs on hyhte,
240 syöðan he on waruðe wîdfäðme scip
môdig gemêtte. Þâ com morgen torht
beácna beorhtost ofer breomo sneowan
hálig of heolstre, heofoncandel blâc,
ofer lagoflôdas. He þær lidweardas
245 þrymlîce þrŷ þegnas [geseah]
môdiglîce menn on merebâte
sittan sîðfrome, swylce hie ofer sæ cômon;
þät wäs drihten sylf dugeða wealdend
ece älmihtig mid his englum twäm:
250 wæron hie on gescirplan scipfêrendum
eorlas anlîce eálîðendum,
þonne hie on flôdes fäðm ofer feorne weg
on cald wäter ceólum lâcað.
Hie þâ gegrêtte se þe on greóte stôd
255 fûs on faroðe, frägn reordade:
"Hwanon cômon ge ceólum liðan
mâcräftige menn on mereþissan
âne ægflotan? hwanon eágorstreám
ofer ŷða gewealc eówic brohte?"
260 Him þâ andswarode älmihtig god,
swâ þät ne wiste se þe päs wordes bâd,
hwät se manna wäs meðelhegendra,
þe he þær on waroðe wið þingode:
"We of Marmedonia mægðe syndon
265 feorran geferede; us mid flôde bär
on hranrâde heáhstefn naca,
snellîc sæmearh snûde bewunden,
ôð þät we þissa leóda land gesôhton
wärê bewrecene, swâ us wind fordrâf."

Translation.

Then in the twilight, with the first streaks of day,
Over the sloping sands he went down with fearless mind,
Down to the trembling sea; and with him his followers
Walked on the gravel; loud murmured the ocean,
Waves beat on the strand; full of hope was the hero,
When on the beach a wide bosomed boat he descried.
Then came radiant morning, the brightest of symbols,
Hastening over the brine, pure from the darkness
Where it had hidden, heaven's candle resplendent
Rose o'er the waves. In the boat then he saw
Three brave sturdy men, all full of courage,
Three boatmen sitting, strong for the voyage,
As if they had crossed over the sea.
It was the Lord Himself, the great Ruler of men,
The Eternal Almighty, with His angels twain:
They were goodly men, in sailors' vesture attired,
And seemed a long time to have traversed the sea,
On some tedious voyage to have coursed in their ship
Through the chill waters, upon the flood's breast.
Then Andreas, who stood on the strand by the shore,
Greeted the boatmen, and spake thus enquiring:
"Whence come ye sailing, ye valiant men,
Alone in this vessel, this sea-cutting keel,
Whence has the tide brought you over the restless waves?"
To him then Almighty God thus made reply,
Although he who waited the word did not know
What manner of man talked with him there on the beach:
"We from Mermedonia are wights, travelled far;
Our boat with high prows bore us on the flood
Over the whale-path: our swift sea-horse rolled quickly,
Propelled by the waves, and by winds driven on,
Till at length we have reached this people's land."

§ 26. CYNEWULF.—"GUTHLAC."

Guthlac was an English hermit, who died about the year 714 A.D. Having renounced the world, and the world him, he dwelt alone for 15 years on a solitary island, surrounded only by wild beasts, evil spirits, and rough robber bands. Those two principles of good and evil, those "Two Voices," *die inneren Stimmen*, which never cease to whisper silently in every human soul, as the one did to Socrates and the other to Eve, those two genii are represented here by Cynewulf as two angels, an angel of Light and an angel of Darkness, in active strife for victory over Guthlac's soul. In his earlier days, though such is not stated, Guthlac had probably lent a too willing ear to that baser voice which led him through the flowery paths of sin, as many of the celebrated saints and hermits of other days have done, until, horror stricken, he recoiled from deeds which dark oblivion bars. He then made his retreat from the haunts of men, and resided in the solitary waste. The baffled fiend, however, was not yet subdued, but tracked him to his den, and when the good angel spoke to his soul of heaven, the other urged him on to join a band of robbers! "Intense were his torments, grim his ministers, until the holy child they brought even to hell's door." Guthlac, we see, was thus evidently a man of strongest passions, which surged violently and boiled within his breast. But his good angel finally put to flight his invisible foe; and in his loneliness the hermit learned to draw contentment and delight from the objects of nature around him. The cuckoo's call, the earth with its scented flowers, and the

songs of the birds from the woodlands, brought joy and gladness to his heart, and announced to him the roll of the years; while the fishes in the silent waters of Crowland and the fens of Ely supplied his scanty wants. Throughout his final sickness his courage was unshaken. Every day came a disciple, Beccel, to visit and attend him, till on the seventh day the victorious Guthlac died. "And his spirit was led up by angels to the eternal joy." Then his disciple hurried off in a boat across the shallow waters to convey to a bereaved sister the dying message of the departed saint.

The poem of Guthlac consists really of two parts. The first part was written by Cynewulf apparently from oral tradition, and describes the life and temptations of the hermit. The second part, or continuation, which is far superior in pathos and effect to the first, is based on a Latin life of St. Guthlac by Felix of Croyland, and relates the death and last commission of the saint to his sister. It is much questioned —but what is not questioned in these days?—whether Cynewulf is really the writer of the second part.

The poem contains 1,353 long lines, divided into 12 cantos.

In some respects we might compare *Gûthlâc* with the German poem *Gregorius auf dem Steine*, written, about A.D. 1200, by Hartmann von Aue, from some hitherto undiscovered source. May not Hartmann have read *Gûthlâc*?

Beccel's Message to Guthlac's Sister.

" Ellen biŏ sêlast þam þe oftost sceal
dreógan dryhtenbealu, deópe behycgan
þroht þeódengedâl, þonne seó þrag cymeŏ
1325 wefen wyrdstafum! þät wât se þe sceal
âswæman sârigferŏ, wât his sincgiefan
holdne biheledne: he sceal heán þonan

geómor hweorfan, þam bíð gomenes wana,
þe þâ earfeða oftost dreógeð
1330 on sârgum sefan. Hûru ic swîðe ne þearf
hinsîð bihlehhan ! is hlâford mîn
beorna bealdor and brôðor þîn
se sêlesta bi sæm tweónum,
þâra þe we on Engle æfre gefrunen
1335 âcennedne þurh cildes hâd
gumena cynnes, tô godes dôme
wêrigra wraðu worulddreámum of
winemæga wyn in wuldres þrym
gewiten, wonga hleó, wîca neósan
1340 eardes on upweg. Nu se eorðan dæl
bânhûs âbrocen burgum on innan
wunað wälräste and se wuldres dæl
of lîcfäte in leóht godes
sigorleán sôhte and þe secgan hêt,
1345 þät git â môsten in þam êcan gefeán
mid þâ sibgedryht somud-eard niman,
weorca wuldorleán, willum neótan
blædes and blissa. Eác þe âbeódan hêt
sigedryhten mîn, þâ he wäs sîðes fûs,
1350 þät þu his lîchoman, leófast mägða,
eorðan biþeahte. Nu þu ädreconst
sîðfät mînne. Ic sceal sârigferð
heánmôd hweorfan hyge drûsendne."

Translation.

He who is doomed to suffer sorrows most,
And deeply mourn his master's last farewell,
Has greatest need on fortitude to trust,
When trials come, by Fate's decrees arranged!
This knows the man who mourning must depart
When his dear lord is hid within the grave:
Bereft of joy, he thence must turn away
To bear in bitter breast his sorrows sore.
To me, at least, his death brings little joy!
My lord, that noble man, and brother thine,
The best of all between the two sea shores
That ever we in Angle's land have known
Begot and born as child of Adam's race,
He, now is gone to God's own Paradise:
The stay of weakness, the dear friends' delight,
The fields' protector, he, is gone from joys
Such as this world can give, to seek a home
In glories grand above this earthly sphere.
The part of earth, the bone-house, now is broke
Within the burg, and on the death-bed lies;
The part of glory, from the body freed,
Has winged its way into the light of God,
There to receive rewards for victory won.
And he bade say that thou shouldst also strive
To gain a place in that eternal joy,
And hold with him for aye a common home,
With the harmonious company of saints,
A glorious recompense for toils endured—
With joys to enjoy beatitude and bliss.
And my victorious master also bade,
When he was starting on his journey hence,
That thou, of women dearest, shouldst bedeck
With earth his body. Now thou fully knowest
The object of my journey. I must turn
In sorrow forth, downcast, with mourning mind.

§ 27. CYNEWULF.—"JULIANA."

This poem relates the story of the temptations, tortures, imprisonment, and death of a female martyr, "Juliana," whom the legend supposes to have lived under the Emperor Maximian, about the year 310 A.D. Juliana is not less steadfast than Guthlac in repelling the temptations and overcoming the dangers to which she is exposed.

By the imperious will of a proud and cruel father, she is betrothed to a wealthy pagan noble, named Heliseus. But Juliana states with great directness to both father and lover that she can only become his wife on his renouncing the heathen gods and turning to the "true God of spirits." Her father exhorts and remonstrates, Heliseus caresses and entreats; but her heart is fixed on God, and her conditions are only reiterated with greater precision than before. Then the father, enraged and offended, gives her over bodily into the power of the heathen suitor, "to slay her, or to let her live, or bend her stubborn will, as best he may." Heliseus professes to love her—"My Juliana, sweetest grace beneath the sun,"—he entreats her, then threatens, and finally punishes. She is bound up by the hair to a tree, and afterwards cast into a dungeon. There, in her dismal loneliness, the real, the internal struggle in her mind takes place. There, the Angel of Darkness, which had tormented Guthlac, assails her also. But to parley or trifle with temptation and sin is to be overcome; so Juliana gives the arch fiend no quarter. He shows the power he has used over many of the great men of earth, and can even quote

Scripture for his purpose; but Juliana can reply, "It is written again," and remains fearless and full of hope, till Satan is at length put to flight. Afterwards she was led forth to the boundaries and put to death with the sword.

Heliseus, thus successful in violence, though rejected in love and much cast down, sails away from the land of his wounded pride, and perishes on the high seas, with all his crew, to the number of thirty-four.

Thus do we behold again the self-immolation of wrong: here the father and daughter, the lover and his house, fall alike before that Nemesis or Fate whose force the early nations knew, and recognised as a Deity. Though, as we have seen, the poem is thoroughly Christian in its spirit.

The poetical execution of this poem is less sustained and artistic than most of Cynewulf's other works. It is one of those interminable martyr-legends, which the Bollandist Society has been painfully amassing for the last two centuries and a half, and which had deluged mediæval Europe, and were for many centuries quite as much in vogue as the novel is to-day. It is to be regretted that the time and talents of a poet like Cynewulf should have been so much absorbed by these stupid monkish fabrications; for the real existence of Juliana has been gravely doubted. But yet, any great poem on a worldly theme would have been as ridiculously out of place then, as crusades and pilgrimages would be now. Every age has its own peculiar predilections. And a time will come when the boasted civilization of this nineteenth century will be adduced to prove its barbarism.

At the end of the poem Cynewulf becomes very subjective, and mourns with tears over his own evil doings, and prays the departed saint to intercede with "the highest King" on his behalf. At line 704 he interweaves, in runic wise, the letters of his own name.

The poem shows several breaks, where the MS. has been torn. There are 731 lines still extant.

Þâ wäs sió fæmne mid hyre fäder willan
welegum biweddad: wyrd ne ful cûðe
freónd-rædenne, hû heó from hogde
35 geong on gæste; hire wäs godes egsa
mâra in gemyndum, þonne eall þät mâððum-
gestealdgestealdgestealdg

Translation.

Then was the maiden by her father's will
Betrothed unto the chief. He little knew
Of friendship's fate, nor how her youthful heart
Opposed the choice: for to her mind the fear
Of God was more than all the prince's gold.
The wealthy bridegroom then was glad and gay
At the rich dowry that his bride should bring,
That she should soon become his wife, at home.
But steadfast, she repelled his love; though he
Possessed a countless horde of riches rare,
And lands and treasures great: all this she scorned,
And her resolve thus openly avowed:
"I tell thee that thou hast no further need
Thyself to trouble; if thou lovest God,
And Him believest and His praise extoll'st,
And recognisest Him the soul's support,
Then I at once will yield unto thy wish.
But also, I may say, if thou regard'st
Idolatry, and deeds to heathen gods,
And vowest victims to the pagan shrines,
Thou shalt not have me, nor by any means
Compel me to become thy wedded wife;
Though torments dire against me thou preparest,
Through cruel hatred and afflictions great,
From this resolve me thou shalt never turn."

§ 28. CYNEWULF.—"ELENE," OR, THE FINDING OF THE CROSS.

This poem, which is one of Cynewulf's finest epics, tells of an incursion of the barbarian Huns and Goths into the Roman Empire, and how Constantine the Great beheld in a dream the Holy Cross glittering in the sky and bearing the inscription *Hâc Vince*, 'By this Conquer.' He took the Cross as his imperial ensign, and overthrew the barbarian hosts on the banks of the Danube. The vision is said to have taken place about the year 313 A.D., and in consequence of it Constantine adopted Christianity, which he then made the State religion of Rome. He also instituted a search in Palestine for the real Cross, which was at length discovered by his mother, the Empress Helena, whose name, *Elené*, has been given to the poem. Her triumphal progress along the Mediterranean and through the Holy Land to Jerusalem and Mount Calvary is beautifully told, and with all the power and phraseology of our earlier heathen epics. Constantine indeed is depicted most like a Gothic king, and bears the 'boar-shaped helmet' of the Saxons on his head. With the help of one "well-wise in songs, crafty of word, whose name was Judas," Elene finds three crosses on Mount Calvary, "buried twenty foot-measures deep." The real Cross is distinguished by its touch restoring a dead man to life, while the two others are void of similar virtue. The holy nails were likewise found. These discoveries are assigned to the year 326 A.D. Judas was afterwards baptised, and made bishop of Jerusalem, under the new name of Cyriacus.

"Elene" is probably the last great work the poet undertook. At the end he refers to his *Dream of the Cross*, and to that turning point in his career when he abandoned the sins and delights of his youthful wandering years, and the pursuits of mundane glory, and when the real source of peace and joy, and the true art of highest song, were first unlocked in the depths of his purified soul. He had now at length fulfilled the vow he made at that eventful moment of his life when he, like his own hero Constantine, beheld the sacred symbol, and heard the mystic voice, and conquered by the Cross. He also now contemplates his fast approach to the grave; he has seen how all things human spin quickly past and disappear; "the glory of earth rushes by, like the wind beneath the clouds"; the world itself shall vanish, and then shall come the judgment!

The Empress Helena is said to have been a British Princess, and her son Constantine to have been born at York; and Cynewulf may have taken up the story, and lingered fondly on the history of her elevation and magnificence, and the victories and successes of herself and her son, on account of his probable acquaintance with their native city on the Ouse.

The poem contains 1,321 long lines, divided into 10 cantos. At line 1,258 to 1,270 Cynewulf interweaves the eight letters of his name, in ancient Runic fashion. In the last canto of this poem, for the first time in our English tongue, *rhyme is sometimes used.*

"Constantius! hêht þe cyning engla
wyrda wealdend wäre beódan,
duguða dryhten. Ne ondræd þu þe,
þeáh þe elþeódige egesan hwôpan
heardre hilde! þu tô heofenum beseoh
on wuldres weard, þær þu wraðe findest

85 sigores tâcen." He wäs sôna gearu
þurh þäs hâlgan hæs, hreðerlocan onspeón,
up lôcade, swâ him se âr âbeád,
fæle friðowebba. Geseah he frætwum beorht
wlitig wuldres treó ofer wolcna hrôf
90 goldê geglenged: gimmas lixtan;
wäs se blâca beám bôcstafum âwriten
beorhte and leóhte: "Mid þŷs beácnê þu
on þam frêcnan fære feónd oferswîðest,
geletest lâð werod." Þâ þät leóht gewât,
95 up sîðode and se âr somed
on clænra gemang. Cyning wäs þŷ blîðra
and þê sorgleásra secga aldor
on fyrhðsefan þurh þâ fägeran gesyhð.
Hêht þâ onlîce äðelinga hleó
100 beorna beággifa, swâ he þät beácen geseah,
hêrna hildfruma, þät him on heofonum ær
geiéwed wearð, ôfstum myclum
Constantinus Cristes rôde
tîreádig cyning tâcen gewyrcan.
105 Hêht þâ on uhtan mid ærdäge
wîgend wreccan and wæpenþräce,
heorucumbul and þät hâlige treó
him beforan ferian on feónda gemang,
beran beácen godes. Bŷman sungon
110 hlûde for hergum: hrefn weorces gefeah,
ûrigfeðra earn sîð beheóld,
wälhreówra wîg; wulf sang âhôf,
holtes gehlêða. Hildegesa stôd:
þær wäs borda gebrec and beorna geþrec,
115 heard handgeswing and herga gring,
syððan heo earhfäre ærest mêtton.

Translation.

"Constantine! the king of angels, bade me,
The wielder of the Fates, the Lord of Hosts,
Bade me send thee protection. Dread not thou,
Though the barbarian hosts thee press with fear
And battle hard! Look thou up to heaven,
To the God of battles! there thou shalt find
Assistance, and the sign of victory see."
He felt a weight thus from his breast removed,
And in obedience to the heavenly hest,
He looked at once, as the good angel bade—
To him a cheerful messenger of peace.
And lo! he saw, away beyond the clouds,
A tree of glory glancing bright with gems,
Adorned with gold, and all with jewels sheen;
The radiant beam with letters was inscribed,
And shone with dazzling light: "With this ensign
Thou shalt subdue thy bold barbarian foes
And stop the hateful troop in this their raid."
Then waned the light away, and upward rose,
And with it too the angel heavenward hied,
To join the saints serene. Thus was the king,
The Emperor of Rome, more blithe in heart,
And from his troubles freed, when he had heard
That heavenly voice and seen that vision fair.
Then Constantine, the warlike prince of men,
The royal helper, he, the famous king,
The ring-bestower, when he had beheld
That beacon bright, which first in heaven was shown,
Gave orders to construct without delay
A banner blazoned with the Cross of Christ.
Then at the dawn of day he sent commands
To rouse the soldiers and prepare the arms,
To raise the Holy Cross, God's standard, high,
And bear the sign before him on his foes.
The trumpets sounded loud before the hosts:
The raven croaked, rejoicing for the spoil;
The eagle, with the dew yet on his wing,
The march to war and carnage gladly eyed;
The hungry wolf his howl raised from the woods.
The rage of battle rose: and shields were broke,
And warriors rushed, and spears were flung from hands,
And armies fell, when once the arrows met.

§ 29. "DEOR'S COMPLAINT."

Our Earliest *Lyric* Poem.

We have now reviewed our earliest extant *Epic* poems, both Christian and heathen; and we must here turn back to enter upon the other field of poetry, and take up the few Anglo-Saxon *Lyric* poems, which have managed to escape the ravages of Fate and Time.

There is a considerable difference between *Epic* and *Lyric* poetry. And we shall say here just a few words about the original and relative characteristics of each; although there are many points where the two kinds of poetry fade into each other, and even overlap. As a rule, however, it might be said that Epic poetry is objective, Lyric poetry subjective. The *Epic* generally deals with the mythical, historical, or legendary characters, and dwells upon the great *Heroic* names in the history or traditions of a people; it often idealises and elevates great men into national heroes; and in the earlier ages, when men's faith was strong and their imaginations keen, the *Epic* poet very frequently endowed his nation's heroes with superhuman qualities, and even made them into gods. Epic themes are thus the highest avocations of the mighty-minded poet, who writes for his people, and loses his own individuality in theirs. Epic poems are therefore generally the most dignified and the most enduring of a nation's literature. Such are the *Iliad* of the Greeks, the *Æneid* of the Romans, the French *Song of Roland*, the German *Nibelungen Lied* and England's *Paradise Lost*. And all the pieces we have hitherto considered in these pages are, either in their characters or

in the manner of treatment of those characters, more or less of this *Epic* nature.

Lyric poems, on the other hand, treat chiefly of the private joys and griefs, the regrets and hopes of the individual man. They are usually shorter pieces, composed in moments of exultation or gloom, and were originally designed to be sung in sweet, low, solitary strains, to the music of the *Lyre*, whence they have derived their name. Such are most of the Psalms of David, the lays of Walter von der Vogelweide and the German Minnesängers, of Sappho, Horace, and de Béranger, as well as the poems of Gray, and Burns, and Moore. But the early Lyrics of most nations are often the anonymous effusions of unknown bards, and may embrace a great variety of subjects beyond the writer's own subjective feelings: sometimes it may be his family's fate, his lord's disgrace, his country's fall, his lady's kindness, or his unsuccessful loves; often, too, the sympathetic spirit of the Lyric bard goes out to meet, and to commingle, as it were, with the mysterious soul of nature: greets the setting or the rising sun, draws inspiration from the moaning sea, the sighing of the pine trees, or the birds singing in the woodland dell; very often, too, he loves to linger over long narrations and descriptions of places, or of past and fading glories: as in Byron's beautiful lines,

> "Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

or on Haidée's island-home:

> "That isle is now all desolate and bare,
> Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
> None but her own and father's grave is there,
> And nothing outward tells of human clay:
> Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
> No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
> What was; no dirge except the hollow sea's,
> Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades."

Compared with our ancient Epic Compositions, the Early English Lyrics have met a ruthless fate! Like the private joys and sorrows of their writers, they have almost all been buried and forgotten in the many strange vicissitudes which our mother-tongue has undergone in the eventful course of twelve or fifteen hundred years. "The individual withers," but the race is more and more. But even in the fate of its early Lyric poems English Literature is happy when compared with that of other nations.

The third great division of poetry, according to Gœthe's classification, is the *Didactic*. Its special object is to *teach*; by expressing maxims and formulas of philosophy and life in a rhythmical or poetic garb. The *Book of Proverbs*, the *Essay on Man*, the *Art Poétique*, are among the highest types of this class. Several poems of this *Didactic* nature are still extant among our earliest English compositions; but these we shall consider afterwards. *Dramatic* poetry, which may be considered as a fourth division, generally appears much later in a nation's literary development, and was little used by English poets before the time of Queen Elizabeth.

As we have already seen, our *Epic* poetry originated on the mainland, during, or before, the great migrations of the Teutonic peoples: so, too, our earliest extant *Lyric* poem points to a time before the Saxon conquest of Britain. *Deor* was a happy bard who stood high, in wealth and honour, at the court of the Heodenings, a people once located somewhere on the German coastland, towards the modern Hainault. But he found a rival in the minstrel Heorrenda, 'the man of cunning song,' who at last dexterously supplanted him, and succeeded to the favour of the court, and to the property the prince had once bestowed on Deor.

Nor are we surprised at the prosperity of Heorrenda, when we learn, in the great German Epic of *Gudrun*,

that this same Heorrenda, or "Horand," was such a clever singer, that he once was sent to woo the daughter of a king as a bride for his royal lord, to whom she had already been refused. But so divinely sweet did Heorrenda sing, that the princess consented to set off with him, and accepted his master's hand, on condition that he should continue every day to sing to her such inimitable strains. On this point the crafty Heorrenda gave her every assurance, and adroitly added that a dozen other singers, far superior to himself, adorned his master's court—and that his master himself far surpassed them all!

The minstrel Deor seeks consolation for his reverse of fortune in contemplating the Fate, or Weird, of many of the great, but ill-starred heroes of his race: *Wieland*, the famous smith of Scandinavia; *Theodoric*, *Ermanric*, and other mighty Gothic kings, suffered and submitted to their destiny, and so now might Deor too! This, indeed, is the refrain of each of the six original stanzas in this, our earliest Lyric poem:

"Ðæs ofereode þisses swâ mæg!"

That was overcome and so may this!

And this same sad and fatalistic tone runs through all our extant early Lyric poems, and indeed through all our English literature. "To be or not to be?" the "Night Thoughts," "The Raven," Burns' "Mouse," and Shelley's "Skylark," and the melancholy wail of Byron, only continue and prolong the echo of the old "Complaint of Deor." Each and all indicate a mind not to be confined by the things that can be seen and felt; it is an English, a Teutonic characteristic, and reveals the void and mystic yearning of the human heart; the insatiate questioning of mighty souls, looking forward, half despairing, half in hope, to a future and a brighter day. Deor's Complaint is therefore a not less characteristic beginning for the English Lyric

muse, than are Beowulf and Widsith for the English Epic.

The whole piece contains only 42 long lines, divided into six unequal stanzas, each with the refrain quoted above—"That was overcome and so may this."

We extract the first and last stanza from Wülcker's new edition of Grein.

Weland him be wimmam (?) wræces cunnade,
anhydig eorl earfoþa dreag,
hæfde him to gesiþþe sorge and longaþ,
wintercealde wræce : wean oft onfond,
5 siþþan hine Niðhad on nede legde,
swoncre seonobenne on syllan monn.
Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg !

. . . . . .

Siteð sorgcearig, sælum bidæled
on sefan sweorceð : sylfum þinceð,
30 þæt sy endeleas earfoða dæl.
Mæg þonne geþencan, þæt geond þas woruld
witig dryhten wendeð geneahhe,
eorle monegum are gesceawað,
wislicne blæd, sumum weana dæl.
35 þæt ic bi me sylfum secgan wille,
þæt ic hwile wæs Heodeninga scop,
dryhtne dyre : me wæs Deor noma.
Ahte ic fela wintra folgað tilne,
holdne hlaford, oþ þæt Heorrenda nu,
40 leoðcræftig monn londryht geþah,
þæt me eorla hleo ær gesealde.
Þæs ofereode, þisses swa mæg !

Translation.

Vieland experienced miseries on account of a woman,
He, the man of constancy, had tribulations to bear,
Had for his companions longing and pain,
And winter-cold care; oft he met with woe;
For Nithhad laid upon him necessity,
Upon this brave man laid nerve-laming wounds.
That was overcome and so may this!

. . . . . .

Full of care he often sitteth all of of joys bereft,
Involved in darkness is his mind: he thinketh to himself
That his portion of trouble is endless,
Then he may think how throughout this world
The all-wise God moves in many wondrous ways,
Showeth honour to many a man,
Assured prosperity to some—to some a deal of woe.
This I will say concerning myself,
That I was once bard of the Heodenings,
Dear to my lord; my name was Deor.
I held for many years a worthy office,
And had a gracious master, until now Heorrenda,
The man of cunning song, took away my landright,
Which the noble protector once had given to me.
That was overcome and so may this!

§ 30. CYNEWULF.

"THE WANDERER."

The "Complaint of Deor," though a lyric composition, is nevertheless related to the epic cycle by its mention of the names and deeds of the great characters of the Heroic age. In the other extant monuments of our oldest lyric muse no such names occur, and it is consequently harder to determine their origin and date.

The *Wanderer* has been sometimes attributed to the poet Cynewulf, as well as most of our other extant early lyrics. And if we still continue to put them here under the headship of Cynewulf, we wish to state distinctly that it is only for the sake of attaching these poems, if possible, to some known authority: although it is not at all improbable that Cynewulf may have written them in his earlier poetic life; and then, after his conversion, appended the few lines of Christian sentiment, with which several of these lyrics close. This poem contains 115 long lines.

The "Wanderer" deplores his separation from his prince, who had often made him in high hall a welcome guest. In his lonely boat, rocked by the fallow waves, and surrounded only by the undulating meadows of the sea, those boundless fields which know no harvest, he dreams his lord is nigh, and that he lays his head and hands upon his knee. But awaking, he beholds nought but the sea-birds bathing their briny feathers, and the biting hail and snow strike with dull and cruel sound upon the seething flood. Then, with the manly resignation of Deor, and

of all his Saxon race, the "Wanderer" determines to shut in his sorrows as a secret in his breast; since, he says, forsooth, there is a custom, old and high, that heroes and men loving honour should bind fast their unhappy bosom-thoughts, think what they will! This poem also points to a time of devastation and change, which would well correspond to the state of Northern England in the days of Cynewulf; and in cries, too keen and bitter to be sentimental, the bard bewails his dead and banished friends, the castles tenantless, the tottering walls, and the former joys of the hall. We also here perceive the great respect and love the Saxon peoples manifested to their lords; which is still an eminent characteristic of the English and Germanic nations.

45 "Þonne onwæcneð eft wineleas guma,
gesihð him biforan fealwe wegas,
baþian brimfuglas, brædan feðra,
hreosan hrim and snaw hagle gemenged.
Þonne beoð þy hefigran heortan benne
50 sare æfter swæsne, sorg bið geniwad;
þonne maga gemynd mod geondhweorfeð,
greteð gliwstafum, georne geondsceawað:
secga geseldan swimmað eft onweg;
fleotendra ferð no þær fela bringeð
55 cuðra cwidegiedda: cearo bið gediwad,
þam þe sendan sceal swiþe geneahhe
ofer waþema gebind werigne sefan.
For þon ic geþencan ne mæg geond þas woruld,
for hwan modsefa min ne gesweorce,
60 þonne ic eorla lif eal geondþence,
hu hi færlice flet ofgeafon,
modge maguþegnas. Swa þes middangeard

ealra dogra gehwam dreoseð and fealleþ:
for þon ne mæg wearþan wis wer, ær he age
65 wintra dæl in woruldrice. Wita sceal geþyldig,
ne sceal no to hatheort ne to hrædwyrde
ne to wac wiga ne to wanhydig
ne to forht ne to fægen ne to feohgifre
ne næfre gielpes to georn, ær he geare cunne.
70 Beorn sceal gebidan, þonne he beot spriceð,
oþ þæt collenferð cunne gearwe,
hwider hreðra gehygd hweorfan wille.
Ongietan sceal gleaw hæle, hu gæstlic bið,
þonne ealre þisse worulde wela weste stondeð,
75 swa nu missenlice geond þisne middangeard
winde biwawne weallas stondaþ,
hrime bihrorene, hryðge þa ederas.
Woriað þa winsalo, waldend licgað
dreame bidrorene; duguð eal georong
80 wlonc bi wealle: sume wig fornom,
ferede in forðwege; sumne fugel oþbær
ofer heanne holm; sumne se hara wulf
deaðe gedælde; sumne dreorighleor
in eorðscræfe eorl gehydde:
85 yþde swa þisne eardgeard ælda scyppend,
oþ þæt burgwara breahtma lease,
eald enta geweorc idlu stodon.
Se þonne þisne wealsteal wise geþohte
and þis deorce lif deope geondþenceð,
90 frod in ferðe, feor oft gemon
wælsleahta worn and þas word acwið:
'Hwær cwom mearg? hwær cwom mago? hwær
cwom maþþumgyfa?

hwær cwom symbla gesetu? hwær sindon sele-
dreamas?
Ea la beorht bune! ea la byrnwiga!
95 ea la þeodnes þrym! hu seo þrag gewat,
genap under nihthelm, swa heo no wære!
Stondeð nu on laste leofre duguþe
weal wundrum heah, wyrmlicum fah:
eorlas fornoman asca þryþe,
100 wæpen wælgifru, wyrd seo mære,
and þas stanhleoþu stormas cnyssað;
hrið hreosende, hruse bindeð
wintres woma, þonne won cymeð,
nipeð nihtscua, norþan onsendeð
105 hreo hæglfare hæleþum on andan.
Eall is earfoðlic eorþan rice,
onwendeð wyrda gesceaft weoruld under heo-
fonum:
her bið feoh læne, her bið freond læne,
her bið mon læne, her bið mæg læne:
110 eal þis eorþan gesteal idel weorþeð!'
Swa cwæð snottor on mode, gesæt him sundor æt
rune.*

* The above extract, and the two following, are also taken from Wülcker's new and exhaustive critical edition of Grein.

Translation.

The friendless man awakeneth then again,
And sees before him nought but fallow waves,
And sea-fowls bathing, with expanded wings,
Whilst snow and hoar-frost fall with mingled hail.
His heart's wounds then grow harder to endure,
His cares return, and sorrows for his lord;
He then recalls to mind his kinsmen dear,
Greets them with joy, and yearning looks beyond:
Men's comrades then glide afterwards away;
The fleeting band brings never there a word
Of those familiar talks: but care returns
To him who must send forth, time after time,
His weary mind across the bounding waves.
I cannot therefore think about this world,
Because my mind becomes obscured and sad
When I contemplate all the nobles' life,
How they their halls in haste gave up and died,
The noble-minded thanes. And so the land
Decays and falls to ruin day by day:
And hence to wisdom men can ne'er attain,
Ere they have lived for many years on earth.
The wise man should possess a patient mind—
Not too hot-blooded be, nor speak too rash,
Nor be too weak a warrior, nor too keen,
Too timorous, nor too greedy, nor too glad,
Nor yet too boastful be, ere he knows all.
A man should wait when he will make a boast,
Till the excited mind is well aware
What way the thought within his breast may turn.
The prudent man must feel how sad it is
When this world's riches all deserted lie,
When now in various ways throughout the land
The walls stand out blown on by cruel winds,
By frosts destroyed; the fences broken down,
The wine halls crumble, valiant men lie low,
Bereft of joy; the people all have sunk,
The proud beside their ramparts: some in war
Were slain, sent off from earth; some were by birds
Of prey borne off beyond the sea; and some
The grisly wolf dismembered dead; and some
The earl with mourning face in caves concealed:
Mankind's Creator laid this land so waste,

Until the antique work of giants old
Stood vain, and void of human forms or sounds.
For he who, wise in thought, regards these walls,
And thinketh deeply o'er this gloomy life,
And oft will call to mind the distant days
And numerous slaughters, then may well exclaim—
'Where cometh now his horse? where cometh now his man?
His treasure-giver, where, alas! now cometh he?
The festive sittings where? where are the joyful halls?
Alas the ale-cup bright! Alas the warrior armed!
Alas the prince's might! how time has passed away—
Grown dark beneath night's veil, as if it ne'er had been!
The loved companions gone, the wall stands now alone,
With many wonders high, with worms among the dust:
The nobles were destroyed by strength of ashen spears,
By weapons keen for flesh, by an almighty Fate!
And now the tempest's rage beats on the stony heights,
The snow-storms driving on, and winter's raging roar,
Bind fast the earth, and then night's shadows creeping come,
And darkness gathers round; the north, too, sendeth forth
Its showers of cruel hail, to vex and hurt mankind.
And earth's whole empire here is only toil and care,
By Fate's decrees the world beneath the heavens is ruled:
Here riches are but lent, and only lent are friends,
And man is here in vain, and kinsfolk pass away,
And all this place of earth becometh void and vain.'
So spake in thought the sage, who sat at runes alone.

§ 31. CYNEWULF.

"THE SEAFARER."

This is another early lyric poem, of 124 long lines, and is in some respects similar to the "Wanderer." In several places the utterances are almost the same in each, the pervading tone of both is extremely mournful, and both close with the same hopeful Christian trust. This concluding Christian sentiment, however, did not probably belong to the poems in their earlier state. In the "Seafarer," which may have been written in dialogue form, this sentiment occupies the entire latter half of the poem; but the "Wanderer" is heathen, or at least fatalistic and secular, up to the last four lines—"By Fate's decrees the world beneath the heavens is ruled." Both pieces may therefore very probably be the work of the same bard, perhaps of Cynewulf, and both are very poetic. The "Wanderer" is sometimes didactic, but the "Seafarer," with the "Ruined Burg" (§ 32), is the most poetical among our early lyrics. In the wide unsheltered solitudes of the sea, the lonely mariner "considered it a joy to hear the gannet's cry, and oft mistook the sea-mew's song for the mirth of those at mead." We see him drenched with salt-sea spray, his hands and feet benumbed with frost and wintry winds. The horrors of the deep can scarcely find a stronger utterance than is given to them in this poem. All the charms of wife and friends, of home and wealth, are banished from his mind by the restless roll of the waves—"There is no man whatsoever who is not afraid on the sea." Indeed, we know that even in these latter days a good sea-storm has been prescribed as an immediate antidote to the rankest infidelity. We observe the sailor's yearning for the

peaceful home on land, when his voyage shall be done. But when spring returns to burst the "icy fetters of the flood," his heart is fascinated by the sea again; and though he still looks forward to repose—as the soul looks forward to the happy rest above, yet as that rest must be won by trial and care, so, too, here below he feels impelled to toil and voyage on. Full of energy and daring, he grows impatient of the dull "dead life on land," and so with every following spring, when the plains put on their verdure and the cuckoo calls from the glades, he embarks again, and "sings and sails," as his fathers did before him, and as his posterity—the British tars—have ever done since then, until every sea is white with their sails, and "Britannia rules the waves."

This, with the sea-songs in Beowulf, is the oldest extant English poem about the sea. And no other literature has ever had so many. It is not a song of war, but of exploration and adventure; it is not the song of a sailor, so much as of a poet who has been to sea and experienced some of its terrors, and whose broad mind is able to take in all the seafarer's life, which was apparently a recognised and national occupation. Our early English ancestors almost made their home upon the sea, and lived by its spoils and trade; and in this also we are still their living representatives. And it might be worthy of a closer study whether the name of the *Angles* is not nearly related to the word *angle* or *angler*, an instrument and calling which in all ages they have known to ply so well.

1 Mæg ic be me sylfum soðgied wrecan,
siþas secgan, hu ic geswincdagum
earfoðhwile oft þrowade,
bitre breostceare gebiden hæbbe,
5 gecunnad in ceole cearwelda fela,

atol yþa gewealc, þær mec oft bigeat
nearo nihtwaco æt nacan stefnan,
þonne he be clifum cnossade. Calde geþrungen
wæron mine fet, forste gebunden
10 caldum clommum; þær þa ceare seofedun
hat ymb heortan; hungor innan slat
merewerges mod. Þæt se mon ne wat,
þe him on foldan fægrost limpeð,
hu ic earmcearig iscealdne sæ
15 winter wunade wræccan lastum,
wynnum biloren, winemægum bidroren,
bihongen hrimgicelum: hægl scurum fleag.
Þær ic ne gehyrde butan hlimman sæ,
iscaldne wæg, hwilum ylfete song:
20 dyde ic me to gomene ganetes hleoþor
and huilpan sweg fore hleahtor wera,
mæw singende fore medodrince.
Stormas þær stanclifu beotan, þær him stearn oncwæð
isigfeþera: ful oft þæt earn bigeal
25 urigfeþra . . . . . .
. . . . . Nænig hleomæga
feasceaftig ferð feran meahte.
For þon him gelyfeð lyt, se þe ah lifes wyn
gebiden in burgum, bealosiþa hwon,
wlonc and wingal, hu ic werig oft
30 in brimlade bidan sceolde!
Nap nihtscua, norþan sniwde,
hrim hrusan bond, hægl feol on eorþan,
corna caldast. For þon cnyssað nu
heortan geþohtas, þæt ic hean streamas,

35 sealtyþa gelac sylf cunnige;
monað modes lust mæla gehwylce
ferð to feran, þæt ic feor heonan
elþeodigra eard gesece.
For þon nis þæs modwlonc mon ofer eorþan
40 ne his gifena þæs god ne in geoguþe to þæs hwæt
ne in his dædum to þæs deor ne him his dryhten
to þæs hold,
þæt he a his sæfore sorge næbbe,
to hwon hine dryhten gedon wille.
Ne biþ him to hearpan hyge ne to hringþege
45 ne to wife wyn ne to worulde hyht
ne ymbe owiht elles nefne ymb yða geweale:
ac a hafað longunge, se þe on lagu fundað.
Bearwas blostmum nimað, byrig fægriað,
wongas wlitigað, woruld onetteð:
50 ealle þa gemoniað modes fusne
sefan to siðe, þam þe swa þenceð
on flodwegas feor gewitan;
swylce geac monað geomran reorde,
singeð sumeres weard, sorge beodeð
55 bitter in breosthord. Þæt se beorn ne wat,
sæft-eadig secg, hwæt þa sume dreogað,
þe þa wræclastas widost lecgað!
For þon nu min hyge hweorfeð ofer hreþerlocan,
min modsefa mid mereflode
60 ofer hwæles eþel.

Translation.

I may to myself declare a true discourse,
Relate the voyages, where I have oft endured
A grievous time in tribulation's days,
And hardships dire within my breast have borne,
And in my vessel known the home of cares,
The restless roll of waves; for there the brief night watch
Ofttimes surprised me at the vessel's prow,
Oppressed with cold, when she beat round the cliffs:
My feet were bound with frosty bonds,
Benumbed with chilly chains; there sighed the cares
Hot round my heart; hunger tore within
The weary sailor's mind. This knoweth not the man
To whom things go most pleasantly on land,
How wretchedly upon the ice-cold sea
I dwelt in winter on the exile's track,
Bereft of joys, of friends and kin deprived,
With icicles hung around: the hail in showers flew.
Nothing there I heard but the resounding sea,
The ice-cold waves, sometimes the song of the swan:
I held it for a joy to hear the gannet's cry,
And for human laughter took the plover's (?) voice,
The singing sea-mew for the mirth of those at mead.
Storms there beat the stone-cliffs, the icy-feathered starling
Gave them answer back; and often times the eagle
Sang out, too, his tune, with the spray upon his wings.
Nor might any friendly kinsman console the weary breast;
For he believeth little who in burgs abides,
And has the joys of life, proud and glad with wine,
With misfortunes few, how I, often weary,
Must make my habitation on the briny deep!
Night's shadow darkened down, from the north it snowed,
Hoar-frost bound the earth, upon the ground fell hail—
Of corns the coldest. My heart-thoughts therefore beat
That I should now attempt the high seas once again,
And the tumult try of the salt-sea waves;
The yearning of my mind exhorts me in my breast
Every season forth to sail, that I may seek the land
Of foreign peoples far away from here.
For no man is on earth of so proud a mind,
Nor of his gifts so good, nor in his youth so keen,
So daring in his deeds, nor to his lord so dear,
But he may still have fear in his voyage on the sea,
Wheresoe'er his lord may wish to make him go:

For sound of harps he has no mind, nor for receipt of rings,
Nor for charms of woman, nor for worldly joys,
Nor for aught else a thought, except the roll of the waves;
He who wanders o'er the deep has still a longing mind.
The groves put on their flowers, the cities beauteous shine,
The plains grow green and fair, the whole world hurries on:
All things remind the man, in heart disposed to sail,
To start upon his track—him who is so inclined,
To wander far away upon the rising floods;
The cuckoo also warns with her plaintive voice,
The summer's guardian sings, inspiring bitter cares
In the treasures of the breast. That knoweth not the noble,
The man who lives at ease, what others undergo,
Who lay behind their tracks the paths of exile far!
For now my mind within my bosom turns,
My thoughts return towards the flowing sea,
To wander wide beyond the distant parts of earth,
Above the whale's domain.

§ 32. "THE RUINED BURG."

In this fragmentary poem on the "Ruined City," the poet has quite overlooked his own subjective feelings in the full outpouring of his heart for the physical destruction of the works of man around him. He sings a final dirge, a lasting elegy to the ruined motley walls. And the poem itself is a living illustration of that city's fate which it once portrayed. Out of at least some 50 lines of the original, there remain now only 33 complete, with some others broken and disjointed, and the sense frequently obscured. The Ruined Burg, or city, here described has been conjectured, with much probability, to be the ancient Roman, and the more ancient British town, the modern English Bath, towards the end of the sixth century. The hot baths are mentioned; and we are told the time-eaten walls have often seen one empire after another rise and fall beneath the storms of ages, which this most ancient city undoubtedly has seen.

This is certainly the most suggestive and the most poetic of our extant lyric poems. It has been taken as the type, both in subject and in tone, of the English Lyric Muse. The poem, as it remains, indeed is short and broken, but it abounds in great ideas and in far-reaching contemplations. The poet's mind embraces, not alone the ruins as they stand before his eye, but glances backwards through remote antiquity, and forwards to the generations yet to come. And every sight and every thought make his great heart to throb and sigh like an Æolian harp swept by the midnight winds through some antique and ivy-tangled tower, where its iron strings are partly eaten through

by time, but where its sad and soul-full music swells upon the air in intermittent strains, and wakens in the darkness the echoes of the past.

1 Wrætlic is þæs wealstan : wyrde gebræcon,
burgstede burston, brosnað enta geweorc.
Hrofas sind gehrorene, hreorge torras,
hrungeat-torras berofen, hrim on lime,
5 scearde scurbeorge scorene, gedrorene,
ældo under-eotone. Eorðgrap hafað
waldend-wyrhtan forweorone, geleorene,
heard gripe hrusan : oþ hund cnea
werþeoda gewitan. Oft þæs wag gebad
10 ræghar and readfah rice æfter oþrum,
ofstonden under stormum : steap geap gedreas,
. . . . . .
Beorht wæron burgræced, burnsele monige,
heah horngestreon, heresweg micel,
meodoheall monig, mandreama full,
25 oþ þæt þæt onwende wyrd seo swiþe.
Crungon walo wide, cwoman woldagas :
swylt eall fornom secgrof wera ;
wurdon hyra wigsteal westen staþolas,
brosnade burgsteall. Betend crungon
30 hergas to hrusan. Forþon þas hofu dreorgiað
and þæs teafor geapu, tigelum sceadeð
hrost beages hrof ; hryre wong gecrong,
gebrocen to beorgum, þær iu beorn monig
glædmod and goldbeorht, gleoma gefrætwed,
35 wlonc and wingal wighyrstum scan,
seah on sinc, on sylfor, on searogimmas,
on ead, on æht, on eorcanstan,
on þas beorhtan burg bradan ricea.

Stanhofu stodan ; stream hate wearp
40 widan wylme : weal eall befeng
beorhtan bosme, þær þa baþu wæron
hat on hreþre ; þæt wæs hyðelic !

. . . . . .

Translation.

Wondrous is this wall of stone ; the Fates have broken it,
Have burst the citadel, the giants' work dissolves.
The roofs are fallen in, the towers ruined lie,
The barred-gate towers despoiled, rime upon the lime,
The battlements are shattered, fallen, shorn,
By old age eaten through, The earth has laid its grasp,
Earth's hard, relentless grasp, upon its workmen strong,
Corrupted now, departed : till a hundred generations
Of mankind shall pass away. This grey and motley wall
Has oft beheld one kingdom after another rise
Beneath the storms of time : the lofty gate-way crumbled,

. . . . . .

Bright were the Burg abodes, the fountained halls were many,
High in steepled splendour, great was the martial sound,
Many were the mead halls filled with human joys,
Until all that was changed by almighty Fate.
Evil days came on, the corpses fell wide on the battle plain,
And all the heroes' strength was borne by death away ;
The bulwarks and foundations have grown waste,
Their citadel dissolved. Those who would have restored*
Its temples sank to earth. Therefore these courts are dreary
And these walls open stand ; from the bricks is fallen
The roof of rafters round ; in its fall it dashed the ground,
Broken into heaps. Of yore there many a hero,
Glad of mind, bright with gold, adorned in splendour,
Proud and flushed with wine, in warlike trappings shone,
Looked upon his treasures, on silver, and on costly gems,
On happiness and wealth, on precious stones,
On the bright Burg of this wide realm.
The stone courts stood ; the streams ran hotly
From the fountains wide : the wall surrounded all
In its bosom bright : there the baths were
Hot upon the breast : that was indeed delicious !

. . . . . .

* Cf. Grein's Lexicon.

§ 33. THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

This is a very ancient lyric of some 53 long lines. The old dual pronouns are always used. The sense is frequently obscure, and one cannot always make out the exact force of the woman's plaints. It resembles quite as much the disconsolate sighing of a separated lover as of a bereaved wife. It seems to have been composed in verses, where the speaker's mind broods alternately on her own pressing sorrows and on the remembrance of her dear though distant lord. In the happy days gone by they had often vowed that nothing but death would divide them; but now their friendship is snapped. There seems to have been a slanderer between them, and an intrigue of the husband's friends. He went away to some land beyond the sea, she knew not where; but she remained where her lord had bid her stay, although abandoned by her former friends. She was compelled to live in a gloomy cave in the forest, under an oak tree on the hill. There she might sit and make her moan; there she looked to her lord with a yearning trust, but without a word of reproach, and she ends her "complaint" by pitying those who must long and sigh for their loves.—We extract the alternate verses where she speaks of her lord. But this poem should be considered in connection with the following (§ 34).

5 â ic wîte wonn mînra wrǽcsîða!
Ærest mîn hlâford gewât heonan of leódum
ofer ýða gelâc: häfde ic uhtceare,
hwær mîn leódfruma londes wære.

. . . . . .

15 Hêt mec hlâford mîn her eard niman:
âhte ic leófra lyt on þissum londstede
holdra freónda.

. . . . . .

Ful oft wit beótedan,
þät unc ne gedælde nemne deáð âna
ôwiht elles: eft is þät onhworfen!
is nu swâ hit nô wære,
25 freóndscipe uncer. Sceal ic feor ge neah
mînes fela leófan fæhðu dreógan!
Hêht mec mon wunian on wuda bearwe
under âc-treó in þam eorðscräfe:
eald is þes eorðsele, eal ic eom of-longad;
30 sindon dena dimme, dûne up-heá,
bitre burgtûnas brerum beweaxne,
wîc wynna leás. Ful oft mec her wrâðe begeat
fromsið freán. Frŷnd sind on eorðan
leófe lifgende, leger weardiað,
35 þonne ic on uhtan âna gonge
under âc-treó geond þâs eorðscrafu,
þær ic sittan môt sumorlangne däg:
þær ic wêpan mäg mîne wräcsîðas,
earfoða fela, forþon ic æfre ne mäg
40 þære môdceare mînre gerestan
ne ealles þäs longaðes, þe mec on þissum life
begeat.

. . . . . .

50 . . . . Dreógeð se mîn wine
micle môdceare: he gemon tô oft
wynlîcran wîc. Wâ bið þam þe sceal
of langoðe leófes âbîdan!

Translation.

The punishment still of my woes I endured!
My lord first departed hence from the people,
Over the stormy seas: by night I had cares
Into what land my prince could have gone.

. . . . . .

My lord bade me here to take up my abode:
Few dear loving friends have I had in this land.

. . . . . .

Full oft we two promised
That nothing but death should ever divide us:
But afterwards all that was changed!
And our friendship is now as though it never had been.
And I far and near shall have to endure
The hatred of him, my much loved lord!
Men bade me to dwell in a grove in the forests,
Under an oak-tree, in a cave of the earth:
Old is this cavern, and I am all longing;
Dismal the dens are, high up are the hills,
The burg-fences o'ergrown and bitter with briars,
The place of all joy is bereft. Full often the thought
Of my husband's departure sadly occurs to me here.
My loved living friends now lie in the earth,
The dear ones inhabit the cold bed of clay,
While I in the twilight alone may repair
Under the oak-tree by the graves in the earth;
There I may sit the live-long summer day:
And there I my woes may bewail,
And my great tribulations, for I never can rest
From all this deep longing, this care in my mind,
Which seizes me here in this woeful life.

. . . . . .

That friend of mine
Endureth much sorrow: too often he thinks
Of a once happier home. Woe unto him
Who to long and to wait for his love is constrained!

§ 34. THE HUSBAND'S MESSAGE.

This piece might be considered as a message to the mourning wife of the preceding poem. It contains the same number of lines as the "Wife's Complaint," though with occasional lacunes, and uses in the same way the dual of the pronouns. Both pieces may be the work of the same author, and may have been composed on some incident in the settlement of an early Danish or Scandinavian family in England. The husband here has been driven from his house and home, by a family feud, across the sea. He has prospered in his exile, and attained to wealth and worldly goods above his former state or expectations. He now has heaps of gold and fair wide fields, and sturdy heroes in his service. And he sends a messenger to tell his wife, who was a prince's daughter, to come across the sea to join him as soon as summer returns and the cuckoo is heard in the glens. He also sends a message, too secret and too sacred to be committed even to his confidant, and so it is inscribed in unknown Runic letters on a staff, which the wife alone is supposed to be able to read. She is his only wish, his only thought; he pines for her, reminds her of their early mutual vows, and begs her to let nothing upon earth prevent her from the journey.

In these two extremely subjective lyric poems we have a beautiful and characteristic revelation of the faithfulness and constancy of the Saxon spouse.

Except these two pieces (§ 33, § 34), there are no poems treating specially of Love extant in Anglo-Saxon Literature. The Saxon was not much addicted to sentimental vapouring of this sort; his love was like

a great deep stream, without babbling or ripple. He seems, like his descendant John Bull, to have been an old man from his birth—as much as Frenchmen and Hibernians seem to grow old in a perpetual boyhood. It was only the hot-blooded and imaginative sons of a different race and sunnier clime who could have written cloying sonnets to the married mother of eleven children, like Petrarca; or like Dante, who made it his chief work to commemorate his love for the deceased wife of a rival townsman. Besides, the monkish influence became very strong in England at an early period of its Literary history, and tended much to suppress or destroy the expression of any natural or manly feeling. But that the Anglo-Saxon wight was liable to lose his head, like other ordinary mortals in such cases, is sufficiently clear from the sister Literatures of Scandinavia and Germany, which were developed before the spread of monkish rule. The Scandinavian Eddas and the early German Epics are honeycombed with stories of wooing and love. The tales of Sigfried, of Brunhilda, of Loki and Sigrun, of Balder, and of Blossom are perhaps the most romantic and sublime in literature; as they are the most characteristic of the chastity and the undying constancy of the Teuton, whether as lover or spouse.

5 Ful oft ic on bâtes [bôsme] sôhte,
þær mec mondryhten mîn [onsende],
heáh hofu: eom nu her cumen
on ceól-þele and nu cunnan sceall,
hû þu ymb môdlufan mînes freán
10 on hyge hycge. Ic gehâtan dear,
þät þu þær tîrfäste treówe findest.
Hwät! þec þonne biddan hêt, se þisne beám âgrôf,
þät þu sinchroden sylf gemunde
on gewitlocan wordbeótunga,

15 þe git on ærdagum oft gespræcon,
þenden git môston on meodoburgum
eard weardigan, ân lond bûgan,
freóndscype fremman. Hine fæhðo âdrâf
of sigeþeóde : hêht nu sylfa þe
20 lustum læran, þät þu lagu drêfde,
siððan þu gehýrde on hliðes ôran
galan geómorne geác on bearwe.
Ne læt þu þec siððan siðes getwæfan.
lâde gelettan lifgendne monn !
25 ongin mere sêcan, mæwes êðel !
onsite sænacan, þät þu sûð heonon
ofer mereláde monnan findest,
þær se þeóden is þîn on wênum !

Translation.

Full oft have I gone in the breast of my boat
To the palaces high where my lord sent me on:
And now in my vessel here I have come;
And now I shall know how thou thinkest in mind
Of the love of my lord. To thee I dare promise
That in him thou shalt find faith steadfast and true.
Lo! he who engraved this stick here with runes,
He then sent thee word, when adorned to remember
The pledges ye two in old days often made,
Whilst ye in the mead-burgs could dwell in your home,
And live in one land, and your friendship there cherish.
Him a feud drove away from a people triumphant:
Now he himself bids thee to learn with delight
That as soon as thou hearest the song in the woodlands,
The plaintive cuckoo on the slopes of the mountain,
That then thou shouldst sail to him o'er the sea.
Nor do thou allow thyself to be hindered,
Let no living man then thy voyage impede.
Make thy way to the ocean, the home of the sea-mew,
Seat thyself in thy vessel, so that southwards from here,
Over the sea-path thy man thou mayest find,
For there is thy lord in waiting for thee,

§ 35. CYNEWULF.—THE PHŒNIX.

After the six preceding purely lyric poems, we must now review another group, containing four pieces of a more didactic or homiletic character, though frequently adorned with lyric and descriptive elements. These four symbolic compositions on the nature and peculiarities of animals, are likewise the only remnants of a once considerable portion of our earliest Christian or semi-Christian literature. These subjects were originally treated by Greek and Oriental writers, but such writings were known to our early English poets only through the medium of the Latin tongue; and especially through the works of the early Latin Fathers, as St. Ambrose, Lactantius, and Gregory the Great, who was reverenced in England like a national apostle.

But it was a favourite theme of every people to treat of animals in a symbolic way, and to apply their qualities to individuals and nations, or to take them as the types and symbols of dynasties, and families, and clans. The lion was the emblem of the house of Juda; the eagle, lion, bear, still float upon the banners of the greatest European empires; the lamb has been the type of innocence from before the days of Abraham; and the dove the universal symbol of love, affection, and peace. But the similarity between certain animals and occasional individuals of the human species is sufficiently striking in itself to supply material for a symbolic code: a fact which public school boys are not slow to observe and apply to their fellows. Some of the most popular fables of Æsop, La Fontaine, Gellert, and Gay turn chiefly on a shrewd

portrayal of these same characteristics. This symbolism also played an important part in the art and architecture of the Middle Ages. Stone carvings may be seen in Strasburg and several continental churches showing up the monk in the garb of a fox or a wolf; while the audience was often represented as a flock of hens and chickens!

In the more primitive and ruder times of the early literature of Germany, in which country alone the *Thier Saga*, or 'Animal Epic,' attained its full development, the *Bear* was reckoned as the king of beasts; but under the influence of the literature of France, and with the progress of society, the nobler *Lion* succeeded to the royal dignity, a position which he is still supposed to hold. And what might be called the chancellorship of the animal kingdom also alternated between "Isangrim" the wolf, and "Reginhart" the fox; till by a tacit and unanimous consent society admitted that Master Reynard, the bold designing fox, was possessed of infinitely more tact and charm, and succeeded better in managing the affairs of animals and men. And by sheer unblushing shamelessness he maintained for near a thousand years his high position as a favourite character in European literature, and has again been started from an approaching torpor by Gœthe's popular poem, *Der Reineke Fuchs*.

But the early Christian writers carried further this originally oriental symbolism, and gave to it at last a deep religious meaning, by applying it to the sacred mysteries of the most holy Faith.

Numerous compilations depicting and interpreting the qualities or "natures" of certain well known or fabulous animals, were prepared and widely read during the early centuries. A book with a collection of such symbolic traits was called a *Physiologus*. Some of these existed at an early date; for a Latin *Physiologus*, attributed to St. Ambrose, who died A.D.

397, was condemned as apocryphal and heretical by Pope Gelasius, A.D. 496.

Poetic works of this symbolic nature were frequently attempted by the earliest English poets, and were executed with much beauty and profuse description. We still possess three fragmentary poems, on the *Whale*, the *Panther*, the *Partridge*, of a date perhaps anterior to Cynewulf; and a fourth poem of the same nature, the *Phœnix*,* is generally admitted as his work.

Though the Phœnix was a bird of purely fabulous existence, the mythic story of its life and death and resurrection has become the property of almost every nation, and furnished the heraldic arms to many a family and firm. Herodotus gave a version of the legend; and he obviously derived his information from the Egyptian sages. Ovid, Martial, Claudian, also wrote about the bird. The myth, from its very nature, is the product of an eastern clime, a dream of the land of the sun. No more ideal theme could have employed the poet's pen; no more appropriate simile and type of the second birth and resurrection of the just could have been presented to the early Christian mind, than the story of that brilliant bird, which made its dwelling far away in a bright and happy land unknown to sinful men, which built its wondrous nest sublime on the verge of the sky, and which, after its ten hundred years of cloudless life, was borne at last, as on the wings of the morning, towards the city of the sun, where it crumbled into ashes, but

* It is remarkable, however, that these four pieces should be representative of the three different species of the animal kingdom—fishes, beasts, birds—and of the fabulous or legendary animals of old. From this, and from the introductory words of the poems themselves, it would almost seem as if these four pieces were the work of one and the same author, and formed either the remains or the *beginning* of a complete English *Physiologus*.

only in order to awake again from dust and renew its endless cycles of existence.

One of the greatest of the later Latin writers, called the Christian Cicero from his purity of style, Lactantius, who died A.D. 330, is the reputed author of a Latin work, from which our poet Cynewulf took his poem. And it is admitted that the English version is the more poetic. Cynewulf, indeed, is seldom able to refrain from lavishing on any subject he may take in hand the entire wealth of his intellect and learning and fancy, and treating it as an epic theme. To the exposition of the ancient myth he appends his own symbolic homily—as the Phœnix rises from its ashes, so shall the chosen servants of the Lord arise, as Christ Himself has risen.—This beautiful poem on the Phœnix contains 677 long lines, divided into 9 cantos. We append Canto I.

Häbbe ic gefrugnen, þätte is feor heonan
eástdælum on äðelast londa
firum gefræge. Nis se foldan sceát
ofer middangeard mongum gefêre
5 folc-âgendra, ac he âfyrred is
þurh meotudes meaht mân-fremmendum.
Wlitig is se wong call wynnum geblissad
mid þâm fägrestum foldan stencum:
ænlîc is þät iglond, äðele se wyrhta,
10 môdig meahtum spêdig, se þâ moldan gesette.
Þær bið oft open eádgum tôgeánes
onhliden hleóðra wyn, heofonrîces duru.
Þät is wynsum wong, wealdas grêne
rûme under roderum. Ne mäg þær rên ne snâw,
15 ne forstes fnæst ne fŷres blæst,
ne hägles hryre ne hrîmes dryre,
ne sunnan hætu ne sincaldu,

ne wearm weder ne winterscûr
wihte gewyrdan, ac se wong seomað
20 eádig and onsund: is þät äðele lond
blôstmum geblôwen. Beorgas þær ne muntas
steápe ne stondað; ne stânclifu
heáh hlifiað, swâ her mid us,
ne dene ne dalu ne dûnscrafu,
25 hlæwas ne hlincas, ne þær hleonað ô
unsmêðes wiht: ac se äðela feld
wridað under wolcnum wynnum geblôwen.
Is þät torhte lond twelfum hêrra
folde fäðmrîmes, swâ us gefreogum gleáwe
30 witgan þurh wîsdôm on gewritum cýðað,
þonne ænig þâra beorga, þe her beorhte mid us
heá hlifiað under heofontunglum.
Smylte is se sigewong, sunbearo lixeð,
wuduholt wynlic: wästmas ne dreósað,
35 beorhte blêde; ac þâ beámas â
grêne stondað, swâ him god bibeád.
Wintres and sumeres wudu bið gelice
blêdum gehongen: næfre brosniað
leáf under lyfte, ne him lig sceðcð
40 æfre tô ealdre, ær þon edwenden
worulde geweorðe. Swâ iu wätres þrym
ealne middangeard mereflôd þeahte,
eorðan ymbhwyrft, þâ se äðela wong
æghwäs onsund wið ýðfare
45 gehealden stôd hreóra wæga
eádig unwemme þurh êst godes:
bîðeð swâ geblôwen ôð bæles cyme
dryhtnes dômes, þonne deáðräced

häleða heolstorcôfan onhliden weorðað.
50 Nis þær on þam londe lâð-geniðla,
ne wôp ne wracu, weátâcen nân,
yldu ne yrmðu ne se enga deáð,
ne lifes lyre ne lâðes cyme,
ne synn ne sacu, ne sâr wracu,
55 ne wädle gewin ne welan onsŷn,
ne sorg ne slæp ne swâr leger,
ne wintergeweorp ne wedra gebregd
hreóh under heofonum, ne se hearda forst
caldum cŷlegicelum cnyseð ænigne.
60 Þær ne hägl ne hrîm hreósað tô foldan
ne windig wolcen, ne þær wäter fealleð
lyfte gebysgad: ac þær lagustreámas
wundrum wrätlîce wyllan onspringað,
fägrum flôdwylmum foldan leccað,
65 wäter wynsumu of þäs wuda midle,
þâ mônða gehwam of þære moldan þyrf
brimcald brecað, bearo ealne geondfarað
þragum þrymlice: is þät þeódnes gebod,
þätte twelf siðum þät tîrfäste
70 lond geondlâce laguflôda wynn.
Sindon þâ bearwas blêdum gehongene,
wlitigum wästmum: þær nô waniað ô
hâlge under heofonum holtes frätwe;
ne feallað þær on foldan fealwe blôstman,
75 wudubeáma wlite: ac þær [beóð] wrätlîce
on þâm treowum symle telgan gehladene,
ofett ednive in ealle tîd.
On þam gräswonge grêne stondað
gehroden hyhtlîce hâliges meahtum

80 beorhtast bearwa. Nô gebrocen weorðeð
holt on hiwe, þær se hâlga stenc
wunað geond wynlond: þät onwended ne bið
æfre tô ealdre, ær þon endige
frôd fyrngeweorc, se hit on frymðe gescôp.

Translation.—The Happy Land, from the 'Phœnix.'

I have heard it said that far away from here,
In the eastern climes, there lies the noblest land
Among men's sons renowned. This region of the world
Is not approached by many of the sons of earth;
But by the Maker's might it has been far removed
From those who take delight in doing deeds of ill.
Fair is the whole domain and blessed with joys serene,
And with scents the rarest which the earth can yield;
Lonely is the island, and its Creator grand,
Great in mind and great in might is He who shaped the land.
The door of heaven's kingdom stands there oft ajar,
And delights and gladness are open to the blessed.
There the landscape charmeth, and forests ever green
Stretch far away beneath the sky. Neither snow or rain
Nor frost nor fire's flame; neither headlong hail,
Nor the falling rime; neither scorching sun-beams,
Nor penetrating cold; neither burning weather,
Nor the winter's showers, can injure aught therein.
But the soil abideth fruitful still and blessed;
The glorious region all with blooming flowers is crowned.
There the hills and mountains stand not rough and high,
There the rocky stone-cliffs project not, as with us;
There are no dens nor defiles, nor any mountain gorge,
Neither heights nor headlands, nor anything unsmooth;
But the gorgeous landscape, glowing with delights,
Flourisheth amain beneath the clouds of heaven.
Sages wise and learned in writings have made known
How that glorious land lies twelve fathoms higher
Than the highest mountains, which raise their shining heads
Aloft beneath the stars, here on earth with us.
Smiling lie the happy plains, the sunny groves are fair,
The wood-land copses ring: the fruits do not decay,

The blossoms still are bright, and still the trees are green,
As their creating God to them the order gave.
In winter as in summer the groves are still the same,
Still hung with pendant fruit; there the leaflets never
Fade beneath the sky, nor shall fire scathe them
For ever and for aye, until this world of ours
Shall meet its final doom. When once the water's might,
The rising sea-floods, girt and covered all the land
And earth's circumference wide, this noble landscape then
Remained unharmed and sound against the rushing waves,
And firm and undestroyed withstood the raging seas,
By the Almighty's power: so shall it blooming stand
Until the final flames and judgment day of God,
When death's tabernacles, the dark graves of men,
Shall all be open laid. There is in all that land
Neither persecutor, nor complaint nor sorrow,
Nor any signs of woe; neither age nor indigence,
Nor distressing death, neither life's cessation,
Nor approach of ill; neither sin nor quarrelling,
Nor banishment severe; neither strife with penury,
Nor the want of wealth; neither sleep nor sorrow,
Nor any sickness sore; neither winter tempests,
Nor the blustering change of weather in the sky;
And the stubborn frost with its congelations
Pincheth no one there. Neither hail nor hoar-frost
Fall upon the ground; neither murky tempest
Nor the driving rain battle in the air:
But streams arise and glorious eddying fountains spring,
And lick the landscape round with fair meandering floods,
And winsome waters break from the middle of the woods,
Which from the earthy turf spring ice-cold every month,
And with their crystal waters wind through all the groves:
Such is the Lord's command, that this joy-giving stream
Should flow twelve times around the fair and happy land.
All the trees with blossoms there are overhung,
And with enticing fruit: the forest's leafy fret-work
Never withers there beneath the open sky;
There the drooping blossoms fall not on the ground,
The woods lose not their bloom; but in wondrous wise
The ever laden branches hang upon the boughs,
And in every season they their fruits renew.
On the grass-green landscape stand most gorgeous groves,
Adorned with all delights by the power of the Lord.
Never shall the forests be tinged or changed in hue,
Where spread the holy perfumes through the pleasant land:
For ever and for ever it shall no mutation know,
Until He end the ancient world Who it at first did make.

§ 36. THE PANTHER.

After the Phœnix, this is the first piece of our old English *Physiologus*, or symbolic poems. The Panther,—" many coloured, like Joseph's coat,"—after it has feasted, retires to a hidden place among the mountain glens, where it sleeps three days, and then awakes, uttering loud, harmonious calls, and emitting a sweet, attractive fragrance from its mouth. This gathers the smaller animals around it. Thus the Panther is made to represent the Saviour, who draws the nations round Him after His three days' rest in the grave.

The poem contains 74 long lines, in two cantos, and is probably by the same author as the *Whale*, and *Partridge*. (See note, page 120.)

Monge sindon geond middangeard
unrîmu cynn, þe we äðelu ne mâgon
ryht ârecean ne rîm witan:
þäs wîde sind geond world innan
5 fugla and deóra foldhrêrendra
wornas wîdsceope, swâ wäter bibûgeð
þisne beorhtan bôsm, brim grymetende,
sealt-ýða geswing. We bi sumum hŷrdon
wrätlîce gecynd wildra secgan,
10 firum freámærne feorlondum on
eard weardian, êðles neótan
äfter dûnsräfum: is þät deór Pandher
bi noman hâten, þäs þe niðða bearn

wîsfäste weras on gewritum cŷðan
15 bi þam ânstapan. Se is äthwâm freónd
duguða êstig butan dracan ânum,
þam he in ealle tîd andwrâð leofað
þurh yfla gehwylc, þe he geäfnan mäg.

Translation.

Without number are the kinds of animals on earth;
Their qualities we cannot fully reckon up,
Nor their numbers know. So many are the multitudes
Of birds and of earth-treading beasts throughout the world,
So far as Ocean, with its raging brine,
And rushing salt-sea waves, bends round
This shining Earth. Some we have heard speak
Of a rare sort of beasts, dwelling in wondrous soil
In lands far distant and removed from men,
Delighting in their home among the mountain glens:
This animal by name is *Panther* called,
Because that men, the wisest men, in books it call
The solitary rover. It is benign towards mankind
And unto all things friendly, except unto the dragon,
With which it lives continually in feud,
And doeth every hurt by all the means it can.

§ 37 (A). THE WHALE.

This is another and more popular allegoric poem. In this piece the Whale is compared to a floating island, on which the weary sailors land, and think they are on solid ground. They moor their bark, raise their tent, light their fires, and go to rest upon the monster's back. But the huge beast suddenly goes down, drawing ship and sailors to the infernal depths! Our early English poet makes the Whale a symbol of Satan, while the sailors are representative of sinners, who build, not on the solid rock, but on an *ea*-land, which gives way beneath them. Our poet also makes the Whale to allure the fishes by its sweet breath, as in the 'Panther,' and then suddenly swallow them up. This is typical of hell, and the scented, flowery paths that lead thereto.—The poem contains 89 long lines.

This comparison is also found in the history of Sindbad's voyage in the *Arabian Nights*, and in the first book of *Paradise Lost*, where Milton says:

> "Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
> The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
> Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
> With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
> . . . . . ." *ll.* 203—206.

Nu ic fitte gen ymb fisca cynn,
wille wôðcräftê wordum cýðan
þurh môdgemynd bi þam miclan hwale,
se bið unwillum oft gemêted
5 frêcne and ferðgrim fareð-lâcendum
niðða gehwylcum: þam is noma cenned
fyrnstreáma geflotan Fastitocalon,

Is þäs hiw gelîc hreófum stâne,
swylce wôrie bi wädes ôfre
10 sondbeorgum ymbseald sæ-rŷrica mæst,
swâ þät wênað wæglîðende,
þät hy on eálond sum eágum wlîten;
and þonne gehŷdað heáhstefn scipu
tô þam unlonde oncyrrâpum,
15 setlað sæmearas sundes ät ende
and þonne in þät êglond up gewitað
collenferðe: ceólas stondað
bi staðe fäste streámê biwunden.
Þonne gewîciaŏ wêrigferðe
20 faroðlâcende, frêcnes ne wênað.
On þam eálonde äled weccaŏ:
heáh fŷr äleð, häleð beóð on wynnum
reónigmôde räste gelyste.
Þonne gefêleð fâcnes cräftig,
25 þät him þâ fêrend on fäste wuniaŏ,
wîc weardiaŏ wedres on luste,
þonne semninga on sealtne wæg
mid þâ noðe niðer gewîteð
gârsecges gäst, grund gesêceð
30 and þonne deáðsele drencê bifästeð
scipu mid scealcum. Swâ biŏ scinna þeáw.

To the rough rolling stone upon the ocean shore,
The greatest on the reedy beach around the sandy hills;
So that sailors often think that they upon some isle
Do feast their eyes; with anchors then they bind
Their high-prowed ships, with ropes to the un-land,
And fasten their sea-horses by the margin of the deep,
And thea upon the island, proud in mind they go.
Their keels stand on the bank fast bound at the stream.
While the weary sailors fix themselves a tent,
And deem no evil near. Upon the isle a fire they light,
High the flames ascend; the heroes are delighted,
And their weary minds are eager for repose.
But the sly deceiver perceiving sailers dwell
Securely on his back, who raise their weather tent at will,
Immediately goes down beneath the salt sea waves
With all his spoil, the ocean demon seeks the ground,
And fastens ship and men, all drowned in death's abode!
Such is the way of devils.

---

§ 37 (B). THE WHALE.

There is also another very short Runic poem on the Whale, which we will here give in English letters, from Prof. Wülcker's *Anglo-Saxon Poesie*, Vol. I., second half, p. 282. Many learned interpretations have been given of these difficult lines; we will, nevertheless, venture on a translation.

Hrones ban
fiscflodu ahof on ferg(enbyrig);
warþ gasric grorn, þær he on greut giswom.

Translation.

The whale's bones high on Fergenhill
The teeming sea floods bore,
And angry grew the ocean waves,
As it swam on the shore.

§ 38. THE PARTRIDGE.

The fourth and last of these pieces, on the 'nature of animals,' is the merest fragment; only the introductory line remains—together with the last 13, in which the subject has become quite homiletic. It is well, however, that we retain these final lines: they close with the word "Finit," thus offering another evidence that these three symbolic poems (Panther, Whale, Partridge) are by one author, who has here "finished" his work of this kind.

Hŷrde ic secgan gen bi sumum fugle
wundorlîcne . . . . . .

* * *

Uton we þŷ geornor gode ôliccan,
firene feógan, friðes earnian
duguðe tô, þenden us däg scîne,
þät swâ äðelne eardwîca cyst
in wuldres wlite wunian môtan! Finit.

Translation.

Some again did I hear speak about a wondrous bird
. . . . . .
Then let us rather God adore,
And seek our peace from His great store,
And flee from sin while day is bright,
That we may dwell redeemed in light,
As chosen souls for noble homes. ! Finit.

SHORTER DIDACTIC AND HOMILETIC POEMS.

§ 39. THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

After the group of six purely *Lyric* poems (§ 29—§ 34), we found another collection of a *Physiologus* (§ 35—§ 38), containing four pieces of semi-religious Lyrics on the nature of animals. We now come to another intermediate set of some *seven* short pieces, of a more *Didactic* or homiletic character. These comprise simple moral discussions, and poetical sermons of a blended secular and religious tendency. At the head of these we might put a poem which gives a joyful and poetic meditation on the magnificence and *Wonders of Creation;* and next, two pieces dressed in darkest hues, upon *Doomsday* and the *Soul's Address to the Body.* These two pieces would seem to be the work of one author, who, like Edgar Allen Poe, an undoubted descendant, was strangely gifted with a ghastly and ill-boding "raven" mind.—"There the traveller meets aghast—Sheeted memories of the Past—Shrouded forms that start and sigh—As they pass the wanderer by—White-robed forms of friends long given—In agony to the Earth—and Heaven."

The next four pieces—on the *Gifts of Men*, the *Destinies of Men*, the *Minds of Men*, the *Falseness of Men*—would likewise seem to be the composition of one author. The piece on the "Falseness of Men" had been somehow separated from the rest of the collection at an early date, and was found in the Vercelli Book in Italy, while the other three are in

the Exeter Codex. But the kindred nature of the subjects, the similarity of phraseology and treatment of the two pieces on the "Gifts" and "Destinies," and again, of those two on the "Minds" and "Falseness" of Men, as well as the corresponding homiletic terminations of all four poems, and the fact that the last of those in the Exeter Codex, viz., that on the "Minds of Men," ends, like the "Partridge" and the "Seafarer," with the consciousness of having finished the subject, by appending an "Amen;" for these and other reasons, we are inclined to attribute these four pieces at least to a single author. Most of these themes are again treated of in very similar language in Cynewulf's poems, especially in his "Christ;" and it is therefore quite possible that this great poet may have first written these isolated pieces, and afterwards transposed them, with certain variations, into his longer works.

The following poem, of 102 lines, on the *Wonders of Creation*, is one of the best of this set.

And þis leóhte beorht
60 cymeð morgna gehwam ofer misthleoðu
wadan ofer wægas wundrum gegierwed
and mid ærdäge eástan snoweð
wlitig and wynsum wera cneórissum;
lifgendra gehwam leóht forð biereð
65 bronda beorhtost and his brûcan môt
æghwyle on eorðan, þe him eágna gesihð
sigora sôðcyning syllan wolde.
Gewîteð þonne mid þŷ wuldrê on westrodor
forðmære tungol faran on heápe,
70 ôððät on æfenne ût gârsecges
grundas päðeð: glôm ofer-tîhð,
niht äfter cymeð, healdeð nŷdbibod

hâlgan dryhtnes. Heofontorht swegl
scîr gescyndeð in gesceaft godes
75 under foldan fäðm, farende tungol.
Forþon nænig fira þäs frôd leofað,
þät his mæge æspringe þurh his ægne spêd witan,
hû geond grund färeð goldtorht sunne
in þät wonne genip under wätra geþring
80 oððe hwâ þäs leóhtes londbûende
brûcan môte, siððan heó ofer brim hweorfeð.

Translation.

Lo that bright beam
Comes every morn up misty hills,
Above the waves with wonders crowned,
And hastes with dawn from eastwards here,
Blithe and benign to beings all.
That brightest brand brings light and life
To everything; and all on earth
May use his light, to whom the Lord
Of glory grants the sight of eyes.
The splendent star then sinks adown
The western skies in wonders wild,
And treads at eve the ocean plains.
The gloaming grows, the night appears,
And all obeys God's fixed behests.
The travelling star, the gold-bright sun,
Then shineth fair with heavenly flame
Upon God's world beneath the earth.
No son of man there lives so wise
To understand the sun's decline,
Or how the gold-star onward glides
Through that dark gloom beyond the deep;
Or tell what lands his light illumes
As o'er the waves he wanders on.

§ 40. ON DOOMSDAY.

This piece, of 119 long lines, is on a subject which the Saxon poets treated very frequently. In Cynewulf's "Christ" it occupies a passage beginning at line 517, which Conybeare calls a "Hymn on the Day of Judgment"; again in the "Christ," at line 868, is another beautiful hymn on that great day; but it is needless to make references here, for the theme is constantly recurring; as the coming of that day was frequently anticipated from the time of the Apostles, and was particularly expected about the year A.D. 1000.

Þät gelimpan sceal, þätte lagu flôweð
flôd ofer foldan : feores bið ät ende
ânra gehwylcum. Oft mäg se þe wile
in his sylfes sefan sôð geþencan !
5 Hafað him geþinged hider þeóden ûser
on þam mæstan däge, mägencyninga hŷhst :
wile þonne forbärnan brego moncynnes
lond mid lîge. Nis þät lytulu spræc
tô geheganne : hât bið onäled,
10 siððan fŷr nimeð foldan sceátas,
byrnende lîg beorhte gesceafte ;
bið eal þes ginna grund glêda gefylled,
rêðra bronda, swâ nu rîxiað
gromhydge guman, gylpe strŷnað,
15 hyra hlâforde gehlæges tilgað,
ôðþät hy beswîcað synna weardas,
þät hi mid þŷ heápê helle sêcað,

fleógaŏ mid þâm feóndum : him biŏ fŷr ongeán
drôflîc wite, þær næfre däg scîneŏ
leóhte of lyfte, ac â bilocen stondeŏ,
siŏŏan þäs gæstes gryre âgiefen weorŏeŏ.
Ufan hit is enge and hit is innan hât :
nis þät betlîc bold, ac þær is brôgna hŷhst,
ne nôht hyhtlîc hâm, ac þær is helle grund.

Translation.

That day shall come, the sea shall rise
Above the earth : of everything
The life shall end. Oft he who will
May think forsooth within his breast.
On that high day our Lord Himself,
The mighty King, has fixed to come.
The Son of Man will then consume
The earth with flames. The judgment great
He will perform ; the fire illumed,
The brands shall seize the breast of earth,
The blaze shall bright creation burn,
The yawning ground shall fill with flames,
And raging heat ; for hostile men,
Who now bear sway and glory gain,
And heap contempt upon their Lord—
Till they deceive those watching sins,
Till they to hell rush on in crowds,
And flee with fiends : for such are flames
And woes prepared, where day ne'er dawns,
Nor light from air, but all is locked,
When horror fierce has seized the soul.
No goodly house, but highest grief,
Above 'tis small, and hot within,
No joyful home—the ground is hell.

§ 41. THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

This is certainly the earliest of those poetic dialogues between the "Soul and the Body," which are so numerous in English Literature. The Soul is here represented as returning, and upbraiding the Body for the sins to which it was led during their earthly union. The most harrowing and revolting picture is drawn of the body corrupting in the grave, with worms riddling their way through skull and ribs. But in Milton's *Comus*, and in *Romeo and Juliet*, the charnel-house is opened not less rudely, though with less desire to linger on these most loathsome scenes which this earth can show. The poet indulges in the ancient superstition that the soul frequently revisited the tomb by night, during a long period of years. A belief in the spirit's returning and becoming visible to the nearest relative of the deceased is, to my own knowledge, still entertained by some Hibernian peasants of the Romish faith.

This poem contains 168 lines. The first 128 are found both in the Vercelli and Exeter Books; the last 40 lines in the Vercelli Book alone.

Hûru þäs behôfað häleða æghwyle,
þät he his sâwle sîð sylfa geþence,
hû þät bið deôplîc, þonne se deáð cymeð,
âsyndreð þâ sybbe, þe ær samod wæron,
5 lîc and sâwle. Lang bið syððan,
þät se gâst nimeð ät gode sylfum
swâ wîte swâ wuldor, swâ him on worulde ær
efne þät eorðfät ær geworhte,
Sceal se gâst cuman geohðum hrêmig

10 symble ymbe seofon niht, sâwle findan
 þone lîchoman, þe heó ær lange wäg,
 þreó hund wintra, butan ær þeódcyning
 älmihtig god ende worulde
 wyrcan wille, weoruda dryhten.
15 Cleopað þonne swâ cearful cealdan reorde,
 spreceð grimlîce se gâst tô þam duste :
 "Hwät druh þu dreórega ! tô hwan drehtest þu me,
 eorðan fûlnes eal forwisnad,
 lâmes geliones ! Lyt þu gemundest,
20 tô hwan þînre sâwle þing siððan wurde,
 syððan of lîchoman læded wære ! "

Translation.

It well behoves wise men to think
Upon the path their souls must take,
How it may fare, when death arrives
And snaps the bond that once had bound
The soul and flesh. Long time must pass
Before the ghost gets from the Lord
Reward or woe for works on earth,
According to the actions done.
Three centuries long the ghost shall come
Each seventh night, lamenting loud,
The spirit shall its body seek
Where once it lived— unless the Lord,
The heavenly King, the Lord of Hosts,
Before that time should end the world.
With chilling words, in fearful wise,
The grimly ghost the corpse accosts :
"Thou vexest me, thou lifeless lump,
Corrupted now, and foul with earth,
Thy kindred clay ! Thou little knew'st
To what a state thy soul should come
When from the flesh it forth should go."

§ 42. ON THE GIFTS OF MEN.

This piece, of 113 long lines, on the various gifts of men, is very similar to a passage in Cynewulf's "Christ," part of which we have given on pp 65, 66.

30 Sum her ofer eorðan sehta onlîhð,
woruldgestreóna. Sum bið wonspêdig
heardsælig häle, bið hwäðre gleáw
môdes cräfta. Sum mägenstrengo
furðor onfêhð. Sum freólic bið
35 wlitig on wästmum. Sum bið wôðbora
giedda giffäst. Sum bið gearuwyrdig.
Sum bið on huntode hreð-eádigra
deóra dræfend. Sum dŷre bið
woruldrîcum men. Sum bið wîges heard,
40 beadocräftig beorn, þær bord stunað.
Sum in mäðle mäg môdsnottera
folcrædenne forð gehycgan,
þær witena bið worn ätsomne.
Sum mäg wrätlice weorc âhycgan
45 heáhtimbra gehwäs: hond bið gelæred
wîs and gewealden, swâ bið wyrhtan ryht,
sele âsettan: con he sîdne räced
fäste gefêgan wið færdrypum.
Sum mid hondum mäg hearpan grêtan,
50 âh he gleóbeámes gearobrygda list.
Sum bið rynig, sum ryht-scytte,
sum leóða gleáw, sum on londe snel,
fêðe-spêdig. Sum fealone wæg

stefnan steóreð, streámráde con
55 weorudes wisa ofer wîdne holm,

. . . . . .

Nis nu ofer eorðan ænig monna
môdê þäs cräftig ne þäs mägeneácen,
þät hi æfre ânum ealle weorðen
100 gegearwade, þŷ läs him gilp sceððe.

Translation.

Some here on earth give treasures and jewels,
Some are unhappy and not blessed with goods,
Though they still are prudent in powers of mind.
Some in their body receive greater strength.
Some in their figures excel and are loved;
Some, distinguished as poets, with power of song;
Some, fertile and prompt at making reply;
Some, hunting the wild deer, are quick in the chase;
Some admired by men of worldly possessions;
Some bold in the fight, battling where shields clang;
Some stand in assemblies of wise, prudent men,
And in the multitude of counsellors together,
Before all the people, can think out their speech.
Some can devise rare works of art,
Construct lofty buildings—strong hands being taught
To set houses together, as in workmen is right,
Wide halls they bind fast with blows of the hammer,
Some with their fingers the harp can salute,
And know well the art trembling sounds to evoke.
Some are good racers, some cast the dart straight;
Some excel in the song; some quick-footed on land.
Some their ships can direct o'er the sea billows,
Captains the pathways know o'er the wide deep.

. . . . . .

But there is no man now on the earth
So wise in his mind, nor so strong in his strength,
That he should possess all these things in one,
Lest pride should elate him, with hurt to himself.

§ 43. ON THE DESTINIES OF MEN.

This piece, of 98 lines, has been translated at length by Prof. Morley, to give an exact illustration of the rules of alliteration, and it was not unworthy of his pains. We give an adaptation of his version.

10 Sumum þät gegongeð on geóguðfeore,
þät se endestäf earfeðmäcgum
weálic weorðeð : sceal hine wulf etan,
hâr hæðstapa ; hinsið þonne
môdor bimurneð : ne bið swylc monnes geweald.
15 Sumne sceal hungor âhîðan, sumne sceal hreóh fordrîfan,
sumne sceal gâr âgetan, sumne gûð âbreótan.
Sum sceal leómena leás lîfes neótan,
folmum ätfeohtan, sum on fêðe lif
seonobennum seóc sâr cwânian,
20 murnan meotudgesceaft môdê gebysgad.
Sum sceal on holte of heán beáme
fiðerleás feallan, bið on flihte sê þeáh,
lâceð on lyfte, ôð þät lengre ne bið
westem wudubeámes : þonne he on wyrtruman
25 sîgeð swoncenferð sâwle bireáfod,
fealleð on foldan, feorð bið on sîðe.
Sum sceal on fêðe on feorwegas
nŷde gongan and his nest beran,
tredan ûriglâst elþeódigra
30 frêone foldan : âh he feormendra
lyt lifgendra ; lâð bið æghwær
fore his wonsceaftum wineleás häle.
. . . . . .

Sum sceal on geóguðe mid godes meahtum
his earfoðsîð ealne forspildan
60 and on yldo eft eádig weorðan,
wunian wyndagum and welan þicgan,
mâðmas and meoduful mægburge on,
þäs þe sænig fira mæge forð gehealdan.
Swâ missenlîce meahtig dryhten
65 geond eorðan sceát callum dæleð,
scyreð and scrîfeð and gesceapo healdeð :

Translation.

To some that make music in life's morning hour
Pining days are appointed of plaint at its close.
One the wild wolf shall eat, hoary haunter of wastes ;
His mother shall mourn the small strength of man.
One shall sharp hunger slay ; one the storms shall beat down ;
One by darts be destroyed, one die in the war.
One shall live after losing the light of his eyes,
Feeling blindly with fingers ; and one, lame of foot,
With sinew-wounds wearily wasteth away,
Musing and mourning, with death in his mind.
One, failing feathers, shall fall from the height
Of the tall forest tree : yet he trips as though flying,
Plays proudly in air till he reaches the point
Where the woodgrowth is weak ; life then whirls in his brain ;
Bereft of his reason, he sinks to the root,
Falls flat on the ground, his life fleeting away.
One shall go grieving, and great be his need,
Afoot on the far ways, his food in his hand,
Press dew on the paths of the perilous lands
Where strangers may strike, where live none to sustain
All shun the desolate, because he is sad.
. . . . . .
To one, God shall grant to get through in his youth
All the days of distress, that, his sorrow dispersed,
His old age becomes easy with use of his goods,
His life becomes lucky, and gladdened with love ;
His caskets and mead-cups as costly and full
As any can earn to bestow on his own.
So does God diversely deal out to men
Their lots over earth ; for so He, the Almighty,
Will appoint each his portion, provide each his share.

§ 44. ON THE FALSENESS OF MEN.

The beginning of this piece is lost. Only 47 lines remain. Indeed, the poem was well-nigh disappearing altogether. It was found only by chance, along with several other pieces, in A.D. 1823, in an old book at Vercelli, in Northern Italy. It is evidently of the same class as the other pieces among which we here place it. The writer takes a very gloomy view of society; but the "Falseness of Men" is not a novel theme. It is pleasant, however, to observe the absence of any sinister remarks on the character of woman. In our "Metrical Proverbs" there are indeed a few half cynical expressions against naughty women, but as a rule throughout the Saxon and Teutonic Literatures woman is scarcely ever mentioned without the greatest respect. And, by way of contrast, we might here remark that the nation which has been called the most polite in Europe has, in its early literature and popular songs and poems, like the "Roman de la Rose," the most frequently railed at the fickleness of the Fair.

Anlîce beóð,
swâ þâ beón berað butu ätsomne
20 ârlîcne anleofan and ætterne tägel
habbað on hindan, hunig on mûðe,
wynsume vist: hwîlum wundiað
sâre mid [swice], þonne se sæl cymeð.
swâ beóð gelîce þâ leásan men,

25 þâ þe mid tungan treówa gehâtað
fägerum wordum, fâcenlîce þencað,
ðonne hie ät nêhstan nearwe beswîcað:
habbað on gehâtum hunigsmäccas,
smêðne sybcwide and in siofan innan
30 ðurh deófles cräft dyrne wunde."
swâ is nu þes middangeard mânê geblonden,
wanað and weaned. Wacað se ealda,
ðweleð end drêfeð däges and nihtes
miltse mid mâne, mägene getrŷweð,
35 êhteð æfästra, invit sâweð
nîð mid geneahe: nænig ôðerne
freóð in fyrhðe nimðe feára hwylc,
ðät he sôdlîce sybbe healde,
gâstlîce lufe, swâ him god bebeâd.

Translation.

Men are like bees, which bear about
Both honest food in honied mouths
And have behind envenomed horns,
With which they wound when chance arrives—
So many act, false-minded men,
Who with their tongues will promise truth,
Speak fair with words, but think of fraud,
When they at last by art allure;
Their phrases smack like honeyed smiles,
And smooth discourse, that they in sooth,
May give dark wounds by devils' craft.
So now this land is led by guile,
And wanes and wastes. The devils watch,
And, day and night, vex and delay
God's grace by crime; they trust in craft,
Afflict the saints, and discord sow,
Make neighbours hate; none loves in heart
His fellow man, unless the few
Who would maintain peace with the world
And blissful love, as God them bade.

§ 45. ON THE MINDS OF MEN.

In this piece, of 84 lines, the writer speaks of having received his information from a sage of ancient days, deeply learned in books, and of a pious mind. A subject like this might have been discussed at any length; for it is truly said in one of our Gnomic poems, or metrical Proverbs, which we shall afterwards discuss:

"So many men as are on earth, so many are their minds."

This is certainly the last written of this class of reflective Didactic poems; for as the "Partridge," which is the last of the pieces about animals, closes with a "Finit," so this piece is terminated with an "Amen."

Đonne bið þam ôðrum ungelîce
se þe her on eorðan eáðmôd leofað
and wið gesibbra gehwone simle healdeð
freóde on folce and his feónd lufað,
þeáh þe he him âbylgnesse oft gefremede,
willum in þisse worulde. Se môt wuldres dreám
in hâligna hyht heonan âstîgan
on engla card. Ne bið þam ôðrum swâ,
se þe on ofermêdum eargum dædum—
leofað in leohtrum: ne beóð þá leán gelîc
mid wuldorcyning! Wite þe be þissum,
gif þu edðmôdne eorl gemête
þegn on þeóde: þam bið simle
gäst gegäderæd godes âgen bearn
wilsum in worlde, gif me se wîtega ne leág.

Forþon me seculon â hycgende hælo rædes
gemunan in môde mæla gehwylcum
þone sêlestam sîgora waldend ! Amen.

Translation.

Unlike to those who act amiss,
Is he who here most humbly walks,
And with his foe, as with his friend,
Maintaineth peace among mankind,
Though oft they give him grave offence,
With forethought planned, in various forms.
Such shall ascend to heavenly scenes,
And dwell above with saints in bliss—
In angels' land. But others live
In impious deeds, presumptuous, proud,
And joy in crimes. To them the King
Of Glory grants not equal grace.
If thou shouldst meet an humble man
Among the folk, mark him by this :
God's Son is still his constant guest,
His welcome friend, in weal and woe—
Unless the wise man tells me wrong.
Hence we should aye have in our minds
The word of life, and think of God,
Who forms and guides the fates of men ! Amen.

§46. CHARMS AND INCANTATIONS.

Many of the preceding poems, as regards their contents and tone, might have been written yesterday; but the following collection, which are probably only the remains of countless others of the kind, must belong, in their earliest form, to the very oldest compositions of the English tongue; and if that earliest form had not been worked over, and changed, and lost, we should properly have placed them in an early chapter. Some of them are so antique as to be scarcely comprehensible, and others seem to us to-day little more than gibberish. But we prize them highly; for some of them are very beautiful in themselves, true and unaffected religious lyrics, which have descended into myths and incantations, and they refer to a world which cannot be revived; they are, like our strong verbs and so-called irregular nouns, essentially a thing of the past, and can never be increased. The old Teutonic dispensation, its deities, and all the host of smaller tutelary beings, who were invoked by our forefathers at the hour of death, or in times of hope and fear, have passed away for ever; but in some of these poetic charms and incantations their ancient adoration has partly survived, like straws preserved in amber.

The following six naïve and simple poems occur in the Saxon *Leech Books* and *Herbarium*, and were only first edited, along with numerous prose pieces of a similar nature, by Mr Cockayne in 1866, in his "Saxon Leechdoms, &c." The MSS, which date from shortly after the year A.D. 900, are in the British Museum or in the Oxford and Cambridge Libraries. But there are

probably many other pieces of this sort still lingering disguised in nursery rhymes, and in broken snatches in the mouths of the people up and down the land, and even in library manuscripts, which still await a thorough collection and proper classification.

Most of these Leechdoms, or Medical Writings, are simply prescriptions and recipes for the use of herbs and drugs; for it was from these unadulterated medicines that the Saxons drew their cures for all bodily infirmities; and this "Vegetarian Theory," in a certain form, seems to be becoming prevalent again. The herbs and drugs had only to be prepared in a certain way, as "Leeches, *i.e.*, *doctors* know how," and accompanied by a certain incantation. The charm or incantation generally included the patient's name, and the name, thrice, or thrice three times pronounced, of one or more of the Teutonic Deities—frequently that of Woden, or Odin, the All-Father and Supreme God of all the early English and Germanic peoples; or of Thor, the Thunder, his almighty son; or of Freya, his lovely wife, the Venus of the Gothic world, the Mary of the Church of Rome. And these divinities have not yet died out; the middle day of our week is sacred to Woden, or at least still bears his name, and many a spot throughaut the land reveals likewise how wide-spread was his worship; his offspring and his bride survive in *Thor's*-day and *Fri*-day; while Tiu, the god of Victory, salutes us every *Tue's*-day morning. But it was in these formulas of incantation that down-right heathenism held its ground the longest and the most tenaciously against the influence of early Christianity. The Church, though it employed an official exorcist, was unable to root out these pagan practices, and so it tried to fling a garb of religion around them by absorbing them into its system. It tolerated these superstitions better, when it had replaced the names of Woden, and Freya and Thor, and the other heroes of Walhalla, by

the names of Christ, and Mary, and the Apostles, saints and martyrs of the Christian Church. In the end the cause of Christ advanced and prevailed, and Woden, like the monster Grendel, retreated to the northern heaths and moorlands; while the devil became the heir of all the pagan powers of evil, many of whom managed to live on apart as his baneful ministers, in the form of malicious witches, horrid nightmares, teasing elves, or as the less harmful sprites and gnomes. So Moffat tells of certain tribes in Africa which had no word for the idea of God; once, it can be shown, their language had such a word, but like the Northern gods, it had degraded and become synonymous for a kind of "Will o' the wisp." But monuments of the grafting period in our two dispensations are still extant, where Woden and Christ are invoked together; and in the following charm for the disenchantment of a field bewitched of fruitfulness, the Virgin Mary is addressed directly after Mother Earth, and the great vault of the Sky.

CHARM FOR BEWITCHED LAND.

25 Eastweard ic stande, arena ic me bidde,
bidde ic þone mæran *domine*, bidde ðone miclan
bidde ic ðone haligan heofonrices weard; [drihten,
eorðan ic bidde and upheofon
and ða soþan sancta Marian
30 and heofones meaht and heahreced,
þæt ic mote þis gealdor mid gife drihtnes
toðum ontynan þurh trumne geþanc,
aweccan þas wæstmas us to woruldnytte,
gefyllan þas foldan mid fæste geleafan,
35 wlitigigan þas wancgturf, swa se witega cwæð,
þæt se hæfde are on eorþrice, se þe sælmyssan
dælde domlice drihtnes þances.

Erce, Erce, Erce, eorþan modor,
50 geunne þe se alwalda, ece drihten,
æcera wexendra and wridendra,
eacniendra and elniendra,
sceafta heries, scire-wæstma
and þære bradan bere wæstma
55 and þære hwitan hwæte wæstma
and ealra eorþan wæstma,
Geunne him ece drihten
and his halige, þe on heofonum synt,
þæt hys yrþ si gefriþod wiþ ealra feonda gehwæne,
60 and heo si geborgen wiþ ealra bealwa gehwylc,
þara lyblaca geond land sawen.
Nu ic bidde þone waldend, se þe þas woruld gesceop,
þæt ne sy nan to þæs cwidol wif ne to þæs cræftig man,
þæt awendan ne mæge word þus gecwedene.

65 Hal wes þu, folde, fira modor,
beo þu growende on godes fæþme,
fodre gefylled firum to nytte.

Ful æcer fodres fira cinne,
beorht-blowende, þu gebletsod weorþ
75 þæs haligan noman, þe þas heofon gesceop
and þas eorþan, þe we on lifiaþ;
se god, se þas grundas geworhte, geunne us growende gife,
þæt us corna gehwylc cume to nytte.

Translation.

Eastwards I turn, favours I seek,
I pray the great Master, God's grace I bespeak,
I pray to the gracious Guardian on high,
To Earth do I pray, and I pray to the Sky,
I pray unto Mary, saint truest of all,
To the Powers above, and the heavenly Hall:
That I may be able to utter this charm,
With favour from God, and with mind fixed and firm,
To wake crops from the seed,
In this world for our need,
That the fields may be filled all firmly with faith,
That the soil may grow green, as the sage saith,
That he may have honour, deal alms, and give mirth,
With abundance and thanks to the Lord, upon earth,

(*Here follow some strange directions in prose how the seed should be sown; after which is to be said*):—

Erce! Erce! Erce! Mother of Earth!
The Almighty God grant thee, the Lord, the Eternal,
Fields fertile, and flowering, autumnal and vernal,
Abundance of ears, excellent growth!
Augmenting, increasing, aye, early and late,
Crops of broad barley,
Crops of white wheat,
And crops of all kinds on the earth be there given.
May the Lord grant, and His Hallows in heaven,
That against every fiend be protected this farm,
That round be it edged against every harm,
Which sorcerers sow through the land.
And now I pray the Prince, by whom the world was planned,
That n'er be wife so evil-tongued, nor e'er so skilled a man,
Who may this spoken charm undo, or lay a counter ban.

(*Then after the first furrow say*):—

Hail to thee, Earth!
Who brought'st men to birth!
Fertile be thou, defended of God,
To feed all mankind be thou filled with food.

(*Then lay a loaf baked with milk and holy water under the furrow and say*):—

Field! bring forth fully fodder for men,
Be blessed, bright blooming, both now and again,
In His holy name, Who heaven has made,
And likewise the earth whereon we are stayed;
May the Lord grant, Who these fields did form,
Unto us growing grace, and that every germ
May come to our good.

§ 47 FOR A SUDDEN STITCH;

In this pretty little piece a person seized by sudden stinging pains, believes himself wounded by the darts of gigantic women, or by elves and gods, who pass over the land with loud noise. Another seeks to cure him by standing covered with his shield when the hags let fly their whistling spears; and whilst relating the accident as it occurred, he digresses frequently to conjure the dart to come out or dissolve, whether it be in skin or flesh or blood or bone.

Wiŏ fæstice feferfuige and seo reade netele, ŏe þurh sern inwyxŏ, and wegbrade; wyll in buteran.

Hlude wæran hy, la hlude, ŏa hy ofer þone hlæw
wæran anmode, ŏa hy ofer land ridan. [ridan;
5 Scyld ŏu ŏe nu, þu ŏysne niŏ geneesan mote:
ut, lytel spere, gif her inne sie!
Stod under liude under leohtum scylde,
þær ŏa mihtigan wif hyra mægen bersæddon
and hy gyllende garas sændan.
10 Ic him oŏerne eft wille sændan
fleogende flanne forane togeanes:
ut, lytel spere, gif hit her inne sy!

. . . . . .

16 ut, lytel spere, gif her inne sy!
Syx smiŏas sætan, wælspera worhtan:
ut, spere; næs in, spere!
gif her inne sy isenes dæl,
hægtessan geweorc, hit sceal gemyltan!

20 Gif ðu wære on fell scoten oððe wære on flæsc scoten
oððe wære on blod scoten oððe *wære on ban scoten*
oððe wære on lið scoten; næfre ne sy ðin lif atæsed;
gif hit wære esa gescoot oððe hit wære ylfa gescoot
oððe hit wære hægtessan gescoot: nu ic wille ðin helpan.
25 þis ðe to bote esa gescotes, ðis ðe to bote ylfa gescotes,
ðis ðe to bote hægtessan gescotes: ic ðin wille helpan.

Translation.

For sudden stitch Feverfue and the red nettle which waxeth about a dwelling and roadways; boil them in butter—

Loud they were, lo! loud, as they rode o'er the hill,
Stout they were in mind, as o'er the hill they rode.
Shield thee now, and cure this ill;
Out little spear, if herein it be!
He stood behind a linden shield, beneath a linden wood,
Where the mighty maidens their magic forces showed,
Whence their yelling spears they hurled in vengeful mood.
But I to them will send another spear again,
A flying feathered arrow sent with might and main.
Out, little spear, if herein it be!
. . . . .
Out, little spear, if herein it be!
Six smiths sat, slaughter spears sledged they,
Out spear, out, in do not stay!
If a splinter of spear, the work of a witch,
Be in it shall melt; go out shall the stitch.
If shot in the flesh, or shot in the skin,
Or shot in the blood, or shot in the bone,
Or shot in the limb, thy life were undone.
If shot by an Aesir, or shot by an elf,
Or shot by a witch, I'll save thee myself.
This be thy boot for Aesir bolt, this be thy aid for elfin dart,
This be thy cure for witch's will, I'll heal thee by my art.
Then take the knife and plunge it in water.

§ 48. FOR CATCHING A SWARM OF BEES.

I believe there are still extant in country places many charms thought efficacious for staying the flight of swarms of bees.

Nim eorþan, oferweorp mid þinre swiþran handa under þinum swiþran fet *and* cweð:

'Fo ic under fot, funde ic hit.
Hwæt, eorðe mæg wið ealra wihta gehwilce
5 *and* wið andan *and* wið æminde
and wið þa micelan mannes tungan.'

And wið on forweorp ofer greot, þonne hi swirman, *and* cweð:

'Sitte ge, sigewif, sigað to eorþan!
næfre ge wilde to wudu fleogan!
10 Beo ge swa gemindige mines godes,
swa bið manna gehwilc metes *and* eþeles.

Translation.

Take earth and throw it with thy right hand under thy left foot and say:

"I take under foot, it might I find;
What earth may avail against every kind
Of hatred and wrong,
And man's mickle tongue."

Then throw some gravel where they swarm and say:

"Sit ye down, ladies, to the ground sink,
N'er be so wild as to fly to the wood,
As each man is mindful of his meat and drink,
So be ye mindful aye of my good."

§49. THE NINE WORTS CHARM.

This peculiar charm, of 46 long lines, on the power of worts or roots, has some very dark allusions. The reference to Aldorford is not clear; the worm may be a monster similar to Grendel; Woden is here still looked upon as a beneficent deity, which would point to the great antiquity of the original poem; and the title "Lord" may even refer to him, for in such pieces it does not always mean the God of Jacob.

Gemyne þu, Mægþe, hwæt þu ameldodest,
hwæt ðu geændadest æt Alorforda:
25 þæt næfre for gefloge feorh ne gesealde,
syþðan him mon Mægðan to mete gegyrede
Þis is seo wyrt, ðe Wergulu hatte;
ðas onsænde seolh ofer sæs hryge
ondan attres oþres to bote.
30. Þas VIIII. ongan wið nygon attrum.
Wyrm com snican, toslat he man:
ða genam Woden VIIII wuldortanas,
sloh ða þa næddran, þæt heo on VIIII tofleah.
Þær geændade æppel *ond* attor,
35 . . . . . .
þæt heo næfre ne wolde on hus bugan.
Fille *ond* Finule, fela mihtigu twa,
þa wyrte gesceop witig drihten,
halig on heofonum; þa he hongode,
40 sette *ond* sænde on VII worulde
earmum *ond* eadigum eallum to bote.

Stond heo wiŏ wærce, stunaŏ heo wiŏ attre,
seo mæg wiŏ III *ond* wiŏ XXX,
wiŏ feondes hond *ond* wiŏ þæs *fagan* hond.*

. . . . . .

Translation.

Remember now, Maythen, what from thee we heard,
What thou saidst, and accomplishedst at old Alderford;
That never fatally fell the man
Who quickly from the evil ran,
Since man as a medicine Maythen prepared.
This is the wort, which Wergulé hight;
This sent off the seal o'er the sea's surge
The venom of other poisons to purge.
These nine gainst nine poisons constantly fight.
A worm came once sneaking to slaughter a man:
When nine wondrous twigs to work Woden began,
Wherewith he then the nadder slew,
That in nine bits it flew.
There the crab-apple ended and likewise the sore,
. . . . . .
That it should come into house never more.
Finulé and Fillé, a very mighty twain,
The wise and holy God, who in the sky doth reign,
These worts made so;
Them He hung on high, and them He did ordain
Through seven worlds to go,
Mongst rich and poor
All ills to cure.
It stands against poison, it stands against pain;
It stands against three, against thirty it goes;
It stands against fiends, and it stands against foes.
. . . . . .

* *For these six pieces (§46—§51) on charms we have used the critical text of Prof. Wülcker, who gives in all eight such pieces, but it is hardly necessary to insert the other two here.*

§ 50. CHARM TO FIND LOST CATTLE.

There are at least three snatches of this sort for the finding of lost cattle; but some of them hardly come into the domain of poetry. Cattle lifting was a favourite traffic for the idle among all pastoral peoples. This piece reminds us somewhat of Kingsley's "Mary, call the cattle home."

Garmund, godes ðegen,
find þæt feoh and fere þæt feoh
and hafa þæt feoh and heald þæt feoh
and fere ham þæt feoh,
10 þæt he næfre nabbe landes, þæt he hit oðlæde,
ne foldan, þæt he hit oðferie,
ne husa, þæt he hit oðhealde.
Gyf hyt hwa gedo, ne gedige hit him næfre!
Binnan þrym nihtum cunne ic his mihta, his mægen and his mundcræftas.
15 Eall he weornige, swa fyer wudu weornie,

Translation.

Garmund, servant of God,
Find these cattle and fetch these cattle,
And have these cattle and hold these cattle,
And bring these cattle home;
That he may ne'er have land to lead them to,
Nor grounds to graze them on,
Nor house to hold them in.
If any one should do this deed,
May he ne'er succeed.
Within three nights I will try his strength,
His might, his main, his watching power,
As fire withers wood, may he wither
At length.

§51. AGAINST A WARTY ERUPTION.

Charms and magic cures for warts are still employed, and I believe effectually. In a similar manner I have known the pains of burns put away by the strange incantations of an old woman; and I have seen the blood from a great hook-thrust in the leg of a shearer stopped by some equally incomprehensible means.

Her com in gangan, in spider wiht,
10 hæfde him his haman on handa;
cwæð þæt þu his hæncgest wære.
Lege þe his teagean sweoran.
Ongunnan him of þæm lande liþan:
sona swa hy of þæm lande coman, þa ongunnan him þa colian.
15 Þa com ingangan deores sweostar, þa geændade heo
and aðas swor, ðæt næfre þis ðæm adlegan derian ne moste
ne þæm þe þis galdor begytan mihte
oððe þe þis galdor ongalan cuþe.

Translation.

Here came in a spider wight,
Had his hands upon his back,
Quoth thou wert his hackney sprite;
Lay thyself against his neck.
They began from land to pull;
As soon as from
The land they come
Then they begin to cool.
A wild beast's sister then came o'er,
Then she ceased, and oaths she swore,
That never this the sick could harm,
Nor him who understood the charm,
Nor him who could the charm recite. Amen, fiat

§ 52. I. GNOMIC VERSES;
OR METRICAL PROVERBS.

These four pieces are a miscellaneous collection of maxims and descriptions thrown together, in the manner of the Gnomic Poetry of the Greeks, without much attempt at systematic arrangement. They are simple Saxon proverbs, in alliterative garb, and resemble in their contents and disconnected order the *Proverbs of Solomon*. They afford valuable insight into the ways of human life and thought in the oldest Saxon times. Many of these sayings must have been the commonest passwords with the Anglo-Saxon tribes before they came to Britain; for these pieces are undoubtedly of a very ancient origin, and even in their present form reminiscences of heathen days frequently crop up, although the general tone is Christian. Man is often represented in a very rustic and primæval state, living in the woods with wolves for his companions; brute force is his main resource, though softer councils are likewise given; the thief or brigand and the giant-monster are common individuals who sneak alone in the fens and mountains. Woman is here characterised less sparingly than in any other part of our early extant poetry. We are told "the rambling wife scatters words; she is spoken of with contempt, her face is often smitten." She is deceitful and unchaste. And although "The Frisian wife welcomes her sailor-husband home" upon the beach, yet when he sails away again, she makes love to another man. We might remark, however, here with a sort of national pride that this charge of unfaithfulness is attributed not to the Saxon, but to the "Frisian" wife. As Fries-

land is a Dutch province, it was very probably among them that Wagner's famous "Flying Dutchman" received his first impressions of the inconstancy of the sailor's bride. The Frisians, nevertheless, helped considerably in the conquering and peopling of Britain.

The first three of these Metrical Proverbs are found in the Exeter Codex, and form, as it were, three chapters of one book. They contain altogether 206 long lines, the first piece ending at line 71, and the second at line 138.—

I. In this first piece the 71 lines have frequently been made of extraordinary length by the addition of half lines; and the poem has been put together from early scattered sayings and broken pieces, collected and set down promiscuously, the alliteration alone suggesting the arrangement. At the beginning a minstrel is introduced who demands his audience to exchange their hidden lore in return for the communications he shall give, since gleemen should discourse in alternate songs.

Swâ bið sæ smilte
þonne hy wind ne weceð,
swâ beóð þeóda geþwære, þonne hy geþingad habbað,
gesittað him on gesundum þingum and þonne mid gesîðum healdað
cêne men gecynde rîce. Cyning bið anwealdes georn,
lâð se þe londes monað, leóf se þe mâre beódeð.
Þrym sceal mid wlenco, þrîste mid cênum,
sceolun bu recene beadwe fremman.
Eorl sceal on eós bôge, eórod sceal getrume rîdan,
fäste fêða stondan. Fæmne ät hyre bordan gerîseð:

wîdgongel wîf word gespringeð; oft hy mon wommum beȧlîð,
hälеð hy hospê mænað; oft hyre hleór âbreóðeð.
Sceomiande man sceal in sceade hweorfan, scîr in leóhte gerîseð.
Hond sceal heafod inwyrcan, hord in streónum bîdan,
gifstôl gegierwed stondan, gif hine guman gedælen.
Gîfre bið, se þam golde onfêhð, guma þäs on heáhsetle geneah.
Leán sceal, gif we leógan nellað, þam þe us þâs lisse geteóde.

Translation.

As the sea smileth, when the winds vex it not, so are people peaceable when they have made alliance, they settle down on prosperous conditions, and then bold men hold with their companions the ancestral dominion.

A king is greedy of power; hated is he who extorteth the land, beloved is he who offers more.

Pomp goeth with riches, boldness with the brave, both shall quickly stir up strife.

The earl shall ride on horse-back, cavalry ride with the army, the foot-soldiers stand fast.

A maiden is becoming in her bower; a visiting wife scattereth words; often she is disgraced with calumnies; a good man speaketh of her with contempt; oft her cheek is smitten.

A man shall turn in ashamed in the darkness; in the light he seemeth clear.

The hand shall work with the head; treasure abideth by the bolster; the throne shall remain adorned, if the heroes support it.

Greedy is he who receiveth gold; a hero by the throne is better.

Thanks are due, if we speak the truth, unto Him who showed so much favour.

§ 53. II. GNOMIC VERSES,

The second piece or chapter, of 67 lines, contains fewer supplemental half lines than Chapter I.; it is also more poetic, and generally more clear and precise. It is here we are told of the dear, bland, faithless "Frisian wife." Towards the end Woden is contrasted with God, to the disparagement of the fading Teuton deity: "Woden wrought idols, but the Almighty the great vault of Heaven."

Forst sceal freósan, fŷr wudu meltan,
eorðe grôwan, îs bryegian,
wäterhelm wegan, wundrum lûcan
75 eorðan cîðas: ân sceal inbindan
forstes fetre fela-meahtig god;
winter sceal geweorpan, weder eft cuman
sumor swegle hât, sund unstille:
deóp deáda wæg dyrne bið lengest.
80 Holen sceal inäled, yrfe gedæled
deádes monnes. Dôm bið sêlast.
Cyning sceal mid ceápe cwêne gebiegan,
bunum and beágum: bu sceolonærest
geofum gôd wesan. Gûð sceal in eorle
85 wîg geweaxan and wîf geþeón
leóf u id hyre leódum, leóhtmôd wesan,
rûne healdan, rûmheort beón
mearum and mâðmum, meodorædenne
for gesîðmägen aimle aghwær
90 eodor äðelinga ærest gegrêtan,
forman fullê tô freán hond.

ricene geræcan and him ræd witan
bold-âgendum bæm ätsomne.
Scip sceal genägled, scyld gebunden,
leóht linden bord, leóf wilcuma
frysan wîfe, þonne flota stondeð:
bið his ceól cumen and hyre ceorl tô hâm,
âgen ætgeofa, and heó hine in laðað,
wäsceð his warig hrägl and him syleð wæde niwe
lið him on londe, þäs his lufu bædeð.
Wîf sceal wið wer wäre gehealdan: oft hi mon vommum be*h*lið;
fela bið fästhydigra, fela bið fyrwetgeornra,
freóð hy fremde monnan, þonne se ôðer feor gewiteð.

Translation.

The frost shall freeze; fire wood devours;
The earth grows green with vernal showers;
The water's arched and icy coat
Shall always bear like timbered boat,
And strangely gird with crystal wreath
Earth's green and tender blades beneath.
But One, the God of mighty mind,
Shall still the fettered frosts unbind.
The winter's rage shall pass away,
And spring lead back bright summer's day.
The trembling sea shall smile again,
And long deep waves roll on the main.
The hollies food for fires provide;
The dead man's goods are scattered wide.
But honour still is fairest fame.
The King shall buy his royal dame,
With gold, and cups, and jewels rare;
But both shall first their presents share.
The man still waging wars shall go;
The woman gentle heart shall show,
By all be loved, of lenient mood,
Keep secrets safe, give presents good
And garnished steeds at meadbouts sweet,

And first amidst his thanes shall greet
The worthy prince, the nobles' stay,
And unto him high reverence pay,
To him the brimming bowl first bear,
And council seek in household care.
Ships should be fastened, strong and tight,
Shields bound with bark of linden light.
To Frisian wife her lord is dear,
When in the bay the ships appear;
The ship brings home her sailor boy
She leads him in, elate with joy,
Her husband and her household stay;
His weedy garments wet with spray,
And salt sea-foam, she washes new,
A fresh clean garb she gives him too;
For him now dwells upon the coast
That which his love had longed for most.
Wife with husband faith should hold;
Against them oft are slanders told;
Many are more firm of mind,
Many are more wise and kind;
But oft a stranger man she hails,
When far away the other sails!

§ 54. III. GNOMIC VERSES,

The 3rd chapter, of 68 lines, gives a number of reflections on the advantages of friendship, and on other very varying themes: on the charms of song, especially to the solitary man; the various minds of men, "so many men as are on earth, so many are their minds"; the helplessness of him who lives friendless and alone, "whose Fate is fixed;" and towards the end the origin of discord is deduced from the homicide of Cain.

Ræd sceal mon secgan, rûne wrîtan,
140 leóð gesingan, lofes gearnian,
dôm âreccan, däges onettan.
Til mon tiles and tomes meares,
cûðes and gecostes and calcrondes:
nænig fira tô fela gestrŷneð.
145 Wel mon sceal wine healdan on wega gehwylcum:
oft mon fêreð feor bî tûne, þær him wât freónd unwiotodne.
Wineleás wonsælig mon genimeð him wulfas tô gefêran,
fela fæcne deór: ful oft hine se gefêra alîteð.
Gryre sceal for greggum, gräf deádum men.
150 Hungrê heófeð, nales þät heáfê bewindeð
ne hûru wäl wêpeð wulf se græga,
morðorcwealm mäcga, ac hit â mâre wille.
Wræd sceal wunden, wracu heardum men.
Boga sceal sträle; sceal bâm gelîc
155 mon tô gemäccan. Mâðum ôðres weorð,

gold mon sceal gifan ; mäg god syllan
eádgum æhte and eft niman :
sele sceal stondan, sylf ealdian.
Licgende beám läsest grôweð.
160 Treó secolon brædan and treów weaxan
sió geond bilwitra breóst âriseð.
Wærleás mon and wonhydig,
sætrenmôd and ungetreów
þäs ne gŷmeð god.

Translation.

A speech is best when spoken, runes when written, songs when sung, praises when well earned, judgments when pronounced, and work when done by day.

The busy man requireth a ready horse, well tried, well known, and well shod. No man can grow rich in too many ways.

In every respect a man should stand well by his friend; one may often have to pass by a distant town without having a friend there.

The friendless, hapless man taketh for companions the wolves and treacherous beasts of prey: full oft such companions destroy him; let him shun such grey beasts, those graves of dead men!

The wolf howleth with hunger, but it weeps not at slaughter, for with joy it surroundeth dead men's corpses, and always wishes the carnage were greater.

Wreaths are for winding; punishments are decreed against hardened bad men.

The bow is made for the arrow; the man and his consort shall both be alike.

Treasure for treasure, a man shall give gold. God sometimes giveth wealth unto the rich, and afterwards taketh it away.

A house is built to stand, and grow old as it was made.

The fallen tree groweth least of all.

A tree shall grow broad; and truth shall wax strong, budding forth from the breast of good men.

Perfidious and thoughtless men, the malicious and untrue, of such God takes no care.

§ 55. IV. GNOMIC VERSES,

The 4th piece, of 66 long lines, is in the Cotton MS in Cambridge. It contains a number of very short and terse observations, generally two half lines to each, where the order seems guided solely by the alliteration. Among the things which stand unequalled in their kind, it is said: "Wind is swiftest; thunder loudest; winter coldest; summer brightest; old men wisest; truth the most deceptive; the power of Christ is great; the mightiest is Fate."

This piece seems properly to terminate these four chapters of Gnomic Verse; and they would almost appear to have been collected by the same individual. The conclusion of this piece is full of thought, and "peculiarly impressive."

Ðeóf sceal gangan in þýstrum wederum. Ðyrs sceal on fenne gewunian
âna innan lande. Ides sceal dyrnê cräftê
fêmne hire freónd geseccan, gif heó nelle on folce geþeón,
45 þät hi man beágum gebyege. Brim sceal sealt weallan,
lyfthelm and laguflôd ymb ealra landa gehwylc
flôwan firgenstreámas. Feoh sceal on eorðan
tydran and tŷman. Tungol sceal on heofenum
beorhte scînan, swâ him bebeád meotud.
50 Gôd sceal wið yfele, geógoð sceal wið ylde,
lif sceal wið deáðe, leóht sceal wið þýstrum,
fyrd wið fyrde, feónd wið ððrum
lâð wið lâðe ymb land sacan,

synne stælan. A sceal snotor hycgean
55 ymb þysse worulde gewinn, wearh hangian,
fägere ongildan, þät he ær fäcen dyde
manna cynne. Meotod ána wât,
hwyder seó sâwul sceal syöðan hweorfan
and ealle þâ gâstas, þe for gode hweorfaö
60 äfter deáðdäge, dômes bîdaö
on fäder fäðme. Is seó forögesceaft
dîgol and dyrne, drihten ána wât,
nergende fäder: nænig eft cymeö
hider under hrôfas, þe þät her for söö
65 mannum secge, hwylc sŷ meotodes gesceaft
sigefolca geseta, þær he sylfa wunaö.

Translation.

The thief stalketh in the darkness.

The giant is said to abide in the fen, alone in the interior of the land.

A woman, by secret craft, may bring a lover to her house, but she will lose her good reputation among the people, neither will she be sought in marriage with gifts.

The briny sea shall swell up, the clouds and ocean-floods and mountain streams shall sweep round every land.

The cattle on the hills shall bring forth, and rear their young.

The sun shall shine bright in the heavens according to the ordinance of God.

Good against evil, youth against eld, life against death, light against darkness, army against army, hatred against hatred, foe against foe, shall stalk through the land and wage incessant war.

The wise man is never unmindful of this continual strife in the world; the criminal shall hang high, and make ample restitution to mankind for his past evil deeds.

The Lord alone knoweth whither the soul shall go after death, and all the spirits which abandon God, awaiting their doom at the hands of the Almighty. The future, indeed, is dark and full of mystery; the Lord alone, the all-sustaining Father, knoweth it. No one cometh back again here under our roofs, that he, forsooth, might tell to mankind what their destiny may be in the abodes of the dead, where he himself dwells.

§ 56. THE FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

This didactic piece, of 94 long lines, in 10 sections, introduces to us a wise father instructing his son in wisdom and virtue. The general idea seems taken from the *Proverbs of Solomon*. The advice is often simple and commonplace, and reveals to us no high-strung idealistic philosopher, but a loving, sensible, homely Saxon father, endowed with practical wisdom and a certain experience in the ways of the world. But at times he speaks in the manner of Polonius to Laertes—"Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act. Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice. Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

Feorðan síðê fäder eft lærde
môdleófne magan, þät he gemunde þis:
"Ne âswîc sundorwine, ac â symle gehealdd
ryhtum gerisnum! ræfn elnê þis,
þät þu næfre fæcne weorðe freónde þînum!"

Fîftan síðê fäder eft ongon
breóstgeþoncum his bearn læran:
"Druncen beorg þe and dollig word,
mân on môde and in mûðe lyge
yrre and æfeste and idese lufan!
forþon sceal æwiscmôd oft síðian,
se þe gewîteð in wîfes lufan,
fremdre meowlan: þær bið â firena wên,

lâðlîcre scome, long nîð wið god,
geótende gielp. Wes þu giedda wîs,
wär wið willan, worda hyrde !"
Siextan sîðê swæs eft ongon
þurh blîðne geþoht his bearn læran :
" Ongiet georne, hwät sŷ gôd oððe yfel
and tôsceâd simle scearpê môdê
in sefan þînum and þe â þät sêlle geceóse !

Translation..

In the fourth place, the father then instructed his beloved son above all things to remember never to abandon a tried friend, but always to consider him with equal justice; to do so with all his might, and in small things as in great to shield his reputation.

In the fifth place, the father again communicated to his offspring the thoughts of his heart, saying : Beware of drunkenness, and foolish conversation, of a mind evilly disposed, and of a tongue given to falsehood; be on thy guard against anger, and the envying of others, and the love of strange women ! For he who seeketh after the love of strange women shall often undergo confusion and disgrace; there will always be a feeling of guilt and miserable shame, long estrangement from God, and overweening vanity. Be thou therefore, my son, wise in thy speaking, cautious in the expression of thy wishes, and careful of thy words.

In the sixth place, the loving father began once more to instruct his son in gentle counsel, saying unto him : " Distinguish clearly between that which is good and that which is evil; always discriminate wisely, and ever choose the good" !

§ 57. THE RUNE SONG.

The "Rune Song" has in its background a very great antiquity, and is closely related to the oldest popular Teutonic poetry; though in its present form it is not of a very early date, and it has sometimes a Christian setting. It is a poetic interpretation of the names of 29 letters of the Runic alphabet. Each of these symbols is described in a strophe of three, or sometimes four or five, long alliterative lines, and the whole poem contains 29 strophes, or 94 lines.

It was thought that the earliest Runic alphabet possessed only 16 letters; but Professor Stephens, the greatest of authorities, in his noble work on Runes, maintains that even the oldest Runes were very numerous. They had different values and powers; in our poem they are generally taken to represent the object of whose name they form the initial letter. Their importance and mystery became exceedingly great.* In the Eddas their invention or introduction is attributed to Odin. They became the signs and symbols of heroes and of gods. They were believed to be endowed with magic properties: were used in divinations to reveal things present, past, and future. The earliest Epic Legends are sometimes faintly preserved in these Runic symbols. The Rune Ing bears the name of the divine ancestor of the *Ing*-aevones, who inhabited the low coast-lands of North Germany, and whose name perhaps recurs in the first syllable of our *Ang*-les or *Eng*-lish. In the time of Tacitus the German races celebrated in very ancient songs their Earth-born god and primal father, Tuisco (who survives in our *Tue's*-day) and his son Manus. This

* *See note on Runic Lore, page* 174 *and* 175.

Manus had three children, the primæval ancestors of the three chief nations of Germania, viz., the *Ing-aevones*, Isc-aevones, and Hermiones. In verse 22 our poem says: "Ing was first seen among the East Danes...the chariot rolled after." The chariot was the emblem of Ing, who was the same as Frea, who was the brother of Freya, who was the wife of Woden and generally synonymous with Earth. This, says the editor of the "Northern Antiquities," was a doctrine of the hoariest antiquity and received by many ancient peoples, and by all Teutonic nations, viz., that the supreme God, Woden, or Teut, or Tuisco, the active principle, the Soul of the world, had united itself with matter, or married Mother Earth, which thus became capable of producing other intelligences such as man. Woden's spouse bears many names—Freya, and Frigga, and Gerda, &c., but they are mostly all synonymous with Earth. This Rune Song would thus reveal a reminiscence of the birthday of our race; and the Legend would appear to place the *Eng*-lish name and people among the earliest of the great Teutonic brotherhood of nations.

Another ancient reminiscence is the mention of the oak (acorn) as the staple of food for man. So Ovid speaks of primæval man feeding upon acorns, until Ceres found him grain.

22 Ing wäs æerest mid Eástdenum
gesewen secgum, ðð he siððan eft
ofer wæg gewât, wæn äfter ran:
þus Heardingas þone häleð nemdun.

23 Eðel byð oferleóf æghwylcum men,
gif he môt þær rihtes and gerysna on
brûcan on bolde blædum oftast.

24 Däg byð dryhtnes sond, deóre mannum,
mære metodes leóht, myrgð and tôhyht
eádgum and earmum, eallum brŷce.

25 Ac byð on eorðan elda bearnum
flæsces fôdor, fêreð gelôme
ofer ganotes bäð: gârsecg fandað,
hwäðer âc häbbe äðele treówe.

26 Asc byð oferheáh, eldum dŷre,
stîð on staðule, stede rihte hylt,
þeáh him feohtan on firas monige.

27 Yr byð äðelinga wyn and eorla gehwäs
wyn and weorðmynd, byð on wicge fäger
fästlic on färelde fyrdgeatewa sum.

Translation.

22 Ing, 'mong the East Danes men first did behold,
But afterwards then o'er the ocean he rolled;
The Wain followed after, to eastwards, to light;
Thus 'mong the Hardings this hero hight.

23 Ethel, the home land, is cherished, and dear
To each son of man, if he only there
With justice and right can always reside,
Protected in peace by his own fireside.

24 Day is God's angel; and brings with its birth
The bright light of heaven, and gladness and mirth
To rich and to poor, and to all upon earth.

25 Oak is on earth, for the sons of mankind,
The staple of food; fast with the wind
O'er the path of the gannet, it sails quick along,
The ocean will try if its timber be strong.

26 Ash groweth lofty, firm on its base,
Much valued by men, it holds fast to its place;
Yet oft as a weapon it heroes employ,
To fight and to slay and each other destroy.

27 Yew[1] is of nobles and heroes the sport,
For honor and glory to it men resort,
Firmly on horseback it hasteth away,
Fair in the journey of martial array.

1 bow.

RUNIC LORE.

It is in the weird-like Scandinavian poem, the "Brynhilda Quida," or the song of Siegfried and Brunhilda, that the doctrine of the Runes is most plainly revealed. Brunhilda, a daughter of the gods, a Walkuria divine and fair, was put into a perpetual sleep by Odin for her manifested love to mortals. She lay upon a height embowered in the trackless forests of Franconia, surrounded by a fence of shields and by a circling flame. She should never wake from that enchanted sleep, unless some hero, who knew not fear, should force his way through shields and flame, and break the spell of the curse. Sigurd (Siegfried) beheld the light, and pierced the flame, and waked the sleeping goddess. She found him fair and king-like, and gave to him "Den Minnetrank," and they mutually plighted their troth. Sigurd begged his bride to teach him in the lore of Runes, which she knew so well; and in her awakened gratitude and new kindled love, just as an ordinary mortal might have done, she made to him revelations which she had afterwards cause to regret; for her first communications brought about the ruin of them both. Her description of the Runic lore is the completest known. She said: "Drink I give thee, mingled with might and with the power of gods; full of songs and charms and persuading words, and the art of winning favours. If thou wilt be victorious, thou must know *Runes of Victory*, carve them on the handle and blade of thy sword, twice naming Tyr (the God of Victory). *Drink Runes* thou must know, if thou wilt maintain thy power over the maiden whom thou lovest; thou shalt score them on thy drink-horn, on the back of thy hand, and the word *Need* on thy nail. Bless the full cup to guard thee from all danger, lay herbs in thy bed—then I know that no mead can be mixed to thy hurt. *Runes of Freedom* thou must know, if thou wilt rescue others. If thou wilt ease the pains of mothers, thou must inscribe them on thy hand, clasp them round each joint, and call the goddesses to thy aid. *Storm Runes* thou must know, to have power over ships at sea. Cut them on thy mast and on thy rudder; fling fire into the track of the keel, and though the very sea burnt, and dark and livid were the billows, thou shalt come safe to land. *Herb Runes* thou needest to heal sickness and wounds; in the bark thou shalt cut them, and in boles of the trees where the branches bend eastwards. *Speech Runes* thou must learn, that no one may harm thee, roll them and wind them together and cast them over the Ting ground, where the folk assemble for trial. *Thought Runes* learn likewise, to be wiser and clearer in mind than all other men. Odin invented them, them carved, them

expounded, from the stream which flowed from the uncreated, the "Urwassergeist," from Mimer's head and horn. Odin stood on the mountain with a flaming sword, and his helmet on his head. Then from Mimer's mouth proceeded the first intelligible words; he pronounced reliable Runes. He graved them on the shield which stands before the God of Day, and said :—To the ears and hoofs of the steeds of the Sun; to the wheel which rolls beneath the chariot of the Thunder; to the teeth of the Lightning, and the wagon of Frost; to the paw of the Bear, and the Boaster's tongue; to the claws of the Wolf, and the Eagle's beak and bloody wings; to the beams of the bridge of the Rainbow and the loosening hand, and the healing Art; to glass, and to gold, and the protection of men in assembly; to wine and wort, and at the seat of the Dead; to the dice of Wodan, to the nails of Fate"

"All these Runes were engraven, cast into the sacred mead, and sent on distant ways. They are found amongst the Asar, they are found amongst the Elves; some the wise Vaner have, and some are with men. There are book-Runes and help-Runes, and drink-Runes, and power-Runes, all precious for him who, clear-headed and pure, can use them for his benefit. He who understands them may always enjoy them, until the powers of Heaven shall fail."

§ 58. SOLOMON AND SATURN.

Somewhat similar in nature to the Gnomic Verses, and especially to the Riddles of Cynewulf, are two dialogues carried on in the persons of King Solomon and the wisest of Chaldean earls, who here bears the name of Saturnus.

Among the early German nations oral contests in aphorisms and riddles were frequently indulged in. In the Eddas Odin is often found engaged in wranglings of this sort. Stories about similar conversations were in circulation also in the East from very early times, and are thought to have arisen from the Queen of Sheba's interview with the wisest of Oriental kings. Josephus mentions a discussion of this kind as having taken place between Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre. But a still earlier origin of such conversations, where question alternates with question, may be found in that oldest and grandest of all books in literature, that book which has been justly called the "Epic of the Chaldees," the Book of Job, where Satan presents himself before the Lord "from going to and fro in the Earth and from walking up and down in it." The interrogations in our poem remind us also of those deep querulous conversations between Job and Eliphas and Bildad and Zophar and Elihu, and those still unanswerable questions when the Lord spake to Job "out of the whirlwind and said": "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the Earth? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.—By what way is the light parted which scattereth the East wind upon the Earth?—Hast thou given the horse strength?—

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?—Doth the eagle mount up at thy command and make her nest on high?—Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

It seems to me that this majestic Book of Job was the mainspring for the inspiration of these two English dialogues. Though we have certainly a blending of other influences—Teutonic, Oriental, Rabbinical. King Solomon, the representative of Jewish wisdom, is opposed to the wisdom of the heathen world typified in Marcolis, the Mercury or Hermes of classical antiquity; Marcolis was confounded with Malcol, or Milcom, *i.e.*, Moloch, the oriental Saturnus.

In the *first* of these two dialogues Saturn, the "Chaldean" earl, professes to have studied all the books and learning of the East, of Greece and Lybia and Judea, and now he comes to Solomon for instruction on the virtues of the Paternoster. Solomon replies in a most mysterious manner, and the devil is defeated by the power of the different letters of the Paternoster taken as personified Runes. The spirits of evil are described, and shew their close relationship with the Teutonic elves.

The *second* poetic dialogue is the much more powerful, and probably the older. Saturn, like Satan in the first chapters of Job, has wandered to and fro through all the earth. The most deep and diverse subjects are advanced by each interrogator, and they discuss the origin, and power, and consequence of Fate, death, old age, the fall of the angels, and the struggle of good and evil for victory over man.

There is also a *prose* version of the legend; it begins by Saturn asking Solomon: "Declare unto me where God sat when he fashioned out the heavens and the earth."—"Lo, I will answer thee: He sat over the wings of the wind."

These dialogues have suffered much mutilation. There are several breaks, which in one place have been filled in from the prose dialogue by a scribe. At present the first dialogue contains 178 long lines; the second begins at line 179, and ends the poem at line 506.

Saturnus cwäð.

330 Saga þu me, Salomon cyning, sunu Dauides,
hwät beóð þâ feówere fæges râpas?

Salomon cwäð.

Gewurdene wyrda, þâ beóð
þâ feówere fæges râpas.

Saturnus cwäð.

Ac hwâ dêmeð þonne dryhtne Criste
335 on dômes däge, þonne he dêmeð eallum gesceaftum?

Salomon cwäð.

Hwâ dear þonne dryhtne dêman, þe us of duste geworhte,
nergend of nihtes sunde? Ac saga me, hwät nærende wæron!

Saturnus cwäð.

Ac forhwon ne môt seó sunne side gesceafte
scîre geondscînan? forhwam besceadeð heó
340 muntas and môras and eác monige
wêste stówa! hû geweorðeð þät?

Salomon cwäð.

Ac forhwam næron eorðwelan ealle gedœled
leódum gelîce? sum tô lyt hafað
gôdes grædig: hine god seteð
345 þurh gearnunga eádgum tô räste.

Saturnus cwäð.

Ac forhwam beóð þâ gesîðas somod ätgädre,
wôp and hleahtor? ful oft hy weorðgeornra
sælða tôalîtad: hû gesæleð þät?

Salomon cwäð.

Unlæde bið and ormôd, se þe â wile
350 geómrian on gihða: se bið gode fracoðest.

. . . . . .

Saturnus cwäð.

Ac hû gegangeð þät gôde oððe yfle?
Þonne hy beód þurh âne idese âcende
twegen getwinnas, ne bið hira tîr gelîc:
365 ôðer bið unlæde on eorðan, ôðer bið eádig
swîðe leóftæle mid leóda duguðum;
ôðer lifað lytle hvîle,
swîceð on þisse sîdan gesceafte and þonne eft mîd
sorgum gewîteð.
Fricge ic þe, hlâford Salomon, hwäðres bið hira
folgoð tilra?

Translation.

Saturnus quoth:—

Say unto me now, King Solomon, thou son of David,
What are the four bonds which fix the fate of a man?

Solomon quoth:—

The consequences of past actions, these constitute
The four bonds of predestined man.

Saturnus quoth:—

Who now will judge the Lord Christ,
At the day of doom, when He judgeth all creatures?

Solomon quoth:—

Who then dare judge the Lord, who hath made us
From the dust, our Saviour from the sea of night?
But tell to me what the not-being would have been!

Saturnus quoth :—

But why doth the sun not shine at once
Over all the world? Why doth he shade
The mountains and the moors, and many a desert place?
How is it that this taketh place?

Solomon quoth :—

But why were not Earth's goods dealed out
Alike to all men? Some, greedy of gain,
Have got but little: God decrees them
By merit to the happy for their rest.

Saturnus quoth :—

But why are weeping and laughter together
In the same place as companions! Oftentimes
They hurt the prosperity of the honorable:
How cometh this about?

Solomon quoth :—

Miserable and whining is the man, who wishes always
To complain of cares: he is the most detestable to God.

. . . . . .

Saturnus quoth :—

But how happens it with the good and with the evil;
For they are both as twin brothers
Brought forth by the same mother,
Yet their honour is very unlike:
The one liveth miserably upon the earth;
The other is fortunate, and hath many friends
With the mighty among the people;
The one liveth but a little while,
Wandereth about in this wide world,
And then in sorrow he passeth away.
I ask thee, Lord Solomon,
Which of the two hath the happier fate?

§ 59. THE RHYME SONG.

This poem, of 87 long lines, has been termed the "Rhyme Song," as it is the only complete poem in rhyme extant in Anglo-Saxon Literature. Rhyme does indeed occur in a few other pieces, as in the last canto of "Elene," and in the final verses of the "Phœnix," and occasionally in other places; but the system of rhyme in this song is radically different from all other sorts of English rhyme. The rhyming lines are in tirades, where sometimes eight or nine lines rhyme together, and where the final words also rhyme with the words at the cæsura; and throughout this difficult operation the old alliteration is consistently observed. The words are often twisted and misspelt, and the sense is sometimes obscured and hard to make out. This form of rhythm, called *Runhenda*, was used in Scandinavia; and it was thought our poem owed its origin to the influence of an old Norse poet, Egil Skalagrimsson, who visited England twice in the 10th century, and enjoyed much celebrity at King Athelstan's court.

The "Rhyme Song" seems like a free paraphrase of Chapters 29 and 30 of the Book of Job; it describes a man of wealth and happiness and power, who is overtaken by calamities, and sits bereaved in misery and woe. But as a similar fate overtook the poet Cynewulf, and as this kind of rhyme is sometimes found in his poems, some critics consider this Rhyme Song to be the work of Cynewulf, forming as it were the last, the "Swan Song" of the hoary, dying bard.

Me lífes onlâh, se þis leóht onwrâh
and þät torhte getâh tillíce onwrâh.
Gläd wäs ic gliwum, glenged niwum
blissa bliwum, blôstma hiwum.

5 Secgas mec sægon, symbel ne âlægon,
feohgiefe gefægon ; frätwed wægon
wicg ofer wongum wrennan gongum
lisse mid longum leoma getongum
þâ wäs wästmum âweaht woruld onspreaht
10 under roderum âreaht, râd-mägnê oferþeaht
Giestas gengdon, merscipe mengdon,
lisse lengdon, lustum glengdon.
Scrifen scrâd glâd þurh gescâd in brâd :
wäs on lagustreáme lâd, þær me leoðu ne biglâd.
15 Häfde ic heáhne hád ; ne wäs me in healle gâd,
þät þær rôf weorud râd : oft þær rinc gebâd,
þät he in sele sæge sinc-gewæge
þegnum geþyhte. Ðunden wäs ic myhte :
horsce mec hêredon, hilde generedon,
20 fägre feredon, feóndum biweredon.

He who unveiled this light raised me to life's height,
And to this brilliant state did kindly me elate,
Glad was I in glee, most gorgeous to see,
Clad in blossoms' hew and girt with honours new,
Men said of me my joys would be
Ne'er laid aside, nor gifts denied.
Adorned steeds roved o'er my meads,
Their limbs were strong for courses long,
They moved in haste with beauty graced.
And shoots appeared and crops were reared,
Fair 'neath the sky my herds did lie.
Then came my guests, joined in the jests,
Raised high my joys, prolonged the noise.
Devoid of care my ships glode far,
The flood my home, my friends stood firm.
My rank was high, no want came nigh
My halls ; my troops there romped in groups,
Oft heroes there in gifts might share,
My treasures good were freely strewed.
My might was great, I sat in state ;
Brave warriors served, for battle nerved,
They hedged me round, no foes were found.

§ 60. MENOLOGIUM;

This is a rhyming calendar characterising the most prominent martyrs according to the months in which they died. It seems to have been composed sometime about A.D. 950, and in the next century it was prefixed to the Abingdon version of the Saxon Chronicle. It is evidently the work of some idle priest, of considerable reading or gossip, but without spirit or originality. He discusses the months in turn, but all the facts he can chronicle about them refer to Mary, Pope Gregory, St. Elene, St. Peter, or St. Paul, &c., and of this sort of stuff we had already enough in the "Fates of the Apostles," (§24), and in other places; and we could have dispensed with his labours with the less regret as the parts which verge on mediocrity are borrowed from earlier English poets. The piece contains 231 long lines.

Crist wäs âcenned cyninga wuldor
on midne winter, mære þeóden
êce älmihtig, on þŷ eahteoðan däg
Hælend gehâten, heofonrîces weard ;
5 swâ þâ sylfan tîd side herigeas
folc unmæte habbað forewcard geâr,
forþŷ se kalendus cymeð geþinced
on þam ylcan däge us tô tûne,
forma mônað : hyne folc mycel
10 Januarius gêrun hêton.

Translation.

Christ, the King of Glory, on midwinter's day was born,
He, the Prince far-famous, Eternal and Almighty,
The Ward of Heaven's kingdom, was on the eighth day named
The Saviour of Mankind. From that self same time
Multitudes of people, many, many nations,
Reckon their new year; hence the first day comes,
And the first month begins for us on that same day :
"January," formerly, many that month called,

§ 61. ALMS.

These two short pieces, which we give entire, are probably of no early date. The first is clearly a monkish effusion to praise and allure the rich to endow his craft with support and legacies.

Wel bið þam eorle, þe him on innan hafað
reðe-hydig wer rûme heortan !
Ðät him bið for worulde weorðmynda mæst
and for ussum dryhtne dôma sêlast !
Efne swâ he mid wätre þone weallendan
lêg âdwäsce, þät he leng ne mäg
blâc byrnende burgum sceððan,
swâ he mid älmessan ealle tôscûfeð
synna wunde, sâwla lâcnað.

Translation.

Well for that man who hath within
A roomy heart and active soul,
That is 'mong men the greatest graise,
And to our Lord the best return.
As one who doth the raging flames,
Which scathe, devour, and burn the town,
With water lay, and quickly drown,
So he with alms doth heal and cleanse
The wounds of sin and save his soul !

§ 62. PHARAOH.

This other short piece is more in the Epic style, and reminds us somewhat of the poem of "Exodus," § 9, attributed sometimes to Caedmon.

Saga me, hwät þær weorudes wære ealles
on Faraones fyrde, þâ hy folc godes
þurh feóndscipe fylgan ongunnon!
Nât ic hit be wihte, butan ic wêne þus,
5 þät þær screoda wære gescyred rîmê
siex hundreda searo-häbbondra:
þät eal fornam ŷðа geblond
wrâðe wyrde in woruldrîce.

Translation.

Recount to me all Pharaoh's host,
Which on that expedition bound,
Began like fiends to chase God's folk!
I know not all, but ween there were
Six hundred chariots told and armed,
All bearing scythes and armour bright.
The mingling waves tore all away,
The angry fates to other worlds!

§ 63. KING ALFRED'S METRES.

From Boetius' "Consolation of Philosophy."

King Alfred was one of the wisest and most beneficent rulers who ever lent their glory to a throne. His name is as a household word to every English child, and is more fresh and popular to-day than that of almost any other English king. A thousand years have now passed by since Alfred freed himself and his native England from the boldest, bitterest foemen by which any country has ever been beset. It was then, about the year A.D. 885, when he had restored the fleet, subdued the Danes, rebuilt the monasteries, refilled the churches, re-established schools, and brought learned men from every land to help him in the general reconstruction of his shattered kingdom, it was then that Alfred betook himself, in his brief but well-earned leisure, to repair his own defective early education, and to wipe out the blot of England's illiteracy and ignorance. He set about preparing for his people, and in their native tongue, the greatest works which had been composed in Europe during the previous five hundred years. And those literary works have had no small share in perpetuating the glory of his name.

The first extant work which Alfred translated for his people was probably the *Universal History*, written in Latin, about A.D. 418, by the Spanish presbyter Orosius, and deservedly popular for many centuries. To his translation Alfred prefixed two most interesting chapters of his own, giving a description of Scandinavia and Germany and all the countries where the Teutonic tongue was spoken in his day.

His second book was a translation of the *Ecclesiastical History of the Angles*, which his great countryman Bede had written in Latin about A.D. 730.

Another very important book, designed for his bishops and clergy, was his translation of the *Pastoral Care*, written by Pope Gregory the Great at Rome about A.D. 600.

But Alfred's greatest work for literature and general human culture was his version of the *Consolation of Philosophy*, written by the philosopher Boetius, "the last of the Romans." Boetius had held the highest posts of state and honour in the government of Theodoric the Great at Rome. But being suspected of treason, he was imprisoned, and finally put to death in A.D. 524. But the conscience of Theodoric accused itself of ingratitude and cruelty to such a faithful servant, and the great king died of grief, haunted by the murder of his minister and friend. Like many of the greatest works the world has seen, this *Consolation of Philosophy* was composed behind a prison's walls. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue, and many generations found their nurture and their consolation in this remarkable and worthy book. It marks the boundary line between the ancient and the modern world. The dying rays of Rome's great classic age met and blended on its pages with the glowing dawn of the new and brighter Christian day. Boetius was not professedly within the Christian fold; but his book is permeated with Christian ideas and acknowledgements of the love of God. For he evidently found, as Socrates and Plato, as Cicero and Seneca, and as all the greatest thinkers of antiquity had found before, that the heathen gods and pagan creeds could offer nothing satisfactory or worthy of reliance to a human soul, pressed down by earthly cares, conscious of subjection to an overruling Providence and feeling, somehow, its connection with eternity.

The book was written in the form of dialogue, and in his prison Boetius was solaced by the conversation of this sweet mistress, Philosophy.

Alfred was assisted in the translation by Bishop Asser. The original was partly prose and partly verse. Alfred turned it all into prose first; but he afterwards turned the metres into his own alliterative Saxon verse. And these verses we still retain; for the doubts that have been cast upon their authorship seem groundless. They occupy 31 chapters, and contain altogether about 1,600 long lines.

As a rule Alfred was a very free translator. He was unable to grapple with and master the difficulties of his originals, and he either passed them over by free paraphrases or by giving some new thoughts of his own instead. Whenever he found opportunity of saying something useful to his people he scrupled not to substitute his own reflexions for the less pertinent idea of his author. Alfred was a poet as well as the founder of our prose. Besides these metres of Boetius, he translated Caedmon's Northumbrian "Stable Hymn" into South Saxon verse, and there are two little poems, at the beginning and end of his translation of the *Pastoral Care*, which he also probably wrote. His poetic powers, however, were not very great. He had not a sufficiently original or creative mind for poetry; he was a translator of the works of others. He was likewise a restorer and preserver of our earlier literature. Under him the SAXON CHRONICLE attained the dignity of elegant and classic prose. He codified and edited the laws of Ine, and earlier English kings; and in every respect he lived and acted in such a way, that when he died in A.D. 901, he had fully realised his own ideal standard: "I longed to live worthily, so long as I should live, and after my life to leave my memory in good works to the men who should come after me."

Eá lâ mîn drihten! þät þu eart älmihtig,
micel, môdilîc, mærðum gefrægе
and wundorlîc witena gehwylcum!

Hwät ! þu êce god ealra gesceafta
5 wundorlîce wel gesceôpe
ungesewenlîca and eác swâ same
gesewenlîcra sôfte wealdest
scîrra gesceafta mid gesceâdwîsum
mägnê and cräftê ! Þu þysne middangeard
10 from frumanærest forð ôð ende
tîdum tôdæledest, swâ hit getæsest wäs
endebyrdes, þät hi æghwäðer
ge an farað ge eft cumað.
Ðu þe unstilla âgna gesceafta
15 tô þînum willan wîslîce âstyrest
and þe self wunast swîðe stille
unawendendlîc â forð simle !
Nis nân mihtigra ne nân mærra
ne geond ealle þâ gesceaft efnlîca þîn !
20 Ne þeænig nêdþearf, näs æfre giet
ealra þâra weorca, þe þu geworht hafast,
ac mid þînum willan þu hit worhtes eall
and mid anwalde þînum âgenum
weorulde geworhtest and wuhta gehwät,
25 þeáh þe nænegu nêdþearf wære
ealra þâra mærða : is þät micel gecynd
þînes gôdes (þencð ymb se þe wile) :
forþon hit is eall ânælces þîncges
þu and þät þîn gôd, hit is þîn âgen :
30 forþäm hit nis ûtan ne eom âuht tô þe,
ac ic georne wât, þät þîn gôdness is,
älmihtig god, eall mid þe selfum !
Hit is ungelîc ûrum gecynde :
us is ûtan cymen eall þe we habbað

35 gôda on grundum from gode selfum.
Näft þu tô sænegum andan genumenne,
forþam þe nân þing nis þîn gelîca
ne hûru sænig älcräftigre.
Forþäm þu eal gôd ânes geþeahtê
40 þînes geþohtest and hi þâ worhtest.

Chapter XX. in GREIN.

Translation.

"O Thou, whose works in mute amazement hold
Earth's wisest sons, all glorious and all great,
Eternal Lord! how well and wondrously,
Seen or unseen, thy creatures hast thou shaped,
With gentle sway and sovereign intellect
Wielding at will this beauteous universe!
To this our middle earth, from first to last,
The seasons, that now pass and now return,
In good and seemly order thou hast dealt.
Thou wisely guidest, as thy pleasure wills,
Thy creatures ever moving.—still thyself
Immoveable;—for none exist before thee,
Greater or mightier or equal known.
No need compelled thee—for thou canst not need—
To frame thine universal work; but all
Of thine own power and pleasure hast thou made,
The world and all its wonders; since to thee
Nought could they yield of profit or of praise.
Who deems aright, what can he deem the whole
But one great offspring of eternal goodness?
Thine own—for goodness and thyself are one,
And nought is good without thee.
Seek we to learn what that thy goodness is?
Almighty goodness; ever one with thee,
It hath no semblance of our mortal nature;
For all we taste or know of good on earth
From thee alone proceeds. in thee alone
By envy unalloyed; for none can move
Envy, where none is equal: and what mind
Save thine, the all-wise One, could in one vast thought
Sum up the form and substance of all good?"

Conybeare's Version.

§ 64. BATTLE OF MALDON; OR THE DEATH OF EARL BRIHTNOTH.

This poem originally contained 690 long lines, but the beginning and end are lost, and only 325 lines now remain. It celebrates the valiant fight and warlike death of Brihtnoth, a Northumbrian alderman, in battle with the Danes in A.D. 991. It is one of our most direct and characteristic war songs, with short speeches from the chief warriors in an almost dramatic style. "The poem approximates in the general features of its composition to the battle scenes in Homer; if the names of Brihtnoth and Godric could be substituted for Patrochlus and Menelaus...it might be read like a version of one of the military narratives of the great father and fountain of poetry."

The hero Brihtnoth is spoken of at length in the chronicles of Ely church; and possibly a monk of Ely saw the battle and wrote the poem. The chronicler—who speaks of *two* engagements between our hero and the Danes — states that Brihtnoth was the noblest of Northumbria's chiefs, eloquent, robust, fearless of death and danger, ever alert against the foes of his country, and determined rather to die than allow a single injury to his native land to pass unavenged. When therefore the Danes on one occasion had landed secretly at Maldon, in Essex, the chiefs of all the neighbouring provinces gladly pledged themselves to serve beneath the banner of the loyal Brihtnoth. He advanced against the foe and put them almost wholly to the sword. A few however escaped, carrying home the news of their defeat. After his victory Brithnoth returned to Northumbria. The Danes, terribly incensed, refitted their fleet and sent a second expedition

to the same place, to Maldon, to avenge the slaughter of their former army. They sent to Brithnoth and challenged him to fight. Brithnoth hastily collected his former comrades, and, led on by hope of victory and an over-confidence, went with but few followers to the war, hurrying, lest the foemen should gain foothold on the soil. Having commended himself to the prayers of the holy brethren, reckless of the superior numbers of the foe, he advanced to the attack. After several varying engagements the Danes concentrated their whole mass against him, and, overpowering him, mangled his body and cut off his head, which they took with them to their ships and carried home. But the Abbot of Ely, proceeding to the battlefield, discovered the body and conveyed it to his church, where he had it honorably buried, replacing the head by a round mass of wax. Long afterwards the corse was recognised by this indication, and was placed among the benefactors of the monastery.

We cannot but admire the pithy and straightforward story in this poem, told without hesitation or redundance, of the hero's death, the coward Godric's flight, and the English defeat. The shouts of heralds and the clang of war sound in our ears; the swarthy ravens whirl about waiting for their prey; the wounded hero drops his sword and falls before our eyes, while from the field of carnage and of tumult we hear his peaceful prayer, which almost melts the heart, and opens heaven to his soul returning to the land of light. His steadfast friends, with a yearning sadness, give up all hopes of seeing home and kindred again, sacredly observing the Germanic tie of allegiance to their lord, as one by one they die fighting by his corse. Nothing can be more appropriate and powerful than the speeches of Alfwine, Loveson, and Brihtwold, as they rally and address their fainting

fellow-countrymen; the more their numbers diminish the higher rises their courage, not indeed with hopes of victory, but, like the English soldiers lately when their general fell in the battle in Transvaal, they stand true to their profession, and seek no quarter from the foe.

The Anglo-Saxon muse at this period was fast declining, and this is the latest poem of a spirited and classic ring which we meet with in our literature for many dreary centuries.

25 Pâ stôd on stäðe, stîðlîce clypode
wîcinga âr, wordum mælde,
se on beót âbeád brimlîðendra
ærende tô þam eorle, þær he on ôfre stôd:
"Me sendon tô þe sæmen snelle,
30 hêton þe secgan, þät þu môst sendan raðe
beágas wið gebeorge, and eów betere is,
þät ge þisne gârræs mid gafole forgyldon,
þonne we swâ hearde hilde dælon!
Ne þurfe we us spillan, gif ge spêdað tô þam:
35 we willað wið þam golde grîð fästnian.
Gyf þu þät gerædest, þe her rîcost eart,
þät þu þîne leóda lŷsan wille,
syllan sæmannum on hyra sylfra dôm
feoh wið freóde and niman frîð ät us,
40 we willað mid þâm sceattum us tô scype gangan,
on flot fêran and eów friðes healdan."
Byrhtnóð maðelode, bord hafenode,
wand wâcne äsc, wordum mælde
yrre and ânræd, âgeaf him andsware:
45 "Gehŷrst þu, sælida, hwät þis folc segeð?

hi willaŏ eów tô gafole gâras syllan,
settrynne ord and ealde swurd,
þâ heregeatu, þe eów ät hilde ne deáh!
Brim-manna boda, âbeód eft ongeán,
50 sege þinum leódum micclê lâŏre spell,
þät her stynt unforcûŏ eorl mid his werode,
þe wile gealgean êŏel þysne,
Aŏelrædes eard, ealdres mînes
folc and foldan: feallan sceolon
55 hæŏene ät hilde. Tô heánlîc me þinceŏ,
þät ge mid ûrum sceattum tô scype gangon
unbefohtene, nu ge þus feor hider
on ûrne eard in-becômon.
Ne sceole ge swâ sôfte sinc gegangan:
60 us sceal ord and ecg sær gesêman,
grim gûŏplega, sær we gafol syllon!"

. . . . . .

Pâ se eorl ongan for his ofermôde
90 âlŷfan landes tô fela lâŏere þeóde;
ongan ceallian þâ ofer cald wäter
Byrhthelmes bearn (beornas gehlyston):
"Nu eów is gerŷmed, gâŏ ricene tô us,
guman, tô gûde! God âna wât,
95 hwâ þære wälstôwe wealdan môte!"
Wôdon þâ wälwulfas (for wätere ne murnon)
wîcinga werod west ofer Pantan:
ofer scîr wäter scyldas wêgon,
lidmen tô lande linde bæron.
100 Pær ongeán gramum gearowe stôdon
Byrhtnôŏ mid beornum: he mid bordum hêt
wyrcan þone wîhagan and þät werod healdan

fäste wiŏ feóndum. Þâ wäs feohte nêh
tir ät getohte: wäs seó tîd cumen,
105 þät þær fæge men feallan sceoldon.
Þâ wearŏ hreám âhafen, hremmas wundon,
earn æses georn: wäs on eorŏan cyrm.
Hi lêton þâ of folman feólhearde speru
gegrundene gâras fleógan;
110 bogan wæron bysige, bord ord onfêng,
biter wäs se beaduræs, beornas feóllon:
on gehwäŏere hand hyssas lâgon.
Wund wearŏ Wulfmær, wälräste geceás
Byrhtnôŏes mæg: he mid billum wearŏ,
115 his swuster sunu, swîŏe forheáwen.
Þær wearŏ wîcingum wiŏerleán âgyfen,

Þâ Byrhtnôŏ bräd bill of scêŏe
brâd and brûn-ecg and on þâ byrnan slôh:
tô raŏe hine gelette lidmanna sum,
165 þâ he þäs eorles earm âmyrde;
feóll þâ tô foldan fealohilte swurd:
ne mihte he gehealdan heardne mêce,
wæpnes wealdan. Þâ gyt þät word geciwäŏ
hâr hilderinc, hyssas bylde,
170 bäd gangan forŏ gôde gefêran
(ne mihte þâ on fôtum leng fäste gestandan
[heard heaŏurinc], he tô heofenum wlât):
"Ic þance þe, þeóda waldend,
ealra þæra wynna, þe ic on worulde gebâd!
175 Nu ic âh, milde metod, mæste þearfe,
þät þu mînum gæste gôdes geunne,
þät mîn sâvul tô þe sîŏian môte

on þîn geweald, þeóden engla,
mid friðe ferian :

. . . .

Translation.

The herald of Vikings then boldly called out,
He stood on the strand and with words shouted loud,
With threats he announced the sea-pirates' message,
To Brihtnoth, the noble, who stood by the bank :—
"The quick-sailing seamen here sent me to thee,
They bade me to tell thee, thou shouldst at once send
Gold to buy peace with, and for you it were better
To appease with your tribute this rash rush of spears,
Than that we to each other hard battle should deal!
There is no need for slaughter, if ye haste with the gold ;
With the gold we will soon establish a peace.
If thou art so minded, who here art the richest,
If thou art now willing thy folk to redeem,
And give to the seamen what tribute they ask for,
And take life with peace and friendship from us,
Then we with the treasure will turn to our vessels,
And sail back o'er the sea, holding treaty with you."
Brihtnoth then answered, he raised up his shield,
His slender spear shook he, words he employed
Angry and firm, for answer he gave him :—
"Hear thou, bold sailor, what this people say :
Spears as a tribute to you they will give,
Poisoned spear-points, and trusty old swords,
And weapons, which ye in battle won't need.
Do thou, pirates' herald, take back this reply,
Say to thy people this mickle sad news,
That here stands undaunted an earl with his troop,
Who will fight for this country, for Ethelred's land,
For the fields and the folk of my ancestors old ;
Ye heathen are doomed to fall in this fight.
Too mean it me seemeth that ye with our treasures
Should go to your ships without even a blow,
Since ye now our soil thus far have invaded.
Not so softly shall ye our jewels obtain ;
The spear and the sword shall us first reconcile,
And the grim play of war, ere we tribute shall give."

Then the son of Brihthelm, Brihtnoth, the bold,
Began, thus elated with pride in his heart,
To this hated people to grant leave to cross ;

§ 65. BATTLE OF BRUNANBURG, VICTORY OF ATHELSTAN.

From the Saxon Chronicle, year 938.

Besides the "Battle of Maldon," there were written about this period several other war songs, which were entered in the Saxon Chronicle of Winchester, where they took the place of the ordinary prose insertions. Their poetic merit is not very great, and only five of them rise above a rhythmical and jingling prose. The English realm, indeed, under Athelstan, and Edmund and Edgar, had enjoyed a unity and power it never knew before; but its prestige and its glory, having reached the summit, were about to wane, and the sceptre soon degenerated into worthless hands. The desperate state to which England fell under the "Unready" Ethelred, and his policy of peace at any price, must have made the Great Alfred to mourn in his grave; yet this state is only too true an index of the decline in Anglo-Saxon literature. The creative age of Saxon poetry, its fire and vigour and enthusiasm had been outlived, the rules of its alliterative art neglected, the leonine rhyme was frequently employed, and influences started which ended in the dissolution of the ancient Saxon metre.

The most important in length and spirit of these pieces from the Chronicle is the first, of 73 lines, describing the brilliant victory of King Athelstan and his brother Edmund at Brunanburg, near York, in 937. The Scots, the Irish, and the Northmen were completely routed, and five young kings were slain.

Æðelstân cyning, eorla drihten,
beorna beáhgyfa, and his bróðor eác
Eádmund äðeling ealdorlangne týr
gealôgon ät säcce sweorda ecgum

5 ymbe Brunanburh; bordweall clufon,
heówon heaðolinde hamera lâfum
eaforan Eádweardes, swâ him geäðele wäs
from cneómægum, þät hie ät campe oft
wiŏ lâðra gehwäne land ealgodon,
10 hord and hâmas. Hettend crungun,
Scootta leóde and scipflotan
fæge feóllon: feld dennade
secga swâtê, siŏŏan sunne up
on morgentîd mære tungol
15 glâd ofer grundas, godes condel beorht
êces dryhtnes, ŏŏ þät sió äðele gescaft
sâh tô setle.

. . . . . .

Gewitan him þâ Norŏmen nägledcnearrum
dreórig dareŏa lâf on dinnes mere
55 ofer deóp wäter Dyflin sêcan,
eft Ira land æwiscmôde.
Swilce þâ gebrôŏer begen ätsamne
cyning and äðeling cŷŏŏe sôhton
Westseaxna land wîges hrêmige
60 lêton him behindan hrâ bryttian
salowigpâdan and þone sweartan hrefn,
hyrnednebban and þone hasupâdan
earn äftan hwît æses brûcan,
grædigne gûŏhafoc, and þät grræge deór
65 wulf on wealde. Ne wearŏ wäl mâre
on þŷs îglande æfre gita
folces gefylled beforan þissum
sweordes ecgum, þäs þe us secgaŏ bêc,
ealde uŏwitan, siŏŏan eástan hider

70 Engle and Seaxe up becômon,
ofer brâde brimu Brytene sôhton,
wlance wîgsmiðas, Wealas ofercômon,
eorlas ârhwate, eard begeâton!

Translation.

Here Athelstan king, and lord of the earls,
Gold giver to heroes, and also his brother
Edmund the Atheling, an undying fame
Won in the battle with edges of swords,
By Brunanburg town. The children of Edward,
With hard hammered swords, hewed the war-lindens,
And clave the shield-walls. Always in conflict,
Such was their nature, they had inherited
From their fore-fathers, to guard well their land,
Their hoards and their homes, against every foe.
There crushed they the foemen, the people from Scotland,
Ships' crews were slaughtered, fated men fell.
The field was one torrent of blood from the fighters,
From the sun's rising at morning's first dawn,
When the great planet, God's brightest candle,
O'er the ground glided, till that noble creature
Sank in the west.

. . . . . .

In their nailed vessels the northmen departed,
Bloody relic of battle, upon roaring seas,
O'er the deep water Dublin they sought,
Again towards Erin ashamed in their minds.
So too the brothers, both went together,
The King and the Atheling, triumphing in war,
Returned to their country, the west Saxon's land.
They left behind them corses for kites
And dusky ravens, with horned beaks, to rend,
Fôr the swart vulture, and eagle white-tailed,
For the keen war-hawk, and wolves from the woods,
For these grisly beasts to feed on and gnaw.
A carnage so dreadful had never been
As yet in this island, or more people slain
By edge of the sword, as books relate truly
And chroniclers old, since Angles and Saxons
From the east hither came to this land,
And sought Britain's isle o'er the broad sea,
Since those mighty war-smiths, of earls the most bold,
O'ercame the Welshmen and seized on this soil.

§ 66. EDMOND.

From the Saxon Chronicle, year 942.

This other short piece, of 13 lines, tells of the final annexation, by King Edmund, grandson of Alfred the Great, of the notable five Danish boroughs in Mercia.

Her Eádmund cyning, Engla þeódcn,
mâga mundbora Myrce geeode,
dŷre dædfruma, swâ dor scâdeð
Hwîtan wylles geat and Humbran eá,
5 brâda brymstreám. Burga fife,
Ligora ceaster and Lindcylne
and Snotinga hâm swylce Stánford eác
and Deorabŷ Denum wæron
æror under Norðmannum nŷde gebêgde
10 on hæðenra häfte clommum
lange þrage, ðð þe hi âlŷsde eft
for his weorðscype wiggendra hleó,
eafora Eádweardes, Eádmund cyning.

Here Edmund King, of Angles Lord,
Mankind's protector, dear prince indeed,
Did Mercia gain, which bound the Dore
And Whitwell's gate and Humber's stream,
A broad sea-firth. Five towns he won,
Leicester and Lincoln, and also Nottingham,
And Stamford eke and Derby,
Which long erewhile to Danes belonged,
And 'neath the North-men were constrained,
As captives long in heathen hands;
Until King Edmond them redeemed.
To his own praise, the warriors' hope,
Offspring and son of Edward king.

§ 67. EDGAR.

From Saxon Chronicle, years 973 and 975.

There are some pretty lines in these two poems on Edgar's coronation in 973, and his death in 975. Edgar won great praise from the monks, whom he favoured, and no doubt this is a eulogy for benefits received. The first piece has 20 lines, and the second 37.

I.

Her wäs Eádgâr Engla waldend
corðrê miclum tô cynge gehâlgod
on þære ealdan byrig Acemannes ceastre:
eác hie êgbûend ôðrê wordê
5 beornas Baðan nemnað. Pær wäs blyss micel
on þam eádegan däge eallum geworden:

II.

Her geendode eorðan dreámas
Eádgâr, Engla cyning, ceás him ôðer leóht
wlitig and winsum and þis wâce forlêt
24 líf, þis læne.

Translation.

I.

Here was Edgar ruler of Angles,
In full assembly hallowed as king,
In the old borough, Akemanscester;
Which by the islanders Bath has been called,
Its other name. There was much joy
On that happy day occasioned to all.

II.

Here Edgar concluded his joys upon earth,
The king of the Angles chose him other light,
Beauteous and winsome, leaving behind
This frail barren life.

§ 68. DEATH OF ALFRED, SON OF ETHELRED.

From Saxon Chronicle, year 1036.

Besides the *five* poems here given there are several other pieces in the SAXON CHRONICLE, but they can hardly be considered as poems; they are entries in verse, or rather in an alliterative prose, for the years A.D. 959, 975, 979, 1011, 1057, 1076, &c. Sometimes there are several versions of the same piece; in the Oxford MS there is a piece of 9 lines, for the year 975, on Edgar's death, quite different from the other poem, of which we gave an extract in § 67.

This piece, of 20 lines, is written in prose form, but falls into poetic lines where the words at the cæsura rhyme with the end-words, reminding us of the "Rhyme Song." We see the sad condition to which England had fallen, and the merciless cruelty inflicted on the princes of the land.

Ac Godwine hine þâ gelette and hine on häft sette
and his gefêran he fordrâf and sume mislîce ofslôh;
sume hi man wið feó sealde, sume hreówlîce âcwealde;
sume hi man bende, sume hi man blende,
sume man hamelode and sume heánlîce hättode.
Ne wearð dreórlîcre dæd gedôn on þisan earde,
siððan Dene cômon and her fryð nâmon!

"But him Godwin then let, and him in bonds set;
Dispersed his companions, and some divers ways slew;
Some for money they sold, some cruelly killed,
Some did they bind, some did they blind,
Some did they hamstring, some did they scalp.
Ne'er was a bloodier deed done in this land,
Since here the Danes came, and accepted a peace!

§ 69. EDWARD (THE CONFESSOR).

From Saxon Chronicle, year 1065.

We are now on the verge of the eclipse of English life, and literature, and song. This piece, of 34 lines, is the last poem in our mother tongue before the Norman conquerors landed, and brought in new ways, new words, a strange policy and a stranger literature. The English voice, except in one or two weak cries, is never heard again, until the death of six or seven generations had dulled resentment and smoothed the minds of conquerors and conquered in a kind of reconciliation.

Her Eádweard cing Engla hlâford
sende sôðfäste sâwle tô Criste,
on godes wæra gâst hâligne.
He on worulda her wunode þrage
5 on cyneþrymme cräftig ræda :
feówer and twentig freólîc wealdend
wintra gerîmes weolan brytnode
and he hælo tîd, häleða wealdend,
weóld wel geþungen Walum and Scottum
10 and Bryttum eác, byre Æðelrêdes,
Englum and Seaxum, oretmäcgum,
swâ ymbclyppað cealda brymmas,
þät eall Eádwearde äðelum cinge
hŷrdon holdlîce hägstealde menn.
15 Wäs â blîðemôd bealuleás cyng,
þeáh he lange ær lande bereáfod
wunode wræclâstum wîde geond eorðan,
siððan Cnut ofercom cynn Æðelrêdes
and Dena weóldon deóre rîce
20 Engla landes : eahta and twentig
wintra gerîmes weolan brytnodon.
Syððan forð becom freólîc in geatwum
cyning cystum gôd, clæne and milde,
Eádweard se äðela êðel bewerode,

25 land and leóde, ôð þät lungre becom
deáð se bitera and swâ deóre genam
äðelne of eorðan: englas feredon
sôðfäste sâwle innan swegles leóht.
And se frôda swâ þeáh befäste þät rîce
30 heáhþungenum menn, Harolde sylfum,
äðelum eorle, se in ealle tîd
hŷrde holdelîce herran sînum
wordum and dædum: wihte âgælde
þäs þe þearf wäs þäs þeódcyninges.

"Here Edward King, of Angles lord,
His steadfast soul sent unto Christ,
His spirit pure to the keeping of God.
He in the world dwelt here awhile
In royal majesty and council wise,
The kindly ruler distributed wealth
For four and twenty whole winters computed;
The ruler of heroes in his prosperous times
Victoriously governed the Scots and the Welsh,
And Ethelred's son ruled the Britains likewise,
The Angles and Saxons and all nobles bold.
Where'er the cold waves beat round the land,
There all the war-men hearkened to Edward,
And him as their noble king faithfully served.
Still was blithe-minded this harmless king,
Though he long before, bereaved of his land,
In exile had dwelt, wide o'er the world,
Since Canute had conquered Ethelred's race,
And the dear realm of England was ruled by the Danes
Who distributed gifts here twenty-eight years.
After that he came forth in lordly attire
As a king, all excelling, gentle and chaste,
Edward the righteous guarded the realm,
The land and the people, till bitter death
Suddenly came, and bore the dear noble
Away from the earth. Angels then carried
His faithful soul to the splendour of heaven;
But he before dying, committed the realm
To a man highly-born, to Harold himself,
A right noble earl; he at all times
Loyally followed his rightful Lord
In words and in deeds, nor aught neglected
Which by the people was asked of their king."

§ 70. POEM ON DURHAM.

This beautiful descriptive Lyric has been ascribed to Alfred, a Durham ecclesiastic living in A.D. 1060. The body of St. Cuthbert came to Durham in 997; but as the remains of Bede and the monks of Wearmouth and Jarrow were only transferred to Durham by Bishop Carilef, who went to Rome in 1093 to obtain licence from Gregory VII. for their removal, it would seem as if the poem could scarcely have been written before 1100; but perhaps the Pope was only asked to sanction a work already done by the sacrist Elfrid about 1030. The heights on which Durham stands were then all clothed with wild and tangled thickets, where herdsmen lost their cattle. Following the track of a cow, the monks bore Cuthbert's body to a rocky height round which the river flows. With the aid of Uthred, the Northumbrian king, they cleared the ground and built a temporary shelter of boughs and wattles for the saint's remains; a church was finished about the year 1001; this was probably the first building, and the beginning of the city of Durham.

There must surely have been other poems of this kind composed to celebrate the charms and glories of such a holy, classic, and romantic ground as Durham. Its natural beauties, its intricate and endless promenades, the neighbouring walks through shady glens and bowering woods, or over the green hills which crown the undulating landscape; the snowy swans, the leaping salmon, and all the dashing oars along the wandering Wear; the long lines of antique houses extending like a spider's legs in every direction and climbing up the heights, or nestling on the edge of feathered precipices and peering through the foliage on the living flood below; the quaint fantastic buildings with their gables pointed to the streets, the ancient castle of the Conqueror looking down

commandingly upon the mediæval market-place and town; and high above all, rising from foundations on the everlasting rock, like ladders leading into heaven, the hoary reverend towers of the glorious Cathedral; all these combine to make of Durham one of the most picturesque and beautiful of British cities. And its earliest poet justly says it was "renowned beyond the British realm." But when all these scenes are linked together by an unbroken history and the hallowed memories of near a thousand years: by the grand associations of kingly entertainments, of princely Bishops and high-minded Priors and Deans, of learned laborious Monks, of "golden" Canons and their equally illustrious successors, of distinguished men in the Imperial Parliament, of the noble University—metamorphosed from an iron Conqueror's fortress into the arena of gentler and more elevating victories for the intellects and hearts of men; of the royal and still growing Grammar School, and all the numerous colleges and homes of learning which make Durham classic ground; the associations which each and all of these and a hundred other places and events call up, show us that though the ancient poet has well spoken, he has not told one half of Durham's grandeurs. Indeed, he could not in his day have told the half. For since his time the art of man has added to the gifts of nature; and an ever-lengthening line of glory, of dignitaries and worthy men and great achievements, prolongs the endless list even to our day.

De situ dunelmi & de scor reliquiis q ibide continentur carmen compositum.

Is ðeos burch breome geond Breotenrice,
steape gestaðolad; stanas ymbutan
wundrum gewæxen. Weor ymbeorneð,
ea yðum stronge, and ðerinne wunað

5 feola fisca kyn on floda gemonge.
And ðær gewexen is wuda fæstern micel :
wuniað in ðem wycum wilda deor monige,
in deop*um* dalum deora ungerim.
Is in ðere byri eac, bearnum gecyðed,
10 ðe arfesta eadig*a* Cudberch and ðes clenes cinisges
Osuualdes, Engle leo, and Aidan biscoop, [heafud
Eadberch and Eadfrið, æðele geferes.
Is ðerinne midd heom Æðelwold biscoop
and ðe breoma bocera Beda and Boisil abbot,
15 ðe clene Cudberte on gecheðe
lerde lustum, and he *his* lara wel genom.
Eardi*a*ð æt ðem eadige*n* in ðem minstre
unarimeda reliquia,
monia wundrum gewurð*ad*, ðes ðe writ seggeð,
20 ðe midd ðene drih*t*nes wer domes bideð.

Poem composed on the situation of Durham, and on the relics of the Saints therein contained.

This is a Burg renowned beyond the British realm ;
Established on the steep, with stones and rocks girt round,
With wonders overgrown. The Wear flows round about,
A river strong in floods, wherein are wont to play
Full many a kind of fish beneath the eddying waves.
A mighty fastness, too, of forests there has grown,
Within whose hollow dales dwell many herds of deer,
And countless beasts of prey there make their dim retreats.
Also within this Burg, to sons of men well known,
The pious, blessed Cuthbert lies, and Oswald's head,
That wise and saintly king, the English lion, he
And Bishop Aidan, also Eadbert and Eadfrith,
Companions noble—in their work, and now in rest !
And therein with them, too, is Bishop Ethelwold,
And Bede, the famous bookman, and the Abbot Bosil,
Who joyfully the saintly Cuthbert taught when young,
And he succeeded well in taking in his lore.
And there, beside the Saint, within that minster, lie
En-earthed, an untold multitude of relics rare ;
Some are with miracles endowed, as saith the Writ,
They with the man of God, abide the day of doom.

§ 71. POEM ON THE GRAVE.

This sad and gloomy piece, of 24 long lines, has been called an "Anglo-Norman" poem of the time of Henry II. The English language was then dead in the high places of the land, and this poem would thus form, both in tone and title, the appropriate consummation of the literature and people that had reigned in England for some 600 years.—But happily the grave is not the end; and for the English literature and people there was a glorious resurrection.

Ðe wes bold gebyld er ðu iboren were;
Ðe wes mold imynt er ðu of moder come.
Ðe hit nes no idiht, ne ðeo deopnes imeten;
Nes til iloced, hu long hit ðe were,
5 Nu me ðe bringæð þer ðu beon scealt,
Nu me sceal ðe meten and ða mold seoðða:
Ne bið no ðin hus healice itimbred,
Hit bið unheh and lah; donne ðu bist ðerinne,
Ðe helewages beoð lage, sidwages unhege.
10 Ðe rof bið ybild dire brost full neh;
Swa ðu scealt in mold winnen full cald,
Dimme and deorcæ, ðet den fulæt on hond.
Dureleas is ðæt hus, and deore hit is wiðinnen;
Dær ðu bist fest bidyte, and dæð hefð ða cæge.

For thee was built a house before that thou wast born,
For thee a mould was made 'ere thou from mother cam'st,
Its height is not determined nor measured is its depth,
Nor is it yet closed up, however long it be,
Until I shall conduct thee where thou shalt remain,
Until I shall have measured thee upon the sod of earth,
Thy house is not built upwards, it is unhigh and deep;
And when thou once art in it the heel marks are beneath,
The side walls very low. The roof is built against thy breast,
Then in the earth thou shalt cold and chill remain,
And dark and very dim. The den grows foul amain.
Doorless is that house and dark it is within,
There thou art detained, Death holdeth fast the key.

APPENDIX.

I.

ANGLO-SAXON MANUSCRIPTS.

The greater part of our extant Anglo-Saxon, or Early English, poetry is contained in two manuscripts, or books, known respectively as the *Exeter Book* or *Codex Exoniensis*, and the *Vercelli Book* or *Codex Vercellensis*.

The "Exeter Book" was given as a valuable present by Bishop Leofric (1046—1073) to his cathedral library in Exeter, where it still remains. It contains some 27 of our oldest poems, which we have marked '*Ex.*' in the index to this volume.

The "Vercelli Book" was discovered by F. Blume in 1823, in North Italy, in the Monastery of Vercelli. It contains a number of Anglo-Saxon Homilies, and six important Anglo-Saxon poems, which we have marked '*Verc.*' in the index. This book perhaps had gone to Italy at the dissolution of our monasteries, if not at a much earlier date. Blume tells something of its strange and melancholy fate. It was greatly prized by the pious brotherhood at Vercelli, and was considered as a venerable relic of the *Greek* Bishop Eusebius (A.D. 270—340). Page after page was torn out and presented as holy charms to the enquiring faithful. The damp, too, injured it, and it was at last put into a drier place in the sacristy. It was afterwards sealed

up with a cross-band by the Bishop, and could only be opened on his special permission; it is now unsealed, but in very sad condition. F. Blume's discovery must have been a sorry truth to many hearts who had no doubt been healed and comforted by the sterling virtues of this *Greek* manuscript! Two of the poems, "Andreas" and "Elene," have our Anglo-Saxon poet's name "Cynewulf" interwoven as acrostics, and four extracts from another of the poems, viz., "The Dream of the Cross," may be read in Runic characters on the cross at Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire; the loss from the torn out leaves is of course considerable.

In the 17th century the codex of the Cædmonian poems was in the possession of Archbishop Usher, and from him the poems came to Francis Junius, who published them at Amsterdam in 1655. They are now known as the Codex Junius XI., in the Bodleian Library in Oxford.

In 1705 Wanley gave the first news of the "Beowulf" from a parchment Codex (Cotton, Vitellius A., XV.) in the British Museum, in which the fragment "Judith" was also found.

The fragments on "Waldere" were *discovered* by Prof. Werlauf in the Imperial Library at Copenhagen, and *edited* by Prof. Geo. Stephens in 1860.

Our other Anglo-Saxon poems were brought to light at different times and from various quarters. An account of most of these will have been found in the respective introductions in the course of the volume.

II.

LIST OF ANGLO-SAXON PROSE WRITINGS.

It is not our intention in this volume to give extracts, or detailed reviews, of the prose pieces of our Early Literature. But the following general index of our extant Anglo-Saxon prose works may be found useful, and will help to justify the title of the present book.

These prose writings may be divided into seven groups:—I. The LAWS. II. The CHRONICLES. III. The Works of ALFRED the Great. IV. The Works of ÆLFRIC, Abbot of Ensham. V. The MEDICAL Writings. VI. Writings in the NORTHUMBRIAN Dialect. VII. Other Pieces by individual or unknown writers.

The earliest extant *written* compositions in the English tongue were probably the *Laws* of the Jutish Kings of Kent; but we have few in the original form. Our early Laws bear the stamp of a distinctly German origin. The best edition is that by R. Schmid, with translations, Leipzig, 1858.

I. 1.—Laws of Aethelbert, King of Kent (A.D. 560-616), in 90 short chapters or articles, about A.D. 600

2.—Laws of Hlothar (673) and Eadric (675), Kings of Kent, in 16 articles, about A.D. 675.

3.—Laws of Wihtræd, in 28 articles, about A.D. 700.

4.—Laws of Ine (688-726), King of Wessex, 76 articles, A.D. 690.

5.—Laws of Alfred the Great (871-901), who edited and augmented all the laws previous to A.D. 900, covering 30 8vo. pages, in Schmid's edition.

6.—Treaty of Alfred with Guthrum (A.D. 878), 5 articles.
7.—Laws of Edward (901-924), covering 7 8vo. pages, in Schmid's edition.
8.—Laws of Athelstan (924-940), covering 22 8vo. pages.
9.—Laws of Edmund (940-946), covering 5 8vo. pages.
10.—Laws of Edgar (958-975), covering 10 8vo. pages.
11.—Laws of Ethelred (978-1016), covering 25 8vo. pages.
12.—Laws of Canute (1016-1035), covering 35 8vo. pages.

II. The ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE, a series of chronological entries kept at Canterbury, Winchester, Abingdon, Worcester, Peterborough. The first entries probably began at Canterbury or Winchester, about A.D. 600. The previous events were filled in back to the landing of Cæsar in 55 B.C. Under Alfred the CHRONICLE took a more coherent and literary form. The last entries in these Chronicles were made:

At Winchester, A.D. 1001.
At Abingdon, A.D. 1066 (account of Stamford Battle).
At Canterbury, A.D. 1070.
At Worcester, A.D. 1079 (description of Battle of Hastings)
At Peterborough in A.D. 1154 (partly Latin, partly English).

III. Prose writings of KING ALFRED (841-901):—

1.—*Orosius' Universal History*, translated.
2.—*Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the Angles*, translated.
3.—*Pope Gregory the Great's Pastoral Care*, translated.
4.—*Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy*, translated.
(For remarks on these works see § 63, pp. 186, 187, 188).
5.—Extract from *Augustine's Soliloquies*, translated.
6.—Alfred's Introduction to Bishop *Werefrith's* translation of *Gregory's Dialogues*.

IV. Prose writings of AELFRIC, Abbot of Eusham, died about 1016.

1.—Priscian's *Latin Grammar, translated into Anglo-Saxon.*
2.—A *Glossary* in Latin and Anglo-Saxon.
3.—Interlinear Translation in Anglo-Saxon of *Colloquium Monasticum.*
4.—An Anglo-Saxon work on Bede's De Temporibus.

5.—An Anglo-Saxon Translation of the *Pentateuch* and Book of *Joshua*.
6.—An Anglo-Saxon Homily on the Book of *Judges*.
7.—An Anglo-Saxon Homily on the Book of *Job*.
8.—An Anglo-Saxon Homily on the Book of *Esther*.
9.—An Anglo-Saxon Composition on the *Old* and *New Testament*.
10.—An *Epistle to Wulfgeat on the Trinity*.
11.—A Translation of *Alcuin's Interrogationes Sigulfi*.
12.—The so-called *Catholic Homilies*, a collection of Anglo-Saxon Homilies for Sundays and Fast Days, called by Thorpe "The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church."
13.—A *Homily on the Creation*.
14.—A Collection of *Legends of the Saints*, "Homiliae de Sanctis."
15.—*Life of St. Aethelwold*, Aelfric's own tutor.
16.—Anglo-Saxon *Canons*.
17.—Two *Episcopal Letters*.
18.—An Anglo-Saxon Extract from Bishop Æthelwold's *De Consuetudine Monachorum*.
19.—Anglo-Saxon Forms of *Prayers and Confessions of Faith*.
20.—An Anglo-Saxon Homily, *De Pœnitentia*.
21.—Anglo-Saxon translation of *St. Basil's Admonition to his Spiritual Son*.

V. MEDICAL WRITINGS:

Three Anglo-Saxon *Leechbooks*, about A.D. 925.
Treatises on various *Superstitions*.
Saxon Herbarium, about 1050.

VI. In the NORTHUMBRIAN DIALECT, besides the poems of Cædmon and Cynewulf of the 7th and 8th centuries, there are interlinear versions of the Gospels, viz.:—

Northumbrian Psalter	... ...	about A.D. 800
The *Rushworth Gospels*	... ...	about A.D. 900

The *Lindisfarne Gospels*, or "Durham Book," the Latin version of which was written about A.D. 700, the Anglo-Saxon version much later, perhaps about A.D. 950.

An interlinear *Ritual*, written about same time as the Durham Book, perhaps about 950.

Blickling Homilies ... ... A.D. 971

VII. INDIVIDUAL AND ANONYMOUS PIECES:

Æthelwold's Anglo-Saxon Translation of *St. Benedict's Rule*, 965.

A number of Anglo-Saxon *Homilies*, by Wulfstan (Lupus), Archbishop of York (1002-1023).

By unknown authors:—

Prose interlinear translation of the *Psalms*.

Missals and Translations of the *Gospels*.

Prose *Life of St. Guthlac*.

Anglo-Saxon version of the *Evangelium Nicodemi*, 1050.

Apollonius of Tyre, a Greek Romance in Anglo-Saxon.

Wonders of the Orient.

Anglo-Saxon *Charters, Wills, Documents*, &c.

MISPRINTS AND MISTAKES.

Introdn., p. xxii.—Line 3 from bottom read *to* for te.
,, p. xxiii.—Line 10 read *stammerer* for stammer.
,, p. xxv.—1st line of the translation read 'so many a man.'
,, p. xxviii.—Note 1: read p. '175' for p. 157.

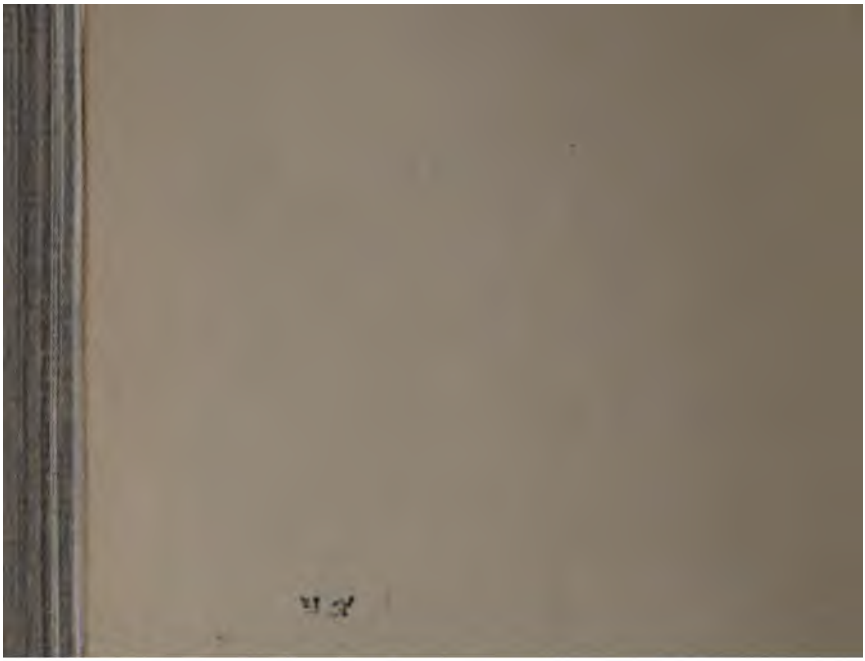
PAGE.

9.—Line 3, read *alternately* for alternatively.
25.—Line 1, read *sung* for long.
32.—Line 1, of translation, read 'Christ was on the cross.'
47.—Line 167, read 'Þreát' for preát.
86.—Line 10, *hoard* for horde.
98.—Line 55, read geniwad.
151.—Line 27, *hedged* for edged.
153.—Last line but one, read *wile* for will.
179.—Line 363, read 'beóð' for beód.
189.—Line 9, read 'Þu' for Pu.
193.—Line 25, read 'Þa' for Pa.
194.—Line 89, read Þa for Pa.
194.—Line 94, read 'gûðe' for gûde.
194.—Line 100, read 'Þær' for Pær.

[In my remarks on the *Gothic letters*, the *Runes*, the *Northern Mythology*, and one or two other points, I have not given all the theories advanced, as on many of these matters opinions are not yet quite settled.]

Any hints or suggestions from whatever quarter by which the number of misprints or mistakes may be lessened will be thankfully received.

W. C. R.



3 2044 009 523 630

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

CANCELLED
WIDENER
BOOK DUE
FEB 1 0 1984
7952577

WIDENER
BOOK DUE
OCT 2 8 1989

WIDENER
BOOK DUE
JAN 6 - 1986

WIDENER
MAY 27 1998
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER
AUG 1 2 1991
CANCELLED
BOOK DUE